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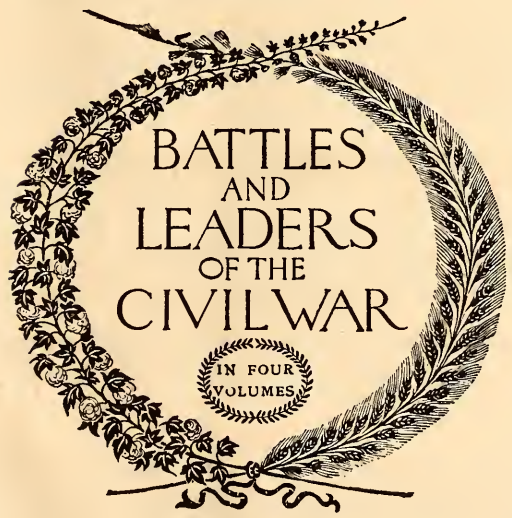

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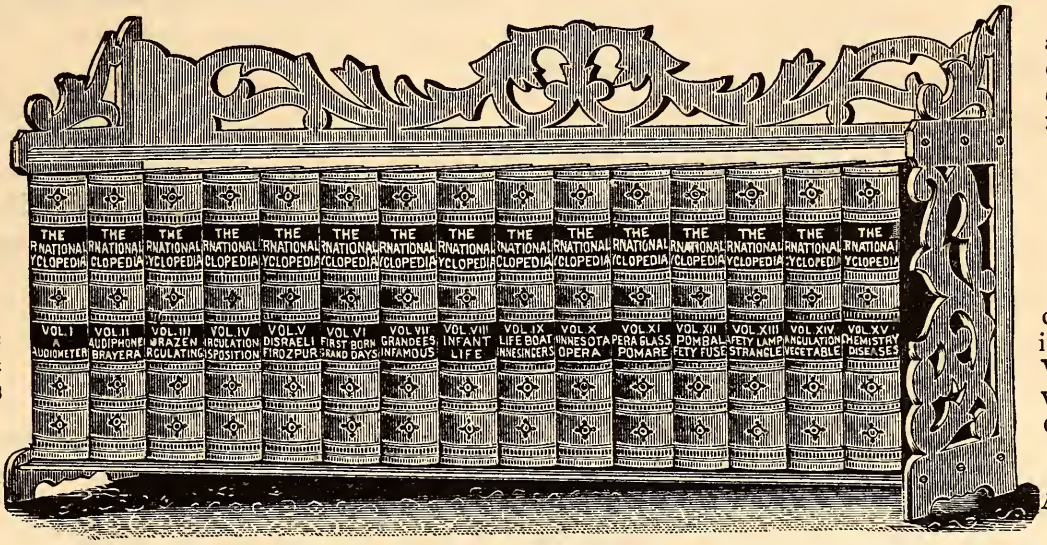
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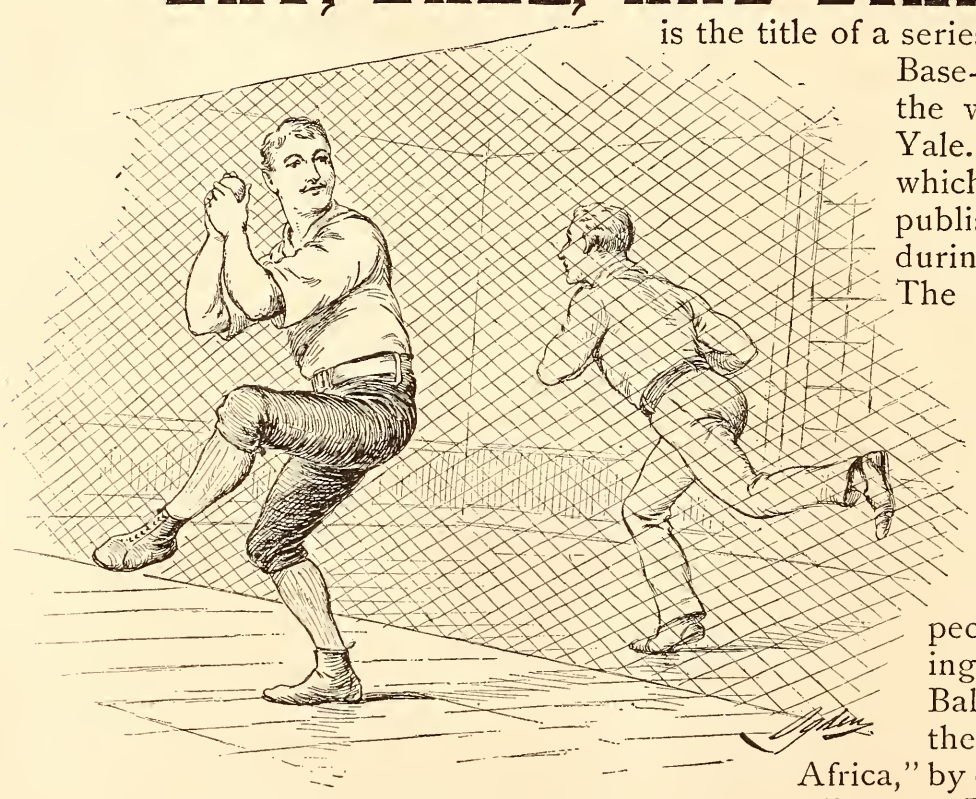

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Summer session, $100.00.
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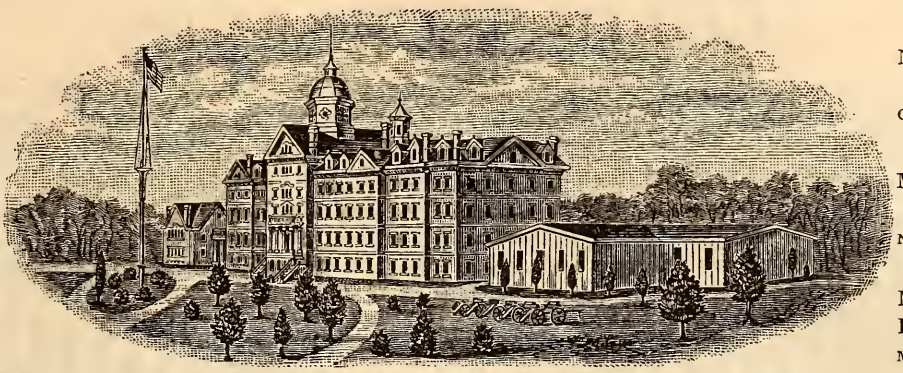

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Miss Nourse will re-open her ENGLISH AND FRENCH

FAMILY AND DAY SCHOOL Sept. 30, 1890. Pupils may take special work, or the full course of study fitting for College Examinations.

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SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES. Special advantages in Language, Literature, Music, Art, Home and Social Culture. Fall term begins September 25, 1890. New School Building.

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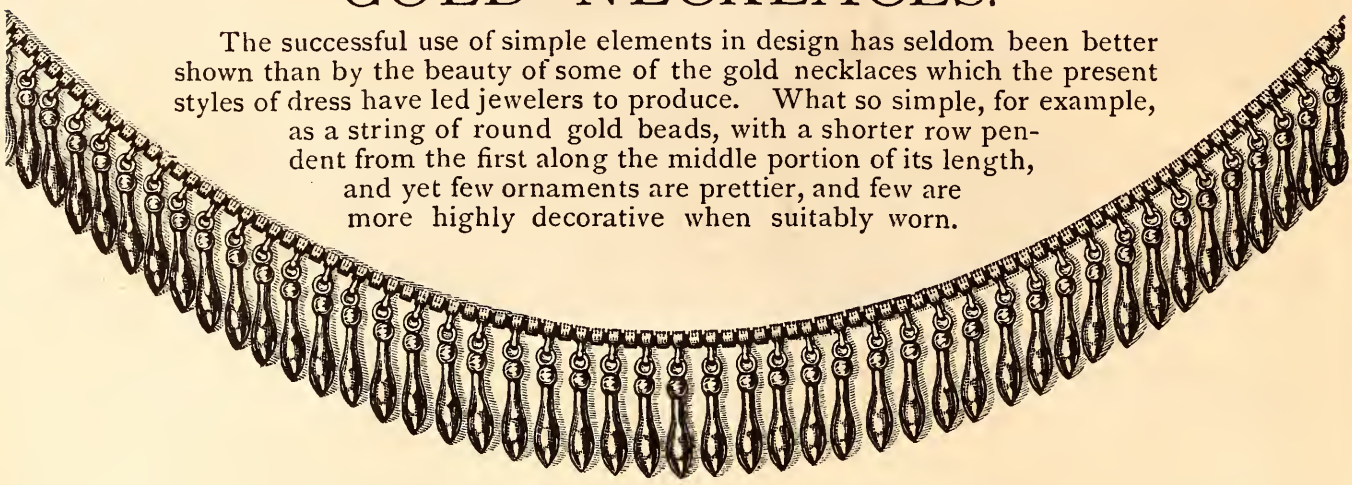
MICHIGAN. The annual Directory of the Alumni, showing what each graduate is now doing, sent on request.

GOLD NECKLACES.



The successful use of simple elements in design has seldom been better shown than by the beauty of some of the gold necklaces which the present styles of dress have led jewelers to produce. What so simple, for example, as a string of round gold beads, with a shorter row pendent from the first along the middle portion of its length, and yet few ornaments are prettier, and few are more highly decorative when suitably worn.

Necklaces of this design, the beads of which are not quite the size of a pea, may be had for $23.00.

In another design the string of beads is used, but has, instead of the bead pendants, a row, along its whole length, of pointed swinging drops. The price of this necklace is $45.00.

Others, at the same price, are of the design shown in the accompanying cut, in which a delicate, flexible chain takes the place of the string of beads, and has suspended from it an unbroken row of slender, beautifully finished pendants. In some of the necklaces the middle pendant is made longer, and the others are graduated down to it, making a pointed design at the center, which is of most pleasing effect.

To correspondents we would ask to repeat what has been said in these advertisements before, that any goods that may be ordered will be sent subject to return, and to the refunding of the payment if they prove in the least degree unsatisfactory or disappointing.

THEODORE B. STARR,
206 FIFTH AVENUE, fronting Madison Square, NEW-YORK.

BURNETT'S WOOD VIOLET.

This exquisite perfume is made from the true violets and the low price of this article makes it a necessity to those who love the flower. Also

Perfume of Garden Heliotrope.
Perfume of Southern Jasmine.
Perfume of English Sweet-Briar.

FOR SALE AT RETAIL AT FOLLOWING PRICES:

Small Size, Gold Plated Sprinkler Top,	.35
Four-Ounce Bottle, Glass Stopper,	.75
Eight " " " "	$1.25
Sixteen " " " "	2.25

For sale generally in New York City, Chicago, St. Louis, Boston, and all LARGE CITIES AND TOWNS, by dealers in fine perfumery. If your druggist does not keep it, send 12 cents and we will send a good sized sample of any of the above perfumes by mail, securely packed, postpaid, to any address

JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.,
27 CENTRAL STREET, BOSTON.

"SUPERIOR NUTRITION THE LIFE"

IMPERIAL GRANUM

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THE GREAT MEDICINAL FOOD

THIS ORIGINAL AND WORLD-RENOWNED DIETETIC PREPARATION IS A SUBSTANCE OF

UNRIVALLED purity and medicinal worth—*potent for good and powerless to harm.* A solid extract, derived by a new process from very superior growths of wheat—nothing more, and as a

FOOD, it would be difficult to conceive of anything more wholesome and delicious. It has justly acquired the reputation of being the salvator

FOR INVALIDS AND THE AGED; an incomparable aliment for the growth and protection of

INFANTS AND CHILDREN; a superior nutritive in continued fevers, the most nourishing and strengthening food for

NURSING MOTHERS & CONVALESCENTS; and a reliable remedial agent in all diseases of the stomach and intestines.

John Carle & Sons, New York.

A HAWK–EYE VIEW OF AFRICA.

KIMAWENZI. KIBO.

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF KILIMA-NJARO TAKEN WITH A HAWK-EYE CAMERA.

THE modern traveler has a great deal to be thankful for. How envious must be the shades of Baron Munchausen, Marco Polo, and "Sinbad the Sailor" of their prototypes of this year of grace 1890. In those ancient days the good people at home gaped and wondered, and at last refused to believe in the stories travelers told of the wonderful things they had seen, and the marvelous adventures they had passed through in distant lands.

Nor is it necessary to return to the ancients to illustrate the theme of this brief paper. The revolution that has been brought about, to the immense advantage of the traveler, is of very recent date indeed. When Stanley returned from finding Livingstone, in 1871, he was denounced as an impostor, and a forger of Livingstone's writings. A Hawk-Eye camera would have enabled Stanley to bring out of Africa proofs that would have immediately put his detractors to the blush.

When I went to Africa, a year ago, on behalf of the "New York World," to find Stanley, I was provided with a Hawk-Eye camera as a necessary part of my outfit. The extreme portability of this camera, and the ease and simplicity with which pictures may be taken with it, were great recommendations to one who is the veriest amateur. My confidence in it was fully justified, for, amateur as I am, it enabled me to bring away a collection of the most unique photographs that have ever been secured in Africa.

Two hundred miles from Mombasa is Mount Kilima-njaro, the most remarkable mountain in Africa, if not the whole world. It is a huge mountain mass, a hundred and fifty miles in circumference, with two distinct peaks. Its greatest length is from east to west. From the northern side it presents the appearance, as will be seen from the photograph, of an immense ridge, on the shoulder of which are perched two extinct volcanic cones.

The highest of these peaks is called Kibo,

and the other, Kimawenzi. Kibo is a perfect and symmetrical cone, and is always crowned with snow, though the mountain is almost under the equator. Dr. Meyers, a German explorer, who, with a companion, ascended Kibo last October, gives its height as 19,680 feet above sea-level. Kimawenzi is a less perfect cone, and is not always crowned with snow.

There is a population on the mountain, roughly estimated at fifty thousand souls. They are divided into fourteen independent States, known as the States of Chaga. The cultivated and inhabited zone begins about 2000 feet above the plain, or 4000 feet above sea-level, and is from one to a half dozen miles wide. From the plains below the bright green ring of the cultivated area can be seen, encircling the great waist of the mountain like a broad belt.

The great staple food of the Wa-Chaga is bananas, which grow in great abundance and perfection. Besides bananas, however, they grow immense quantities of beans, millet, cassava, and sweet-potatoes.

The first glimpse we caught of Kilima-njaro was a gleaming white patch in the sky, seen from the Lanjora Plain, beyond the Teita Mountains. It was the snow-capped peak of Kibo revealed in this strange manner through a break in the clouds that veiled the rest of the mountain.

The accompanying picture, taken with my Hawk-Eye camera, is from the plains to the northeast of the mountain. On the northern aspect the mountain is often free from clouds, and visible in its entirety. Not so, however, on the southern side. Even when the sky above the open plains is clear, the great mass of Kilima-njaro, from the southern and southeastern prospect, is well-nigh always concealed behind dense masses of clouds. Its snowy peak, however, is often revealed in the manner described above.

Though this mountain, higher and grander in its proportions than Ararat, is but a two-weeks' march from the coast, until so recently as thirty years ago it was almost unknown to the civilized world. So incredible did it seem to the stay-at-home geographers of the day that a vast snowy mountain should exist in East Equatorial Africa, that its existence was regarded as a myth and a "traveler's tale" long after white men had seen it. There is no doubt about it these days, however, for, like George Washington, the camera never lies.

The elevated plains about Kilima-njaro, for a radius of two hundred miles, is probably the finest big-game country in the world. Whilst scouting for Stanley or for news of him in this region, making my headquarters at Taveta, a forest Arcadia at the foot of Kilima-njaro, it was an easy matter to combine business with the pleasures of the chase in this sportsman's paradise. Rhinoceros and giraffes by the hundreds; buffaloes, hartebeest, wildebeest, eland, mpallah by the thousands; roam and graze over pastures that are luxuriant and well watered by clear streams, fed by the snows on the mountain.

In your hunting excursions you take with you from the camp about a dozen followers: a couple of gun-bearers, and the others to carry home the trophies and meat. In a similar article in "Harper" and "Scribner" for this month may be found pictures and description of killing a python and crocodile, together with incidents of my trip which could not be given here. I have a number of heads and other trophies of the chase now on the way from Zanzibar to New York, by American sailing vessel. They will probably be set up by a taxidermist, and grace the rooms of the new "World" building.

The animal that intrudes upon your notice oftener than any others is the rhinoceros. All other animals run away at the sight of a caravan of men; the rhinoceros usually charges on sight. He is a big brute, and as stupid as he is big. Reveal yourself to a lion, or the far more dangerous buffalo, and either of these animals will flee. Wound them, however, and they become dangerous.

Not so the rhinoceros. His actions in an encounter with man are exactly the reverse. The louder you shout to try and drive a rhino off, the likelier is he to cock forward his stumpy little ears, and, elevating his pugnacious horns, come thundering after you. Don't run away, however; stand perfectly still, or squat in the grass, and so defective in his vision that he will likely mistake you for a rock or stump, and pass you by.

Or smash into him with a bullet as he comes on; his pig-headed courage escapes from the wound as air from a bladder, and swerving off, he hurries away at a heavy, ponderous trot, that suggests to you the weight and solidity of a locomotive.

Shooting at rhinoceroses, to prevent them charging and demoralizing your caravan, is, in some localities about the Kilima-njaro Plains, an affair of daily occurrence. Unwilling to inflict wounds on them from which they would die, I once essayed the experiment of trying to drive a trio of rhinos off our line of march by pricking their skins with a Winchester carbine, instead of using my 12-bore. The attempt nearly ended in disaster. As the three huge brutes came on to charge the caravan, I sent the wicked little 44's pattering against their horny hides; but the rhinos seemed to mind them no more than if I had been peppering them with a bean-shooter. I dodged behind a bush, and, as they went thundering on towards the mass of porters, my companion, Dr. Abbott, turned the tide of battle by banging into them with his big elephant-rifle.

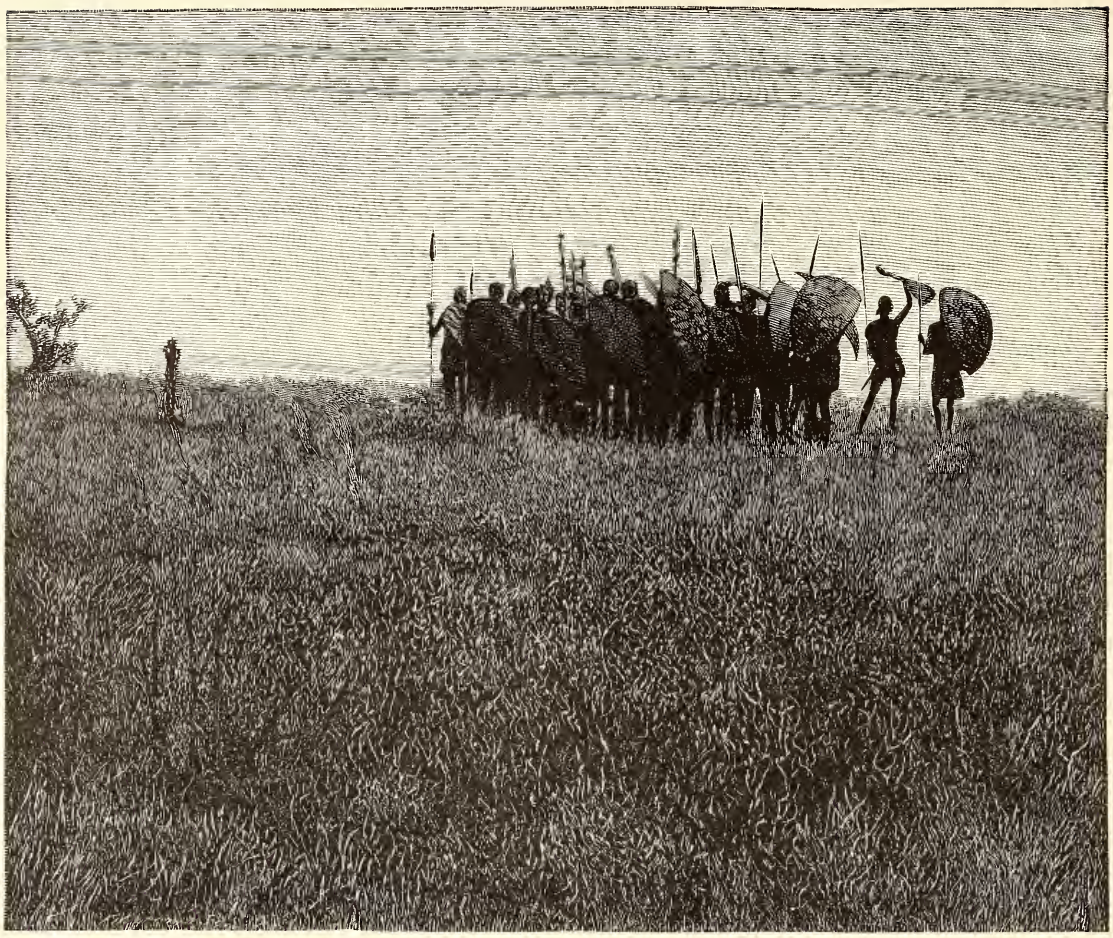
Attention is called, with, I believe, pardonable pride, to the photograph of a band of Masai warriors. The securing of such a picture is a triumph alike for the Hawk-Eye camera and the amateur photographer. It must not be supposed that this war-party of wild El-moran are tractable "subjects" grouping themselves for the purpose of being photographed. The Masai warriors are the most intractable type of the African savage now in existence. The party in the photograph, armed with their huge, beautifully shaped spears and elliptical shields, are coming to our camp to demand "hongo," or tribute, for the privilege of passing through their country. At no slight risk, the writer concealed himself behind a bush, and as they came prancing and war-chanting up, the Hawk-Eye was leveled at them through an opening in the bush; a touch of the spring, and one of the most remarkable

AFRICAN GAME.—A HAWK-EYE SNAP-SHOT.

The photograph of porters, carrying on their heads loads of meat, was taken on the Useri Plain, to the east of Kilima-njaro, last July. It depicts a successful morning's hunt. The heads borne by the two central figures are those of a bull and cow eland, and the other loads are the hams and portions of their carcasses.

photographs ever brought out of the Dark Continent is secured.

It is quite evident that with an ordinary photographic apparatus, with tripod, complicated adjustment, darkening-cloth, and what-not, such a picture as this could never have been obtained.



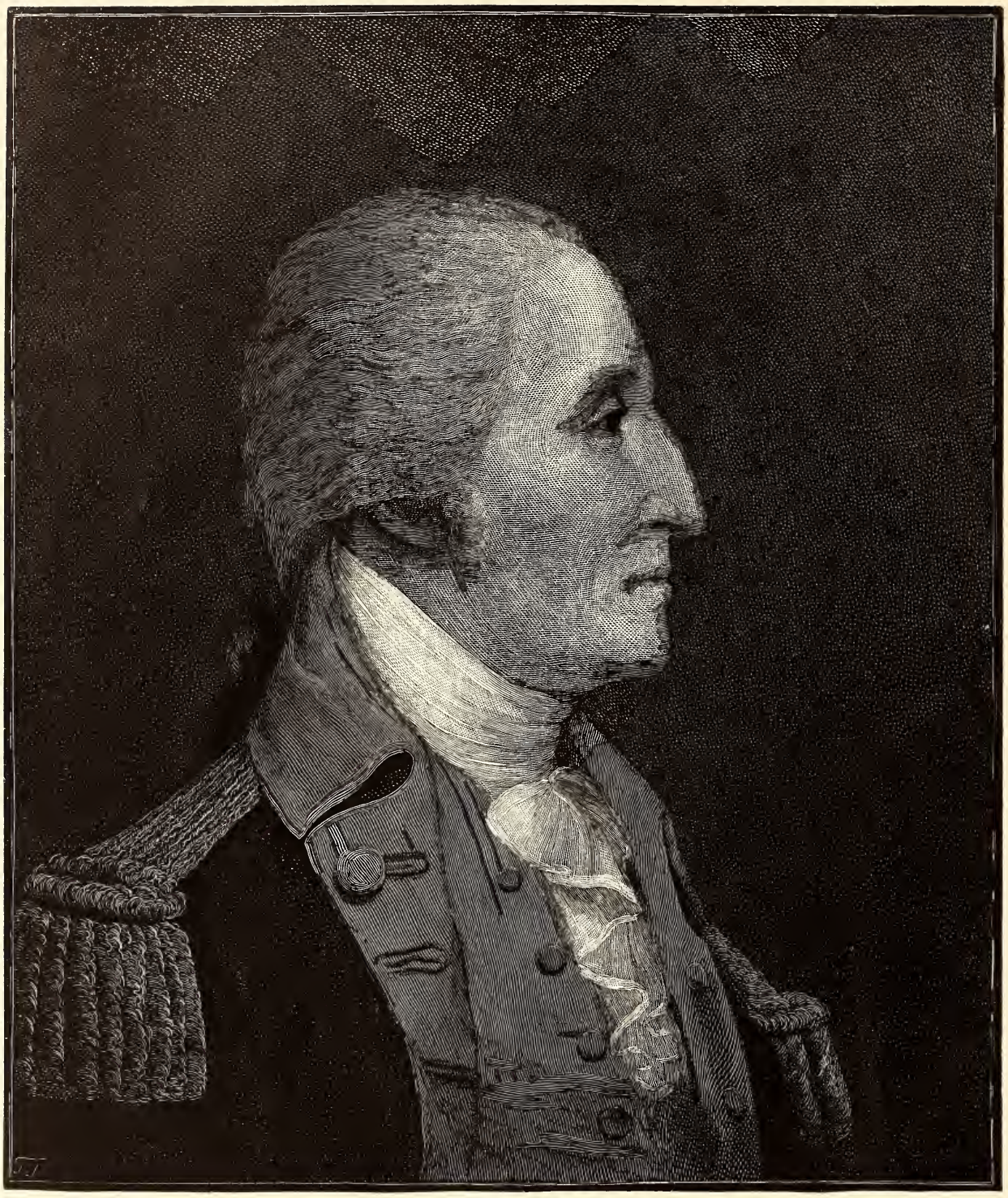
"HONGO"! "HONGO"!

These bands of Masai warriors are the terror of East Africa. One of the peculiar and traditional beliefs of the El-moran is, that all cattle are for his particular use and benefit; and that for other Africans to own them is unpardonable presumption. Beside raising vast numbers for their own consumption, the Masai therefore make raiding and cattle-lifting among the neighboring tribes the serious business of their lives.

The Masai warriors are the Apaches of East Africa; brave, warlike, and terrible in the estimation of other Africans. They live exclusively on a diet of beef and milk, permitting no other food to pass their lips. Their country is swarming with herds of game that are almost as tame as their own half-wild cattle. Yet they never molest it, and would on no account taste its flesh. We used to joke with them, and tell them we were as much El-moran [warrior] as themselves. This, however, they would not admit; arguing that nobody could be an El-moran unless, like them, he disdained all food save beef and milk. A little tact and plenty of patience is all that is necessary in dealing with most savages. A savage is naturally an amiable creature. It is because he does n't understand you nor you him, that you sometimes have to fight him.

Thomas Stevens.

NOTE BY THE BLAIR CAMERA CO.:— Readers of the above will recognize in this and other similar articles mentioned appearing in May, the same tact that enabled Mr. Stevens to accomplish his trip around the world on a bicycle. Without the Hawk-Eye, however, the pleasure of the thousands of CENTURY readers would have been greatly lessened, and in this connection attention is called to our announcement on advertising page 51 of this magazine, by which doubtless many will be convinced that a Hawk-Eye is a necessary part of every vacation outfit.



PAINTED BY JAMES WRIGHT. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON. OWNED BY G. L. McKEAN

G. Washington

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON,

AND HIS PORTRAITS OF THE WASHINGTONS.

BORN, 1765; DIED, 1835.

PROBABLY the career of no one among the pioneers of American art is so little known to the present generation as that of Archibald Robertson. Yet in the beginning of this century no name was more familiar to New Yorkers than his. This is the first comprehensive sketch of his life that has been made since Dunlap, years ago, wrote of his friend in eulogistic terms. The present article is founded upon original manuscripts in the possession of Robertson's youngest and only surviving son.

AMONG the remarkable phenomena in the physical geography of Scotland are the numerous conical-shaped hills and mountains, generally insulated and often of dizzy height, that are found in the low countries and almost level plains as well as in the mountainous regions. One of the best known is North Berwick Law, situated on the mainland on the south entrance to the Firth of Forth, and terminating the vista seen down the length of the King street of Edinburgh. On the west side of Scotland, and on the same parallel of latitude, the island of Ailsa, washed at its base by the tides of the Firth of Clyde, lifts its craggy apex to the clouds. Many others might be mentioned, such as the Rock of Dumbarton, Arthur's Seat, etc.

About thirty miles west of Aberdeen, and two miles south of the river Dee, is a conical mountain called Clokh-na-Bain, from a large rock on its northern brow. Some distance beyond this stony-crested mount stands Ben-akhise, a more gigantic cone. These two mountains not only are celebrated landmarks on shore, but are useful to those mariners who frequent the German Ocean.

One of the most beautiful and regular of these conical eminences, which, although not as high, is far more interesting, lies nearly in the center of a line drawn due north and south between Clokh-na-Bain and Ben-akhise. This is the Mount of Danes-Dykes, so termed from the remains of the Danish camp on its summit.

On the west of Drumnahoy a semicircle formed of Grampians makes a complete amphitheater, sweeping from the mountain at the base of which lies Paradise on the Don to Blackhall on the Dee. Northward, on the bank of the river Don, once stood the castellated mansion of Monymusk in the midst of its parks and plantations, its neighboring village, its wildernesses, and its highly cultivated gardens. Scattered within a radius of a few miles were castles Fraser and Cluny (there pronounced Cleeny) and the house of the Earl of Fife. Thus we have the topography of Kinarney, the homestead of the maternal grandfather of Archibald Robertson; of Drumnahoy, that of his paternal ancestors; and of Monymusk, the estate of Sir Archibald Grant, to whom he was indebted for his name.

Amid these historic surroundings was born in the village of Monymusk, Aberdeenshire, on the 8th of May, 1765, the subject of this sketch.

Archibald Robertson was a lineal descendant of Baron Alexander Robertson, Viscount Struan or Strowan. This nobleman through a long life actively supported the Jacobite cause. History records that four days after the remarkable battle of Killiecrankie the clan of Robertsons were fallen upon by the enemy, who killed 120 and took 30 prisoners, with the loss of but one soldier. Alexander escaped to

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France; his Scottish estates were confiscated; but on the accession of Queen Anne a pardon was granted to him on condition that he swear fealty and disperse his clan. As the opposition had already practically disposed of the latter, the Highland chief readily accepted the terms. He returned to his birthplace, and passed his leisure hours in writing a volume of political pasquils. Macaulay condemns these poems as "very stupid, and often very profligate." However, they acquired a high degree of notice at the time, and are now numbered among the literary curiosities of that period. A contemporary writer speaks of the author as "a considerable man among the Highlanders, a man of excellent sense, and every way a complete gentleman."[1]

The descendants of the baron inherited his literary tastes and many of his prominent personal characteristics. From father to son they received a fair smattering of letters, principally at the University of St. Andrews.

Robertson's parents removed when he was a child to Aberdeen, where he obtained an excellent education at King's College. In early youth he manifested a decided preference for the fine arts. His first preceptor was a deaf mute, a pupil of the celebrated Braidwood, who was one of the first to teach the dumb to speak. This afflicted gentleman had considerable talent, and had acquired perhaps as much knowledge as though in full possession of his lost senses. His manner of tuition was to give a model to his pupil to do what he could with it, and where faults were made he corrected them without explanation. The boy, having no defined rules, after some time passed in this manner found himself just where he began. The absurdity of this mechanical method left an indelible impression on Archibald's mind. When in after life he himself became a professor, he invariably explained the principles on which every point was formed, and to this incident he attributed his success as an instructor.

In 1782 he went to Edinburgh, where he remained several years studying the art of painting. His associates were Henry Raeburn, Walter Weir, and George Watson. There was then no Academy of Fine Arts in Edinburgh, and these young painters formed themselves into a class for mutual improvement. In 1784 or 1785 Robertson returned to Aberdeen on account of his health, and there completed his academic studies. It was at this time that he painted a small miniature of his father—the earliest production of his brush that has been preserved. The Scotch characteristics are strongly depicted on the countenance.

[1] *Vide* Chambers, "Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen."

In 1786 he went to London to study at the Royal Academy, and there formed his taste upon the best models of ancient and modern art. It was during his residence in this city that he was introduced to Sir Joshua Reynolds by Sir William Chambers, the architect. Robertson was at once admitted into the artist's studio as a pupil. An exquisite miniature of the master is the result of this experience. It imitates the more youthful portrait of Sir Joshua, by himself, in the possession of the Northcote family, in London. Reynolds is arrayed in his scarlet cloak of Doctor of Laws. A century has passed since the colors were laid, yet to-day they are as bright as any modern production. This is believed to be the only miniature of Sir Joshua in existence. It is owned by Robertson's granddaughter, Mrs. J. Warren Goddard, of New York.

Robertson has left the following description of the great founder of the English school of painting:

> He [Sir Joshua] was in stature rather under the middle size, of a florid complexion, and a lively and pleasing aspect, well made and extremely active. His appearance at first sight impressed the spectator with the idea of a well-born and well-bred English gentleman, with an uncommon equability of temper, which, however, never degenerated into insipidity or apathy. He possessed a constant flow of spirits, which rendered him at all times the most pleasing companion; always cheerful, and ready to be amused with whatever was going forward, and, from an ardent thirst of knowledge, anxious to obtain information on every subject that was presented to his mind. In conversation his manner was perfectly natural, simple, and unassuming. If it should be asked, amidst so many excellent and amiable qualities, were there no failings, I wish to answer the inquiry in the words of Mr. Burke: "I do not know a fault or a weakness of his that he did not convert into something that bordered on a virtue, instead of pushing it to the confines of vice."

Robertson also profited by lessons from Benjamin West. To such an extent did he apply himself to the cultivation of his natural talent that before he was thirty years of age he was known in the Court of St. James under the appellation of "The Reynolds of Scotland." A series of original paintings from Ossian, produced at this period of his career, received royal commendation.

No biography of Robertson would be complete without mention of the intimacy existing between his own family and that of the Grants. For generations the two households had lived in close proximity, and a similarity of tastes and congenial ages had fostered a spirit of genuine affection. Sir Archibald Grant represented the lords, lairds, and other freeholders of Aberdeenshire in Parliament

NEIL GOW, A SCOTCH FIDDLER. (PAINTED ON IVORY BY ANDREW ROBERTSON, ABOUT 1780.)

for a period of thirty years, in the reigns of the first three Georges and during the ministries of Walpole, Chatham, and Bute. He married the rich widow of Andrew Miller, the famous bookseller, and his only son, afterwards Sir Archibald II., as he was called, married the still richer daughter. It was the father whom Foote, the actor, turned into ridicule as *Sir Archy McSarcasm* in Macklin's play "The Man of the World."

When the Robertsons removed to Aberdeen the friends took turns in periodical visits to each other's homes. At the mansion of Monymusk Archibald spent every summer from the age of fifteen years until he sailed for the New World, in 1791. He has left a water-color of this country-seat, together with the following account of the supervision of the neighborhood, which suggests a veritable Utopia:

"Sir Archibald allowed no suffering poor in the parish or on the estate of Monymusk; the landlord, his family, and steward took care to prevent that. There was no lawyer but Mr. Young, the factor, whose sole business was to draw leases and collect the rents. Sir Archibald took care to have always a respectable minister in the kirk of the parish, a learned dominie in the schoolhouse, and a skilled physician to aid the sick. In short, the whole parish — that is, the estate of Monymusk — was one large family, under the paternal inspection and guidance of a wise, good, and benevolent friend. They might have heard of knavery, thievery, and worse crimes in other parts of the world, but they knew nothing about them amongst themselves." The writer naïvely adds, "They were totally ignorant of the nature and uses of police officers."

After his London success Robertson returned to practice his profession at his native home. There, while in the extensive exercise of his art, he was "invited by the venerable Dr. Gordon, of King's College, Old Aberdeen, at the request of Dr. Kemp, of Columbia College, New York, at the particular solicitation of Chancellor Livingston and the venerable Dr. Samuel Bard, to cross the Atlantic to New York."[1] He was reluctant at first even to consider the proposition. The United States rose to his imagination as the home of a semi-civilized race. This feeling was accentuated by a

[1] Robertson's personal account.

conversation held with a lady whose husband had been taken prisoner by Burgoyne. She had just returned from America, and told Archibald, among other things, that New Englanders were accustomed to join their garments with thorns, and that fabulous sums had been offered her by the natives for the small stock of pins and needles she had happened to possess. Robertson failed to reflect that America then depended upon Great Britain for the products of her manufactories, and was at the time cut off from all foreign commerce by the war.

It was therefore in the spirit of adventure, and not with any serious intention to remain, that he crossed the ocean, and arrived at New York the 2d of October, 1791. He found the country, contrary to his expectations, anything but a scene of savagery. So agreeably was he surprised, in fact, that he soon came to the resolution to make it his home.

Peculiarly fortunate circumstances heralded Robertson's advent to the Western continent. The Earl of Buchan, hearing of his intended departure, requested an interview at Edinburgh.[1] The object of this meeting was to confide to the artist two important commissions, viz.: to obtain the portrait of General Washington to add to the Earl's private collection in Dryburgh Abbey, and to present to the new President of the United States the celebrated Wallace box as a token of the donor's high personal esteem. Robertson fully appreciated the compliment. He readily undertook the trust, and four months later was presented to General Washington at Philadelphia, the then seat of government, by Tench Coxe, Esq., who had previously prepared the way for his reception. The Wallace box, within which was inclosed the letter of introduction, was about four inches long, three broad, two deep, and one-eighth of an inch thick. It was made of six pieces of the heart of the oak tree that sheltered Sir William Wallace after the battle of Falkirk. The outside was finely varnished. An elegant silver binding united the whole; and the lid, opening upon hinges one-third the way down the side, had a silver plate inside, inscribed: "Presented by the Goldsmiths of Edinburgh to David Stuart Erskine, Earl of Buchan, with the freedom of their Corporation, by their Deacon, 1791."

COMMODORE THOMAS TRUXTON.
(PAINTED BY ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON, 1802. OWNED BY A. J. ROBERTSON.)

The written inclosure ran as follows:

DRYBURGH ABBEY, June 28th, 1791.

SIR: I had the honor to receive your Excellency's letter relating to the advertisement of Dr. Ander-

[1] Robertson's personal account.

son's periodical publication in the "Gazette of the United States"; which attention to my recommendation I feel very sensibly, and return you my grateful acknowledgments. In the twenty-first number of that literary miscellany I inserted a monitory paper respecting America, which I flatter myself may, if attended to on the other side of the Atlantic, be productive of good consequences. To use your own emphatic words, may that Almighty Being, who rules over the universe, who presides in the councils of nations, and whose providential aid can supply every human defect, consecrate to the liberties and happiness of the American people a government instituted by themselves for public and private security, upon the basis of law and equal administration of justice, preserving to every individual as much civil and political freedom as is consistent with the safety of the nation; and may he be pleased to continue your life and strength as long as you can be in any way useful to your country.

I have intrusted this sheet, inclosed in a box made of the oak that sheltered our great Sir William Wallace after the battle of Falkirk, to Mr. Robertson of Aberdeen, a painter, with the hope of his having the honor of delivering it into your hands, recommending him as an able artist, seeking for fortune and fame in the New World. This box was presented to me by the Goldsmiths' Company at Edinburgh, to whom, feeling my own unworthiness to receive this magnificently significant present, I requested and obtained leave to make it over to the man in the world to whom I thought it most justly due. Into your hands I commit it, requesting of you to pass it, in the event of your decease, to the man in your own country who shall appear to your judgment to merit it best upon the same considerations that have induced me to send it to your Excellency.

I am with the highest esteem, Sir,
Your Excellency's most obedient
And obliged humble servant,
BUCHAN.

GENERAL WASHINGTON,
President of the United States of America.

P. S. — I beg your Excellency will have the goodness to send me your portrait, that I may place it among those I most honor, and I would wish it from the pencil of Mr. Robertson. I beg leave to recommend him to your countenance, as he has been mentioned to me favorably by my worthy friend Professor Ogilvie, of King's College, Aberdeen.

Robertson has left an account of this first interview and subsequent work, in the following words:

The bearer of Lord Buchan's compliments, although familiarly accustomed to intimate intercourse with those of the highest rank and station in his native country, never felt as he did on his first introduction to the American hero. The excitation in the mind of the stranger was evidently obvious to Washington, for from his ordinary cold and distant address he declined into the most easy and familiar intercourse in conversation, with a view to disembarrass his visitor from the agitation excited by the presence of a man whose exalted character had impressed him with highest sentiments of respect and veneration for such lofty virtue. Washington easily penetrated into the heart and feelings of Lord Buchan's friend, and he left no means untried to make him feel perfectly at ease in his company during the period he intended to spend with him in Philadelphia. The General, not finding his efforts altogether successful, introduced him to Mrs. Washington, whose easy, polished, and familiar gaiety, and ceaseless cheerfulness, almost accomplished a cure, by the aid

MARTHA WASHINGTON.
(FROM THE MINIATURE FROM LIFE BY ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON, 1791–92. OWNED BY THE ARTIST'S GRANDDAUGHTER.)

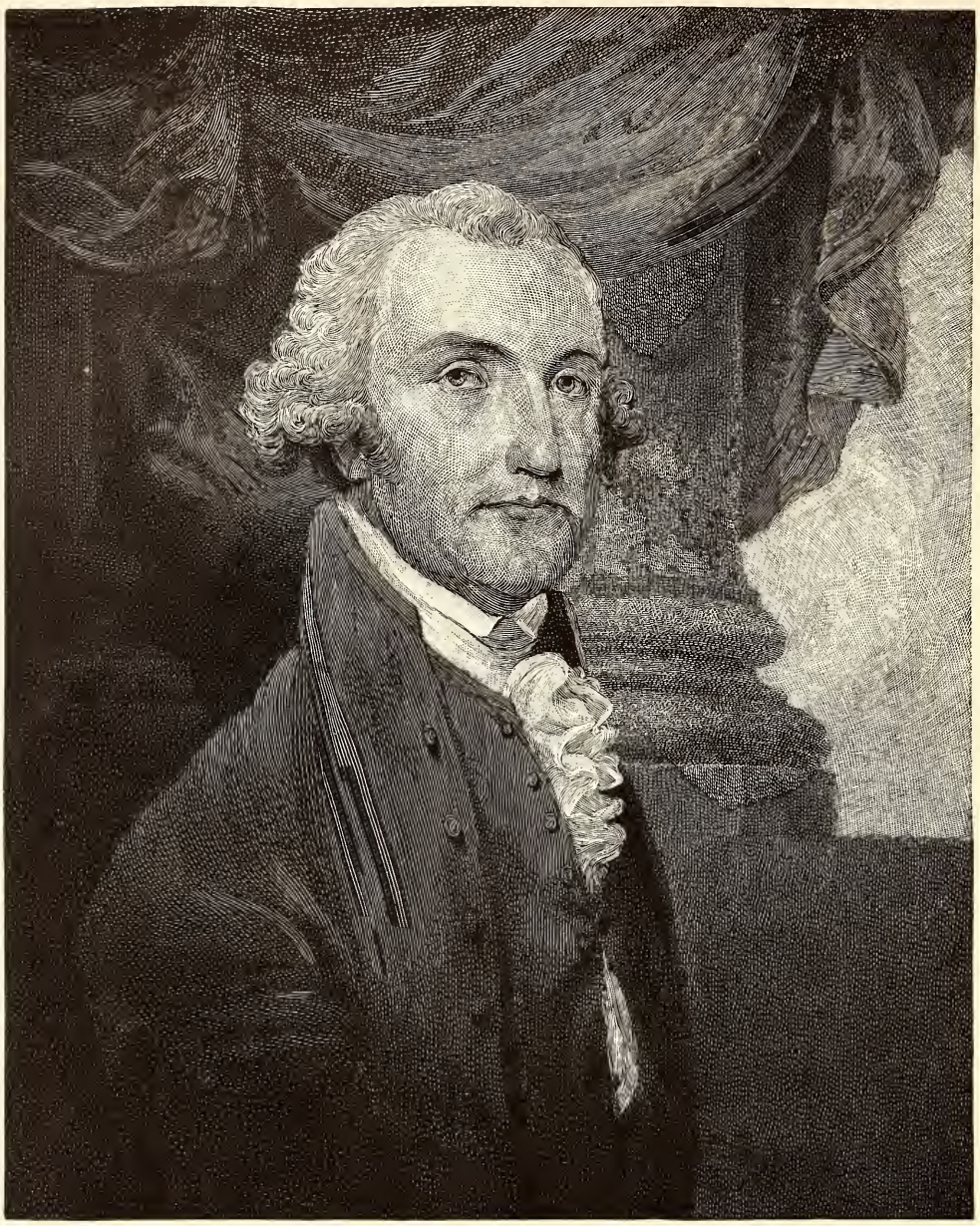
of her grandchildren, G. W. P. Custis and Miss Eleanor Custis, afterwards Mrs. Lewis and wife to the nephew of General Washington.

Another effort of the first President to compose his guest was at a family dinner party, in which the General, contrary to his usual habits, engrossed most of the conversation at the table, and so delighted the company with humorous anecdotes that he repeatedly set the table in a roar; the result of these attentions the General now perceived had nearly produced a radical change, and to have the desired effect of fitting the artist for the task he had undertaken for Lord Buchan, in making as good a likeness of Washington as he possibly could. The artist being now prepared, and left to his own direction in the manner and way he should proceed in his process, preferred making his original first attempt in miniature, on ivory, in water-colors. *Pari passu,* he at the same time painted a likeness of Mrs. Washington as a mate to the General's.

The original one painted for Lord Buchan was in oils, and of a size corresponding to those of the collection of portraits of the most celebrated worthies in liberal principles and in useful literature in the possession of his lordship at Dryburgh Abbey, near Melrose, on the borders of Scotland.[1]

The only other outsiders at the family dinner party just described were the two secretaries of the General, Major Jackson and Colonel Lear, and Colonel John Trumbull, who after-

1 Extract from original manuscript of Archibald Robertson, in possession of his granddaughter, Mrs. C. W. Darling, of Utica, N. Y.



GEORGE WASHINGTON. (WATER-COLOR PAINTING ON MARBLE, FROM LIFE, BY ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON, 1791. OWNED BY THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTER.)

wards became a stanch friend and admirer of the Scotchman. Robertson writes further of the event:

The dinner at three o'clock was plain, but suitable for a family in genteel circumstances. There was nothing especially remarkable at the table but that the General and Mrs. Washington sat side by side — he on the right of his lady, the gentlemen on his right hand, and the ladies on his left. It being on Saturday, the first course was mostly of Eastern cod and fresh fish. A few glasses of wine were drank during dinner, with other beverage. The whole closed with a few glasses of sparkling champagne, in about three quarters of an hour; when the General and Colonel Lear retired, leaving the ladies in high glee about Lord Buchan and the Wallace box.

It was nearly a year before the following reply to the Earl's epistle was dictated:

PHILADELPHIA, May 1, 1792.

MY LORD: I should have had the honor of acknowledging the receipt of your letter of the 28th of June last, had I not concluded to defer doing it till I could announce to you the transmission of my portrait, which has just been finished by Mr. Robertson (of New York), who has also undertaken to forward it. The manner of the execution of it does no discredit, I am told, to the artist, of whose skill favorable mention has been made to me. I was further induced to intrust the execution to Mr. Robertson, from his having informed me that he had drawn others for your Lordship and knew the size which best suited your collection. I accept with sensibility and satisfaction the significant present of the box which accompanied your Lordship's letter.

In yielding the tribute due from every lover of mankind to the patriotic and heroic virtues of which it is commemorative, I estimate as I ought the additional value which it derives from the hand that sent it, and my obligation for the sentiments that induced the transfer. I will, however, ask that you will exempt me from compliance with the request relating to its eventual destination. In an attempt to execute your wish in this particular I should feel embarrassment from a just comparison of relative pretensions, and fear to risk injustice by so marked a preference.

With sentiments of the truest esteem and consideration, I remain your Lordship's

Most obedient servant,

G. WASHINGTON.

EARL OF BUCHAN.

In passing it may be said that the Wallace box was ultimately returned to its donor by the terms of Washington's will. The Earl afterwards sent it again to America. On its way from New York to Philadelphia the trunk in which it was placed was stolen from the back of the stage. Advertisements and the offer of liberal reward failed to restore the missing treasure, and no clue was ever found to the thieves.

For some reason the delivery of the portrait and the letter was delayed. In April of the next year Robertson was the recipient of the following note from Washington's secretary:

PHILADELPHIA, April 26, 1793.

SIR: The President of the United States received a letter a few days ago from the Earl of Buchan, though of an old date,—October, 1792,—in which he acknowledges the receipt of a letter from the President, dated in June, but observes that he has not received that which had been written on the 1st of May preceding, and committed to your care to be forwarded with the Earl's picture; neither had the picture reached his hands at the time of writing his letter in October.

The President directs me to give you this information in order that, if it should be in your power, you may endeavor to find out what has been the fate of the picture, if sent, and the President's letter.

I am, Sir,

Your most obed. serv't,

TOBIAS LEAR.

MR. ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON.[1]

The portrait of Washington for Lord Buchan was eventually committed to the charge of Colonel Lear, then occupied on a mission to Europe. The following letter accompanied the gift:

MY LORD: With pleasure I take the opportunity which now offers to transmit to your Lordship the portrait of the President, the Illustrious Hero of America, the brave Washington. Tobias Lear, Esqr., his Secretary, a gentleman of the most amiable and respectable character, is the person who now favors me in transmitting this, with the picture, to your Lordship, who I hope will arrive safe in Europe. The short notice I have had of his intended voyage has prevented me having it in my power to prepare some other matters for your Lordship, but I shall embrace the first opportunity. As Mr. Lear will have the pleasure to see your Lordship, it prevents me mentioning matters of importance with which he is better acquainted. As I esteem the picture as the best likeness of General Washington I have attempted, I should be proud to be informed of your Lordship's opinion of it, and whether you can trace anything of the sublime character of the original in this humble copy. I have endeavored not only to convey the form of the features, but the characteristic look of the countenance; and the expression of the eyes, with the particular character of each, as well as the *tout ensemble* of the expression. His countenance possesses an open, benignant look, which is a very attractive characteristic; at the same time that the dignity of his manners commands the highest respect. But words are wanted to convey to you the idea of a person whose person and character are the objects of so high veneration and esteem.

I remain, My Lord, your Lordship's

Most Respectfully,

ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON.

89 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK, Nov. 8, 1793.

Colonel Lear delivered the picture safely at its destination. In a subsequent letter of thanks to the artist the Earl expressed his entire satisfaction with the result.

During the time that Robertson remained at the Executive Mansion he painted, besides the miniatures of General and Mrs. Washington and the large oil-portrait, a smaller one of the General.[2] This is in water-colors on a marble slab, measuring 9 x 12 inches. It is owned by the only surviving daughter of the artist, Mrs. M. M. Craft, of New York. This likeness is one of the finest originals extant. Its softness and delicacy of tone are unrivaled. The subject is a three-quarter view, clad in a peach-blow coat, with broad white ruffle down the front. Mention of it thus appears in Trumbull's list of authenticated originals:

Robertson, 1792, painted one—in his own possession, 79 Liberty Street, New York.

Trumbull was president of the Academy of Fine Arts in 1824. In that year, under date of September 20, appeared in a journal a criticism by him upon original portraits of Washington, from which the following lines are extracted:

If we would behold the countenance of Washington in his best days, we must seek it in Houdon's bust; . . . if we desire to know his aspect when he began to wane and had lost his teeth, Robertson's portrait is the best; he and Stuart only make him looking at the spectator.

This opinion is of peculiar value, as being the decision of one who was brought into constant and intimate relations with Washington.

In removing the picture of Washington from its frame in order to prepare it for illustration, there was discovered in the back the original

[1] Copy of original letter in joint possession of the granddaughters of Archibald Robertson — Mrs. S. M. Mygatt, of Paris, France, and Mrs. C. W. Darling, of Utica, N. Y. In accordance with the custom of the times, the letter-sheet is simply folded, and on the outer side is inscribed, "Mr. Archibald Robertson, New York." In the lower left-hand corner is written, "President, U. S."

[2] That these three of Washington were all painted from life is the statement of Robertson himself, as related by both his son and daughter now living (March, 1890).

draught of Robertson's letter to the Earl of Buchan, containing his personal estimate of his own work. Also an odd affidavit of the present of two locks of hair from the heads of Mr. and Mrs. Washington, with the hair itself curiously preserved. Two circles were cut in the paper in which the hair was inserted, the latter being protected by a piece of transparent oily material on the surface with black silk underneath. This discovery was a surprise to the writer. The document had probably been placed there by Judge Robertson, who, thirty years ago, was the owner of the portrait. It reads as follows:

WASHINGTON AND WIFE'S HAIR, JUNE, 1783.

The locks of hair below is part of that which was sent to Major Billings of Poughkeepsie, inclosed in a letter, of which the following is an exact copy. The original is in possession of the Major's grandson, W. J. Street, counselor at law, of this city, who gave me the hair.

T. W. C. MOORE.

NEW YORK, March 24, 1857.

NEWBURG, June 17, 1783.

SIR, By some mistake or other the Horse was not sent for yesterday. The Dragoon comes up for him now and those small tools which you conceived might be useful to me — among which I pray you to send me a small file or two, — one of which to be very thin, so much so as to pass between the teeth if occasion should require it, another one round.

Have you been able to satisfy yourself of the practicability and means of coloring sealing-wax? If so, can you bring the stick I now send to the complexion which is wanted?

Mrs. Washington sends you a lock of both our hair. (Inclosed.)

I am with much regard
Sir, your very Hble. Serv.
GO. WASHINGTON.

"Private." Major Billings at Poughkeepsy.

HAIR OF

GEORGE WASHINGTON. MARTHA WASHINGTON.

Popular opinion has been somewhat at variance in regard to the exact number of Washington miniatures produced by Robertson.

The first sittings for the first miniatures of the General and his wife which Archibald Robertson painted were held in the latter part of December, 1791, and were completed the next month. These miniatures were carefully preserved by the artist, as he himself records, "to remain in his family as an heirloom, and memorial of his veneration for the great and successful champion of American liberty." His wishes were respected, and these exquisite gems, set as brooches, are among the most cherished possessions of his granddaughters, Mrs. S. M. Mygatt and Mrs. C. W. Darling.

In Dunlap's biography of Robertson he mentions that the larger portrait of Washington, painted for the Earl of Buchan, was enlarged from the miniature just mentioned. The artist's son says that the only explanation he can make of this statement is that, as Washington was a notoriously bad sitter, Robertson used his "first attempt" as the basis for his work, and gave the finishing touches from life. This explanation would reconcile the apparent contradiction of two authorities.

An original of Martha Washington is in the possession of the Custis family.

The authenticity of other supposed "Robertsons" is questionable.

Soon after his arrival Archibald wrote to his brother Alexander, whom he had left behind studying the same art under Shelley, to follow him. This invitation was accepted the next year (1792), and the brothers immediately opened the Columbian Academy of Painting, at 79 Liberty street, New York. Here were taught the fine arts, including architecture, in which Archibald had been grounded by his father, who was an architect by profession. The school flourished with unvarying success for upwards of thirty years. Among its pupils was John Vanderlyn. Alexander Robertson was one of the original incorporators of what afterwards became the gigantic public-school system of New York City.

At the time these two brothers came to America, a third and elder brother, named Andrew, was already establishing a reputation for himself in London. He had previously taken his degree at Marischal College in Aberdeen, where Dr. Beattie held the position of Professor of Natural Philosophy. A fine miniature of the poet by Andrew is in the possession of a niece of the artist, Mrs. M. M. Craft. In it the allegorical conception is evidently borrowed from Reynolds's treatment of the same subject, in which Beattie is seen seated beside an angel representing Truth, who is pushing down Ignorance, Error, and Superstition. The portrait, however, has the advantage of a personal intimacy between sitter and delineator. At the outset of his career Andrew won the particular approbation of Benjamin West. West sat to him for his portrait, and advised and encouraged him in his studies. Andrew justified his patron's partiality. For over twenty years he was regarded as one of the first rank in his art, his practice at court being extensive. He was formally appointed painter to the Duke of Sussex, and in 1812 painted the princesses at Windsor and the Prince Regent. A collection of miniatures by

his hand is now in the Kensington Museum. Andrew was a creditable performer on the violin, and this bond of sympathy cemented a friendship between himself and Niel Gow, the somewhat eccentric character who for years was regarded as a necessary adjunct to all fashionable routs in the great metropolis. Gow's execution of Scotch tunes was considered inimitable, and the artist has left on ivory an appropriate production of the minstrel plying his vocation. This was painted about 1780, and is owned by Mrs. M. M. Craft. Upon retiring from practice, the foremost miniature painters in London united in presenting Andrew with a piece of plate, and unanimously termed him "the father of their profession." A valuable treatise on miniature painting, detailing every part of the process, with illustrations for each successive sitting, was composed by Andrew for his brothers. This work was published in America, and became an authority on the art.

It was in the New World that Archibald Robertson met Miss Eliza Abramse, whom he married in December, 1794. A pastel of the young lady, made by him at the time, shows that she possessed much charm of feature. This conclusion is corroborated by several other portraits of his wife painted by Robertson in the early years of their marriage, one of which — a water-color on marble — is considered among his best efforts. This portrait is on a slab measuring eight by nine inches. Unfortunately, it was broken some years ago, but the parts were skillfully reunited. It is owned by Mrs. Craft, who has also in her possession two delicate miniatures of her parents, painted by Archibald in 1797. Robertson has reproduced himself in the domestic costume of the day, with powdered queue. But the best likeness of the artist which he has transmitted to his descendants is an oil portrait on wood, painted about 1830 by his friend Waldo. A three-quarters life-size canvas of Mrs. Robertson was completed about the same date by Waldo and Jewett together.

In 1833 a memorandum relating to Mrs. Robertson's ancestry was made by her husband. It is interesting as an authentic account of the condition of New York City in the early part of the present century, by one on the spot. It also corroborates the origin of the nomenclature of several of its best-known streets.

Jacob Abramse, Jr., father of Mrs. Robertson, . . . was son of Jacob Abramse, Sr., and Magdalena Lispenard. Jacob, Jr., was the last male that held the surname of Abramse, of an ancient Dutch family, who were among the original settlers of New York. Their homestead was located in Wall Street, a portion of which is now known as numbers 52, 54, 56, 58, etc., at that period reaching through to Pine Street, nearly opposite the Merchants' Exchange, and now owned by the Mutual and Howard Insurance companies and others. . . .

Magdalena Lispenard, mother of Jacob Abramse, Jr., was a daughter of one of the French Protestant exiles who came to New Rochelle after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Her brother, Anthony Leonard Lispenard, who married Alicia Rutgers, owned the tract of land so long called Lispenard's Meadows, which was bounded south by the New York Hospital and St. John's Park, east by Broadway, north by Spring Street, and west by the North River. In the year 1815 it was an open out-of-town meadow, with a large pond in the midst; but now, 1833, it is fitted up with streets, the principal of which is Canal Street, that now stands on the site of the brook which flowed from the Collect, where the arsenal now is, into Lispenard's Pond, which ran into a creek from the North River; all being at this time nearly in the center of the city.

The Common Council of the city have, although having overlooked the name of Abramse, done ample justice to the memory of Lispenard, in Anthony, and Leonard, and Lispenard streets, which are located on the site of the family homestead, a portion of which is still in the possession of the descendants in female line of old Uncle Lispenard, chiefly in that of Alexander L. Stewart, who married a granddaughter of his.

Abigail Lispenard, sister of Magdalena and Anthony, was the wife of Jacobus Bleecker of New Rochelle, and grandmother of James Bleecker, the auctioneer, and of the numerous family of Bleeckers of New York, the memorial of whose surname is recorded in that of Bleecker Street.

Five sons and three daughters were born to the couple. Of these, two sons attained public prominence — Anthony Lispenard,[1] who was chosen Chief-Justice of the Superior Court in 1866, having for twenty years held various public offices; and Alexander Hamilton, who became Deputy Register and afterwards Deputy County Clerk. At the time of the latter's death, in 1846, he was Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the Order of Free and Accepted Masons in the State of New York. His funeral was the occasion of unusual and impressive Masonic solemnities.

This son was named after the eminent statesman, whom Archibald highly esteemed. Robertson considered a portrait of Hamilton to be a fitting companion piece to his production on marble of Washington. Shortly before the fatal duel of 1804 he painted Hamilton's features on a similar slab. For many years the portraits of these two representative men of a great nation hung either side of the wide fireplace in

[1] Anthony Lispenard Robertson was Assistant Vice Chancellor in 1846–48; Surrogate of New York City in 1848; and in 1859 was elected a judge of the Superior Court. In 1864 he was elected for a second term, and in 1866 he was chosen Chief-Justice of the court. In 1867 he was a member of the State Constitutional Convention, and took an active part in its proceedings. He died December 18, 1868.

the reception-room of the artist. That of Washington still remains, carefully preserved by his descendants. The fate of the other is unknown.[1]

At the beginning of this century there was little to forward the progress of painting in the United States. With the exception of Peale's Columbianum and the Columbian Academy of Fine Arts, no attempt had been made to encourage emulation among artists. The subject had not, however, been overlooked. Earnest deliberations by the foremost men of the day were held. In 1802 Robertson was called upon to advise with regard to the contemplated art union. But it was not until six years later that the American Academy of Arts — the forerunner of our present Academy of Design — was incorporated.

The history of the vicissitudes of this parent institution spreads over a quarter of a century. It began as an experiment, and, like all such, had advocates for several methods of procedure. In 1818 its affairs were in a turbulent state. John Trumbull was then president; John R. Murray held the vice-presidency. Its directors consisted of the following well-known names: Cadwallader D. Colden, William Cutting, John C. Bogert, David Hosack, Archibald Bruce, Archibald Robertson, William Dunlap, John McComb, Samuel L. Waldo, and James Renwick. Alexander Robertson was secretary, and John Pintard, treasurer.

A contest arose as to the advisability of combining instruction with the exhibition of pictures. Archibald Robertson strenuously maintained the necessity for such a course. The opposition, led by Trumbull, as obstinately combated it. The latter party triumphed, but the victory proved to be dearly won. When dissension had so divided the body that its fall was merely a question of time, the necessity for a new organization governed by new laws was recognized. That "the president opposed the opening of schools" was quoted as the principal cause of the failure of this institution, which was finally to end a melancholy existence under the hammer of the auctioneer. Our National Academy of Design, incorporated in 1826, was the direct result of the discontent created by the mistakes of its predecessor.

The last public enterprise in which Robertson participated was in 1825 on the occasion of the formal opening of the Erie Canal.

Probably no event in the history of the State ever excited greater enthusiasm than this triumph of human labor. The long-contemplated union of the waters of the lakes with the Atlantic Ocean had, after years of toil, been brought to a successful consummation. Extensive preparations were made for the grand fête to celebrate the arrival of the first canal-boat, which was to start from Buffalo, coming straight through to Sandy Hook. The city of New York was aroused to special effort, and the superintendence of the whole was in the hands of the most prominent men of the time. Charles Rhind,[2] cousin of Robertson, occupied the responsible position of "Admiral of the Day."

The entire charge of such works of art as the event required was left to the discretion of Robertson. It was he who designed the badge worn by the guests on the day of the ceremonials. This device was afterwards adopted for the commemorative medals which were presented by the city to those gentlemen distinguished for public services. Gold facsimiles were forwarded to the three surviving signers of the Declaration of Independence, Charles Carroll, Thomas Jefferson, and John Adams. Also to John Quincy Adams, Monroe, Madison, and Lafayette. The medals were inclosed in boxes made of curious woods brought from the lakes. Accompanying this gift was a copy of the "Memoir of the Grand Canal Celebration," compiled by Cadwallader D. Colden.

Mr. Colden had prepared this work, by request of the corporation, as a fitting memento of the occasion to be deposited in the city archives. The illustrations were under Robertson's care. They are curious as being the first impressions made from the first lithographic press ever put into effectual operation on this side of the Atlantic. Robertson considered the discovery of the new art of lithographic printing, with which the Bavarian inventor, Alois Senefelder, had already awakened the interest of Europe, as "a most invaluable gift to mankind in multiplying with facility the works of the first-rate artists." He was especially desirous to have the process obtain a permanent foothold in America. Some abortive attempts had been previously made, but until Anthony Imbert crossed the ocean no practical success had been attained. M. Imbert was a French naval officer who had undergone a long imprisonment in England. During his captivity he employed his enforced leisure in the cultivation of his talent for the fine arts. The result was seen in the lithographic office he was later enabled to open in New York. Through the influence of Robertson, Imbert was permitted to essay the illustrations for the memoir.

Robertson's personal contributions to this

[1] The writer has been unable to trace the present owner of this portrait. It disappeared at the time of the death of A. H. Robertson. Information on the subject would be gratefully received.

[2] The plenipotentiary who, in 1829, made the treaty with the Grand Turk by which the Black Sea was opened to the commerce of the United States.

work were: "A View of the Fleet Preparing to Form in Line," made on the spot on its return from the Brooklyn Navy Yard; and two maps — one exhibiting the course of the canal, the other showing its connection with the water-courses of the Northern continent. For these, and for his able supervision of the Department of the Fine Arts, the thanks of the city corporation, through the common council, were formally tendered to him. As a further testimony of their approbation, they awarded him a silver medal, a maple box, and a copy of Mr. Colden's memoir.

Robertson spent the last decade of his life in quiet retirement with his family. The taxing requirements of his profession had left him nearly blind. Some miniatures of his children, essayed at this period, pathetically record his affliction in their crude shadings and uncertain lines. He was seized with apoplexy in his seventy-first year, and died suddenly on the 6th of December, 1835. His widow survived him for thirty years.

Archibald Robertson was afflicted with that peculiar bent of mind that is so often an attribute of genius — the depreciation of his actual talent, and the erroneous belief in his superiority in another direction. His skill as a miniature painter, which ranked him among the foremost in that most delicate of fine arts, he accepted as a matter of course. But his hobby was scribbling. Literary pursuits during the whole progress of his life had employed his time as much as the exercise of his profession. He was conversant with the English, French, German, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, besides, as he modestly affirms, "being not altogether unacquainted with the construction of shipbuilding." In 1802 he edited a treatise for the use of his scholars at the Columbian Academy, entitled "Elements of the Graphic Arts."[1] Otherwise few of his productions were ever published, but stray sheets of mazy rhetoric, dyed with a century's dust, are still preserved by his descendants.

Only a preface remains of the one work he meditated which would have been of general interest. This was a personal memoir. His renown as an artist brought him into intimate contact with many contemporary celebrities. In this respect he was peculiarly fitted to shine by reason of his early associations and his polished manners. He was, to use the quaint epithet, a gentleman and a scholar, having studied the art of bowing, as he himself informs us, under Mr. Francis Peacock. It was to this same Mr. Peacock that he owed his first, and, as he always maintained, his best, lessons in miniature painting; the principles of water-coloring being taught him by Mr. Nesbitt, while to "Mr. William Wales, an excellent portrait painter, his first acquaintance with oil was due."

Robertson was a prolific painter. His scope was varied, and included widely differing subjects. In the minute details of his drawings he was exceedingly exact. This characteristic adds peculiar value to his early maps of the city of New York, one of the finest of which is now owned by Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet. He was also among those who presented designs for the City Hall and other public buildings.

A characteristic remark has been preserved touching the artist's experience with human nature. Of himself he writes:

> Prior to his adopting the art of painting as his profession he was extolled as a great genius. How much he was puffed up by applause he will not disclose, but from the moment he adopted the profession not a single word of praise has he received, and the only way he could discover that he performed well was by the prices he received, and the practice he had for upwards of forty years on this and the other side of the Atlantic.

It is impossible at this date to give a list of the portraits of the various well-known persons whom Robertson was called upon to paint. A fine example of his skill, in the possession of his son, is a miniature, painted in 1802, of Commodore Truxton, commander of the *Constellation*, whose victories over French frigates gained for him the award of a gold medal by Congress. In this, as in all the productions of Robertson, the Scotch origin of the painter is betrayed in what, for want of a better word, we may term a Scotch rendering of his subject. The colors are laid with minute delicacy. The purity and freshness of the tints are remarkably preserved, considering the lapse of time. This characteristic leads to the conjecture that the original brilliancy of tone was purposely exaggerated, in order that the miniatures might fade to the correct appearance when viewed by posterity.

The name of Archibald Robertson has been occasionally confounded with that of Walter Robertson, an Irish artist of the same date. The two were not related.[2]

Edith Robertson Cleveland.

[1] Published by David Longworth, "at the Shakespeare Gallery, near the Theatre."

[2] The writer's authority for the statements regarding the portraits on canvas and marble is based upon information furnished by Robertson's only surviving daughter and son, and upon the artist's own memoranda.

SOME NEW WASHINGTON RELICS.

I.—FROM THE COLLECTION OF MRS. B. W. KENNON.

AT the beautiful old mansion of Tudor Place, Georgetown, D. C., is preserved a most interesting collection of relics of Martha Washington; a collection considerably enhanced in value by the fact that the owner, Mrs. Brittania W. Kennon, is the oldest living descendant of Mrs. Washington, and therefore nearly allied, not only by right of kinship, but of years, to that especial period which gave to these articles an historic value —this relationship affording indeed a direct source of information, obtained from Mrs. Kennon's mother, Mrs. Martha Peter (*née* Custis), of much that otherwise had been lost, or rendered less certain through successive tradition.

In the will of Mrs. Washington occurs the following, "*Item:* I give and bequeath to my granddaughter, Martha Peter, my writing-table and the seat to it, standing in my chamber." This little writing-table is of mahogany, quite plain in design, according to the fashion of the period, and fitted above with sliding doors disclosing oddly shaped compartments. The accompanying stool is about two feet square, and raised only eleven inches from the floor; the seat is worked in wools upon coarse canvas, the monogram "M. W.," done in browns and yellows, appearing upon a black background. In this desk, at the time of Mrs. Washington's death, were found the only two existing autograph letters written to her by General Washington after their marriage. Sparks, the historian, was permitted to copy one of these letters for publication, while the other and pendant, written on the eve of General Washington's departure from Philadelphia to Boston, to take command of the Continental army, is now first made public:

PHILADELPHIA, June 23d, 1775.

MY DEAREST: As I am within a few minutes of leaving this city, I could not think of departing from it without dropping you a line; especially as I do not know whether it may be in my power to write again til I get to the camp at Boston. I go fully trusting in that Providence, which has been more bountiful to me than I deserve, and in full confidence of a happy meeting with you some time in the fall.

I have not time to add more as I am surrounded with company to take leave of me. I retain an unalterable affection for you, which neither time or distance can change. My best love to Jack and Nelly, and regards to the rest of the Family, concludes me with the utmost truth and sincerity

Yr entire

G. WASHINGTON.

Mrs. Kennon's collection contains also some notable portraits from life of General and Mrs. Washington and John Parke Custis. These portraits, which are done in miniature, and the interesting articles here shown, are now engraved for the first time.

G. W. P. Custis, in his "Recollections of Washington," says: "Washington was a bad sitter. It annoyed him exceedingly to sit at all, and after every sitting he was wont to declare this must be the last." It is, therefore, no slight tribute to Mrs. Washington, or shallow compliment to her gentle finesse, that the credit for so large a number of his portraitures is due her. While to Mme. de Brienne, Mrs. Powell, and the indefatigable Mrs. Bingham is given rightful meed of thanks for overcoming this natural inclination, to these names is added still another in presenting this hitherto unknown miniature by Robertson, the execution of which was inspired by a request made on the part of Miss Martha Custis upon the eve of her marriage to Colonel Peter in 1794, when she wrote to General Washington at Philadelphia that the wish nearest her heart was to possess his likeness — a declaration calling forth an exquisite sense of humor in the reply that he would, with pleasure, comply with her request and sit for his miniature, but he never could think the wish nearest a young girl's heart on the eve of marriage was to possess an old man's picture. This sense of humor is again made evident in his answer to a letter containing a similar request from her sister, Miss Eliza Parke Custis, bearing date of Philadelphia, September 14, 1794, and beginning, "When you are as near the *pinnacle* of happiness as your sister Patsy conceives herself to be"; and again: "It not being within the bounds of probability that the contemplation of an inanimate thing, whatever might be the reflections arising from the possession of it, can be the only wish of your heart."

The Peter miniature, painted upon ivory, is given with an exquisite delicacy and coloring, especially in the treatment of the eyes, which are of light grayish-blue, accurately according with Stuart's remark, as quoted by G. W. P. Custis, regarding his own portraiture of Washington in oil, that he would paint them of a

deeper blue, and "in a hundred years they will have faded to the right color." The coloring of the complexion, generally of a delicate tinting in miniatures, is slightly deepened, corroborating the authority of Mr. Custis, who asserted his complexion to have been "both fair and florid." The Washington portraits have one noticeable characteristic: the nationality — the atmosphere, so to speak — of the artist has ever left unmistakable trace in varying subtlety. The Ceracchi bust is like that of a Roman conqueror; the De Brienne portrait bears the air of the Louis; the medallion of silver, set in crystal, presented to Mrs. Peter by Mme. Greuhm, widow of the Prussian minister, although a copy, acquires an unmistakably Teutonic cast; while this new miniature by Robertson, which Mrs. Peter pronounced good except for a certain sternness of expression, bears the impress of its Scotch delineator. The loss of General Washington's teeth gave a different appearance to the mouth, and the under lip is far less prominent than in the Stuart portrait. The President had discarded the set of sea-horse ivory teeth, which produced this disfigurement in Stuart's picture. Indeed, Prince de Broglie, recording the personal appearance of Washington, says, "The face is much more agreeable than represented in his portrait." Again, a contemporary writer in the London "New Monthly Magazine" says, "It was observed to me that there was an expression in Washington's face that no painter had succeeded in taking"; remarking later, "His mouth was like no other that I ever saw; the lips firm, the under jaw seeming to grasp the upper with force, as if the muscles were in full action when he sat still."

Taken, therefore, together with the facts that he was both a loath and a bad sitter, one can more readily account for the sternness of expression in Robertson's miniature, as well as in other portraits. Yet withal the work bears an expression of calm benignity and command, and reflects great moral character, perfect repose and self-containment — qualities notably attributable to Washington. The miniature shows him in the Continental uniform of blue and buff, with powdered hair, and with the fine white ruffles which Washington always wore in preference to lace. The reverse is of enamel of a deep blue, holding a pearl-encircled reliquary containing locks of the hair of Nelly Custis and of G. W. P. Custis, the whole being finished with a band of gold, which originally was clasped with a conforming circlet of pearls, since reset in other form.

The two miniatures of Mrs. Washington in Mrs. Kennon's collection were painted at widely varying periods in her eventful life, and together with the Stuart portrait — which in point of time forms, as it were, a connecting link — afford a most interesting study in transition in a notably interesting physiognomy. One, by an unknown artist, — and many artists of excellence in both miniature and oil portraiture found their way to the colonies, — depicts her at about the time of her marriage to Colonel Washington. The coloring indicates the lightened mourning of her first widowhood: the gown is of lavender, of that peculiar tinge accentuating to a pure complexion, with a draping of rich lace, large in pattern, after the fashion of flamboyant brocades then in vogue; clasping this lace at the breast is a butterfly with outstretched wings; while a veil of lavender net, caught with a single strand of pearls, falls from the slightly powdered hair. The fleckings of a darker color on the veil are of a peculiar shade of green, repeated upon the creamy wings of the butterfly.

On the reverse of this miniature is depicted the face of Mrs. Washington's son, John Parke Custis, whose untimely death at the age of twenty-seven, of camp fever contracted while he was serving as aide-de-camp to General Washington at the siege of Yorktown, proved as deep an affliction to the noble commander as to the devoted mother. In strong contrast to the obverse is the treatment in this miniature, delicacy yielding to depth — a handling well admissible, because of the olive, health-tinged complexion, deep blue eyes, and dark, unpowdered hair of the subject. The coat is of myrtle green velvet, with red collar and gold buttons, the same glittering material outlining the arabesqued embroidery upon the high white satin vest, while full crêped frills of sheer white muslin add lightness and accentuation of effect. The excellent business qualities developed by John Parke Custis, and doubtless inherited from his mother, who ably directed the management of the large estates on the Pamunkey, were held in high esteem by General Washington. He confided much to his stepson's discretion, but took pains to send him advice from time to time with characteristic clearness. Among numerous letters between them appears the following, dated Philadelphia, June 19, 1775, which has direct relation to the foregoing letter, written to Mrs. Washington just four days later, announcing his immediate departure to Boston.

My great concern upon this occasion is the thought of leaving your mother under the uneasiness which I fear this affair will throw her into; I therefore hope, expect, and indeed have no doubt of your using every means in your power to keep up her spirits, by doing everything in your power to promote her quiet.

I have, I must confess, very uneasy feelings on her account, but as it has been a kind of unavoid-

able necessity which has led me into this appointment, I shall more readily hope that success will attend it and crown our meetings with happiness.

At any time, I hope it unnecessary for me to say that I am always pleased with your's and Nelly's abidance at Mt. Vernon, much less upon this occasion, when I think it absolutely necessary for the peace and satisfaction of your mother—a consideration which I have no doubt will have due weight with you both and require no arguments to enforce.

We now turn to the miniature of Mrs. Washington here engraved, painted at the request of Mrs. Peter of Tudor Place, and for which she sat to R. Field at Mount Vernon in 1801, just one year after the death of General Washington and one year before her own. We find her at the time of the painting of this miniature, in the sixty-ninth year of her age, still directing all domestic affairs, presiding at her table as formerly, and receiving the many distinguished people who came to do homage at the tomb of Washington and pay honor to his widow.[1]

Notwithstanding her numerous duties and her advanced age, Mrs. Washington found opportunity to undertake a great deal of handiwork, of which, among other specimens extant, are twelve embroidered chair-cushions, four of which she gave to each of her three granddaughters, Mrs. Law, Mrs. Peter, and Mrs. Lewis. Mrs. Lewis gave one of these to Lafayette during his last visit to this country, and it was placed in the American Room at La Grange. These cushions are executed upon coarse canvas in a design of shells, done in brown and yellow wools, the high lights being flecked in gold-colored silk. The netting of fringe also continued to be a favorite handiwork and was applied to the trimming of counterpanes, one of which is at Tudor Place. Ample and charming illustration of the beautiful home life at Mount Vernon, and of its domestic requirements, is given by the appended letter, of which only extracts have previously been made public. It was written by the wife of Colonel Edward Carrington to her sister, Mrs. Fisher, at Richmond, to whose son, George D. Fisher, Esq., the writer is indebted for the privilege of printing it.

MOUNT VERNON, November 22, 1799.

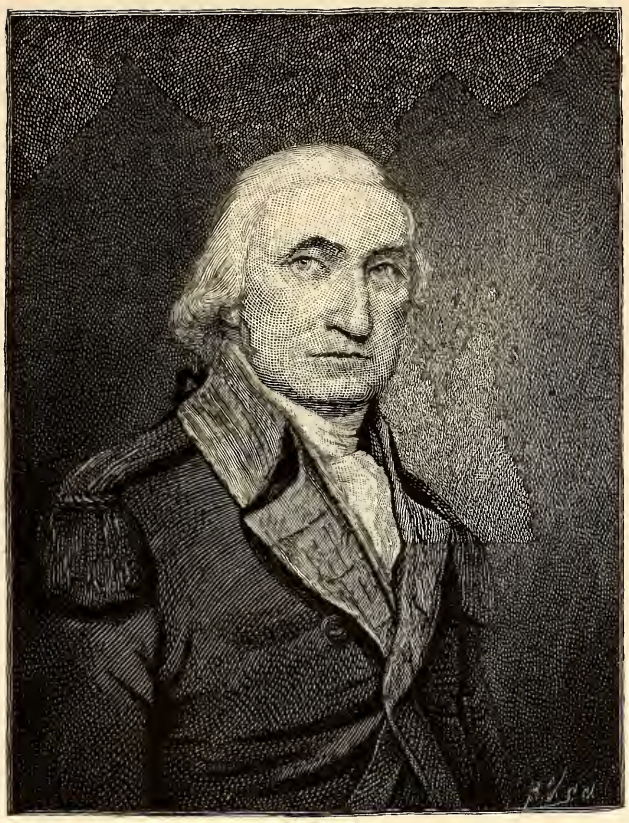
When near you, my dear Nancy, I have often a great passion to express my feelings in an epistolary way: how can it be wondered at, then, that now, when more than a hundred miles from you, this propensity should still exist, particularly when seated at a spot of all others best calculated to produce a letter most acceptable to you? We arrived here on the 20th, just in time for dinner, after a pleasant journey, made more than ordinarily agreeable by a continuation of fair weather, which enabled us to make several pleasant calls on my friends who are agreeably scattered on the way from Fredericksburg to Alexandria (that is to say, if you take the road up the Potomac). Yes, we arrived at this venerable mansion in perfect safety, where we are experiencing every mark of hospitality and kindness that the good old General's continued friendship to Colonel Carrington could lead us to expect. His reception of my husband was that of a brother. He took us each by the hand, and, with a warmth of expression not to be described, pressed mine, and told me that I had conferred a favor never to be forgotten in bringing his old friend to see him; then, bidding a servant to call the ladies, entertained us most facetiously till they appeared.

Mrs. W——, venerable and kind and resembling very much our Aunt A——; Mrs. Stewart, her daughter-in-law, once Mrs. Custis, with her two young daughters, Misses S——, all pleasant and agreeable; Mrs. H. Lewis, formerly Miss P——d, of Richmond; and last, though not least, Mrs. L. Lewis. But how describe *her?* Once I had heard my neighbor, Mrs. Tucker, give a romantic account of her when Miss Custis,—how her lovely figure, made doubly interesting by a light fanciful summer dress, with a garland of flowers she had entwined and an apron full she had selected, came in to throw at her grandmother's feet,—all which I considered as a fanciful effusion of my friend's romantic turn of mind; but now when I see her the matron,—for such her situation makes her appear,—lovely as nature could form her, improved in every female accomplishment, and, what is still more interesting, amiable and obliging in every department that makes woman lovely and charming, particularly in her conduct to her aged grandmother and the General, whom she always calls Grandpa, I seem actually transported on beholding her! Having once seen her as she passed through our town seemed to give me a claim to her kindness, and her attentions are unremitting.

. . . . . .

November 27.—After visiting most charmingly for a week my numerous friends in and about the city, we returned to this revered mansion. I am well pleased that my letter was not ready for the post, as I have much to say and am really delighted that our first visit was shortened, so that our pres-

[1] By the kindness of Colonel J. Stoddard Johnston we are permitted to quote the following paragraph referring to this portrait, from the diary of John Pintard, who visited Mount Vernon on the 31st of July, 1801: "The left-hand room as you enter contains a portrait of Colonel Washington, drawn by Peale in 1775, in his provincial uniform—blue, red facings, and silver lace; a small cocked hat disfigures the countenance, which bears striking traits of the Washington features; Mrs. Washington is an accompaniment, ¾ length; a family piece of the Lafayette family—the lady mutilated on the left side of the face, the marquis a striking resemblance—a present from him; Savage's profile of the President and Mrs. Washington; young Custis and Lafayette. There are several prints, medallions, and miniatures of the President in the house, none of which please Mrs. W. She does not think Stuart's celebrated painting a true resemblance. A miniature drawn last winter or spring by a Mr. Robert Field, now in Washington, of Mrs. W. is a striking likeness. She is drawn to please her grandchildren in her usual long-eared cap and neckerchief, that they may see her, as she expressed it, in her every-day face. Mr. Field executes capital large miniatures of the President at $50 each without the framing."

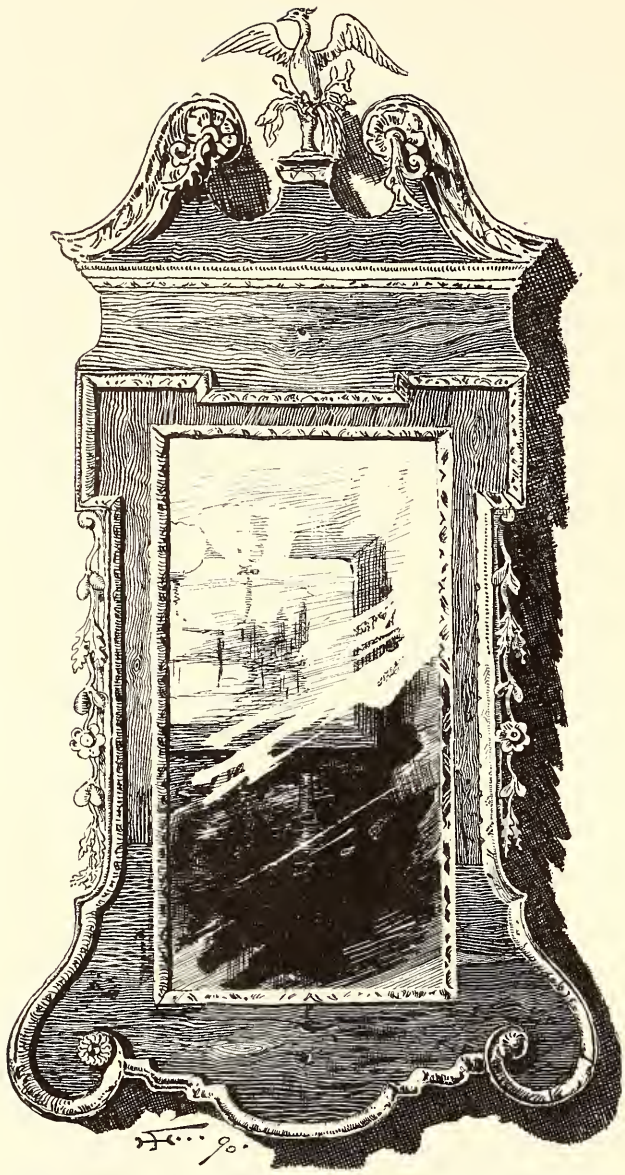


MINIATURE OF WASHINGTON IN CONTINENTAL UNIFORM ON IVORY.

ence is of more consequence to this amiable family than it would have been before.

It is really an enjoyment to be here to witness the tranquil happiness that reigns throughout the house, except when now and then a little bustle is occasioned by the young Squire Custis when he returns from hunting, bringing in a "valiant deer," as he terms it, that Grandpa and the Colonel will devour: nice venison I assure you it is, and my taste in seasoning the stew is not passed unnoticed, while the whole party, I won't say devour it, but do it ample justice. My mornings are spent charmingly, alternately in the different chambers; first, an hour after breakfast in the room of the invalid, dressing the pretty little stranger, who is the delight of the grandmama. Then we repair to the old lady's room, which is precisely on the same style of our good old aunt's, that is to say, nicely fixed for all sorts of work. On one side sits the chambermaid with her knitting; on the other side a little colored pet learning to sew; an old, decent woman with her table and shears cutting out the negroes' winter clothes; while the old lady directs them all, incessantly knitting herself, and pointing out to me several pair of nice colored stockings and gloves she had just finished, and presenting me with a pair half done, begs me to finish and wear them for her sake. Her netting, too, is a great source of amusement, and is so neatly done that all the younger part of the family are fond of trimming their dresses with it, and I have furnished me with a whole suit so that I shall appear *à la domestique* at the first party we have when we get home. It is wonderful, after a life spent as these good people have necessarily spent theirs, to see them in retirement assume domestic manners that prevail in our country, when but a year since they were forced to forego all these innocent delights which are so congenial to their years and tastes, to sacrifice to the parade of the drawing-room and the levee. The recollection of "these lost days," as Mrs. W—— calls them, seems to fill her with regret, but the extensive knowledge she has gained in this general intercourse with persons from all parts of the world has made her a most interesting companion, and having a vastly retentive memory, she presents an entire history of half a century. The weather is too wintry to enjoy out-door scenes, but as far as I can judge in a view from the windows, the little painting we have seen that hangs up in my friend Mrs. Wood's drawing-room furnishes a good specimen. Everything within doors is neat and elegant, but nothing remarkable, except the paintings of different artists which have been sent as specimens of their talents. I think there are five portraits of the General, some done in Europe and some done in America, that do honor to the painters. There are other specimens of the fine arts from various parts of the world, that are admirably executed and furnish pleasant conversation. Besides these, there is a complete greenhouse, which at this season is a vast, a great source of pleasure. Plants from every part of the world seem to flourish in this neatly finished apartment, and from the arrangement of the whole I conclude that it is managed by a skillful hand, but whose I cannot tell: neither the General nor Mrs. W—— seem more interested in it than their visitors. We have met with no company here, but am told that scarcely a week passes without some, and often more than is agreeable or convenient. Transient persons, who call from curiosity, are treated with civility, but never interfere with the order of the house, or with the General's disposition of time, which is as regular as when at the head of the army or in the President's chair. Even friends who make a point of visiting him are left much to themselves; indeed, scarcely see

MINIATURE OF MARTHA WASHINGTON, PAINTED IN 1801, SIGNED "R. F."



MIRROR FROM MT. VERNON, FRAMED IN MAHOGANY AND GILT.

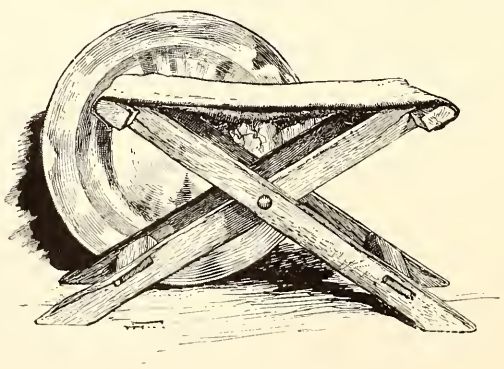
him from breakfast to dinner, unless he engages them in a ride, which is very agreeable to him. But from dinner to tea our time is most charmingly spent; indeed, one evening the General was so fascinating, and drew my husband out into so many old stories relating to several campaigns where they had been much together, and had so many inquiries to make respecting their mutual friends, particularly Kosciusko and Pulaski, who have always corresponded with Colonel C——, whose characters afford great interest, that it was long past twelve when we separated. At breakfast I feel quite at home, everything is so plain.

The remainder of this interesting letter is unfortunately missing. But the pen picture given is elaborately minute in order to supply the most exacting detail of those peaceful days.

Relics of the handsome gowns worn by Mrs. Washington upon state occasions, and now carefully preserved at Tudor Place, show her taste to have been striking and effective, but governed by a sense of artistic propriety which yielded to harmoniousness of general effect, though partaking, as was the vogue, of the vividness of coloring emanating from the court of Versailles. Especially observable is this in her wedding gown, a costume of yellow brocade, flamboyant in pattern, rich in texture, the loopings of the skirt outlined by falls of fine white lace of a now obsolete pattern, while the petticoat was of white silk interwoven with silver. The shoes worn with this splendid drapery were of purple satin trimmed with silver. Among the relics of gowns worn by Mrs. Washington during the first presidency, and which still retain a notable freshness of coloring notwithstanding the lapse of years, is one with a ground of golden brown, just escaping tan, traced in a rich brocading of deep scarlet roses, pale blue forget-me-nots, and tulips shading through rose-madders to a reddish purple. A portion of this superb gown was used to cover a low arm-chair of walnut, studded with brass nails, which Mrs. Washington sent to Mrs. Peter upon the birth of her first child, and her own first great-grandchild, M. E. Eleanor Peter. General Washington noted his personal appreciation of the event by presenting to the little great-grandchild herself a coral with golden bells.

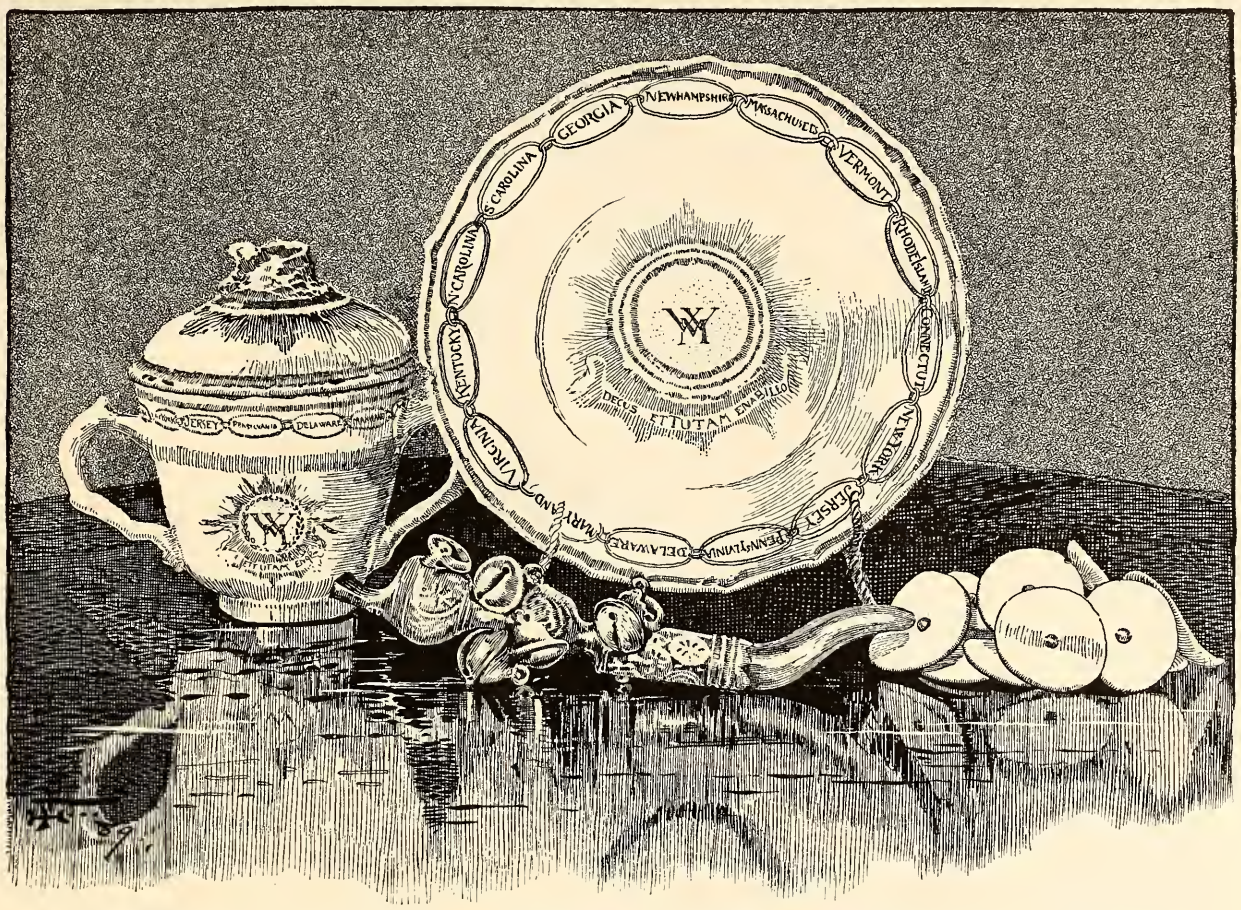
The remnant of another gown is brocade of a rich and scintillant, though not vivid, green. A portion of this same gown was used to cover a quaintly shaped mahogany fire-screen formerly in service at Mount Vernon, and still doing duty in a like capacity at Tudor Place, although the silk thus used is so faded that it bears no resemblance to the original stuff except in the figures of the brocading. That simplicity also held place in Mrs. Washington's taste is shown by a bit of India muslin delicately sprayed with embroidery and now yellow with age. This material is so fine in texture that the whole robe might easily have been compressed within the grasp of two small hands.

Three dainty fans, once used by Mrs. Washington, grace the cabinet at Tudor Place. The mounts of these are all of French de-



CAMP-STOOL AND PEWTER DISH USED BY WASHINGTON DURING THE WAR.

sign, while the carved ivory sticks are of Chinese workmanship. One portrays in delicate water-colors a "Watteau-Olympian" scene of goddesses and mortals; the reverse is a maiden beneath a fruit tree. Another holds a design in tulips and old-fashioned garden glories, which lend themselves so well to decoration in natural colors. The third and last, done in the style of a frieze, bears a portrayal of the



CUP AND SAUCER OF THE "M. W." CHINA.— CONCH-SHELL BUTTONS FROM WASHINGTON'S COAT.— CORAL AND BELLS GIVEN BY WASHINGTON TO HIS GREAT-GRANDCHILD.

of affectionate remembrance to General and Mrs. Washington by the French officers of the Revolution. The "Cincinnati" and the "M. W." china both came from this source; and a beautiful set was presented to General Washington by the unfortunate Count de Custine, which was made upon his estates in France. The graceful ornamentation upon this last-mentioned service is done in gold arabesques and garlands of delicate pink roses and fine blue flowers; the monogram "G. W.," also in gold, is upon a background of yellow clouds, and is surmounted by a wreath — an allegory, after the florid fashion of the day, to represent Washington, crowned with roses, rising through the clouds.

arts and handicrafts; the reverse is an arabesque in gold. The ground in each is of parchment.

The table service in Mrs. Kennon's possession is not less interesting. In a letter to Dr. Cochran, inviting Mrs. Cochran and Mrs. Livingston to dine with him at headquarters at West Point, and dated August 16, 1779, General Washington says in frank amusement:

> When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, which I presume will be the case to-morrow, we have two beefsteak pies, or dishes of crabs, in addition, one on each side of the center dish, dividing the space and reducing the distance between dish and dish to about six feet, which without them would be nearly twelve feet apart.

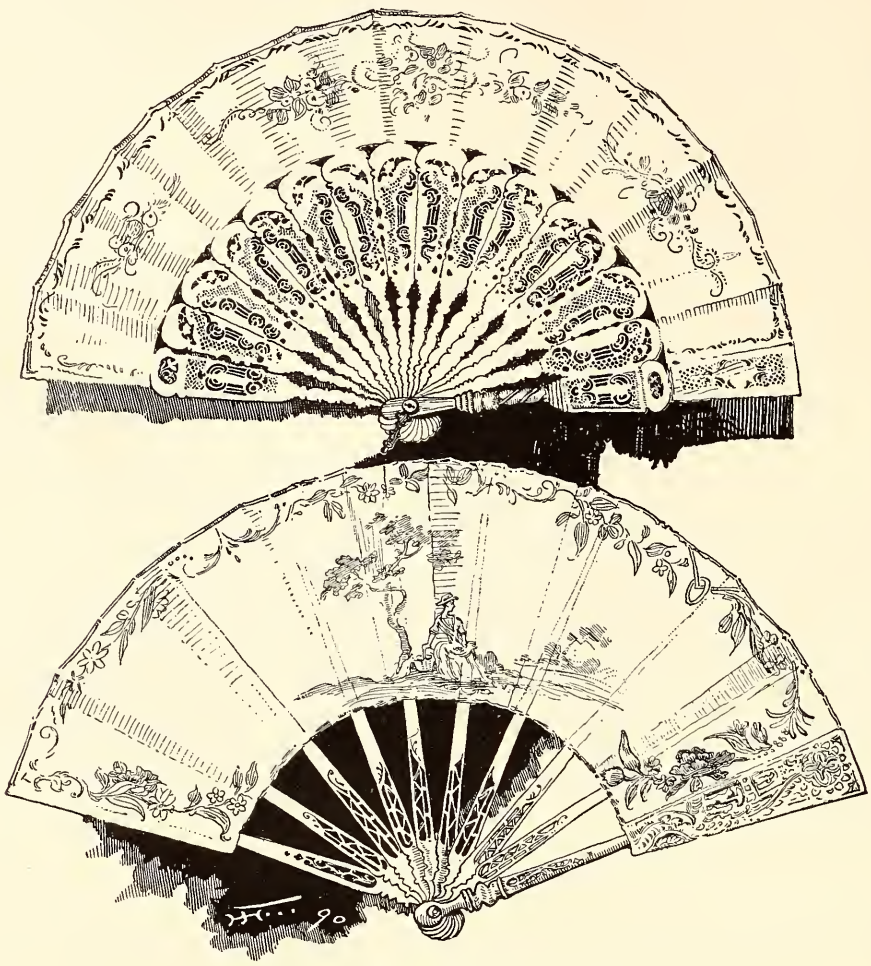
A pewter platter held at Tudor Place as a part of the General's camp equipage measures thirty inches across.

Indeed the bonhomie inspired by Mount Vernon hospitality may have led, in part, to the frequent selection of sets of china as a form

Very similar to the set sent to Mrs. Washington by the French officers is the "M. W." china presented to her by the General's early friend Mr. Van Braam, but the latter service is, if possible, the more tasteful and elaborate of the two. Within each of the fifteen elliptical double links enchaining these pieces is painted the name of one of the first fifteen States, each link being outlined in delicate color, while upon a ground of gold, defined by a green laurel wreath and thence diverging to a sunburst, is the entwined monogram "M. W."; beneath is traced, in colored letters, "Decus et Tutam enabillo." The cups in this

set, in contradistinction to the other "M. W." china, have double handles and lids; these lids are surmounted by gilded ornaments, from which radiate diverging rays.

The state dinner and tea services in white and gold, used by General Washington during the presidency in New York and Philadelphia, and later at Mount Vernon, show plainly his simplicity of taste — a quality recorded at length in numerous letters directing the selection of furniture and table appointments,



TWO OF MRS. WASHINGTON'S FANS.

and especially made evident during the first presidency, when increased social obligations, as part of the official duties assumed, rendered necessary an establishment in accord.

It was early in the autumn of 1789 that General Washington relegated to Gouverneur Morris, then in Paris, the final choice of a suitable plateau to be used upon the occasion of state dinners, within these accurate bounds:

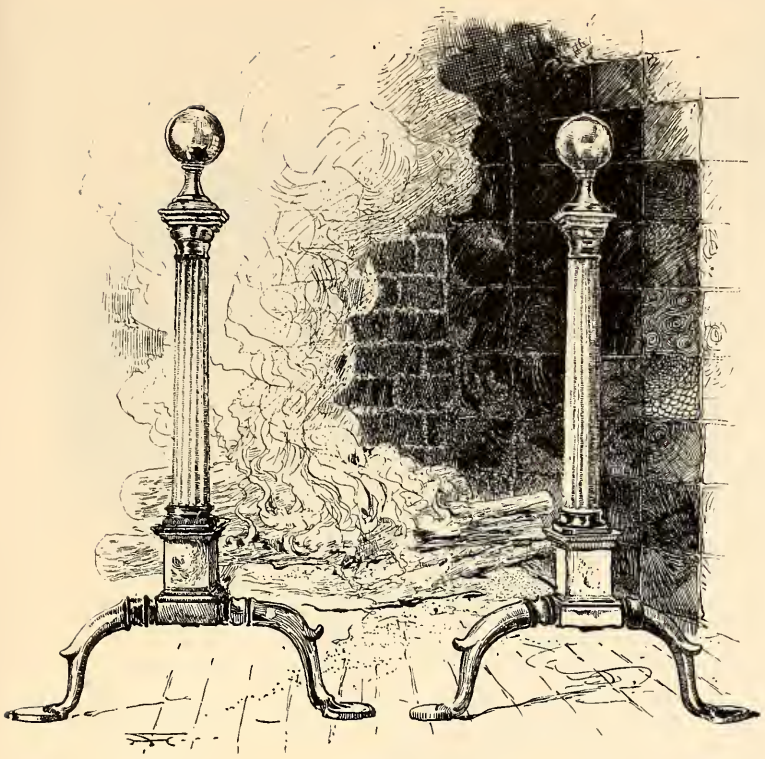
> Will you then, my good sir, permit me to ask the favor of you to provide and send to me, by the first ship bound to this place or Philadelphia, mirrors for a table, with neat and fashionable, but not expensive, ornaments for them, such as will do credit to your taste? The mirrors will, of course, be in pieces, that they may be adapted to the company (the size of it, I mean). The aggregate length of them may be ten feet; the breadth two feet; the panels may be plated ware, or anything else more fashionable, but not more expensive. If I am defective, recur to what you have seen on Mr. Morris's table for my ideas generally.

And later, under date of March 1, 1790:

> Since my last to you, dated the 13th of October, I have removed to a larger house (the one lately occupied by the Count de Moustier), enlarged my table and, of course, my guests; let me, therefore, request the favor of you to add two pieces to the number of plateaux required in the above letter, and ornaments equivalent, for it will take these *in addition* to what I before asked to decorate the present table.

The writer further requests that "fourteen of what I believe are called 'patent lamps,' together with accompanying glasses, also be sent, the same not to cost more than three guineas apiece"; recording, with evident sense of gratification, "These lamps, it is said, consume their own smoke, do no injury to the furniture, give more light, and are cheaper than candles."

The required lamps, which, together with the other articles, duly arrived, were of brass, neat in design, and decorated with an Ionic border. A number of these lamps are treasured at Tudor Place, where in years past they were intermingled with groups of potted plants and



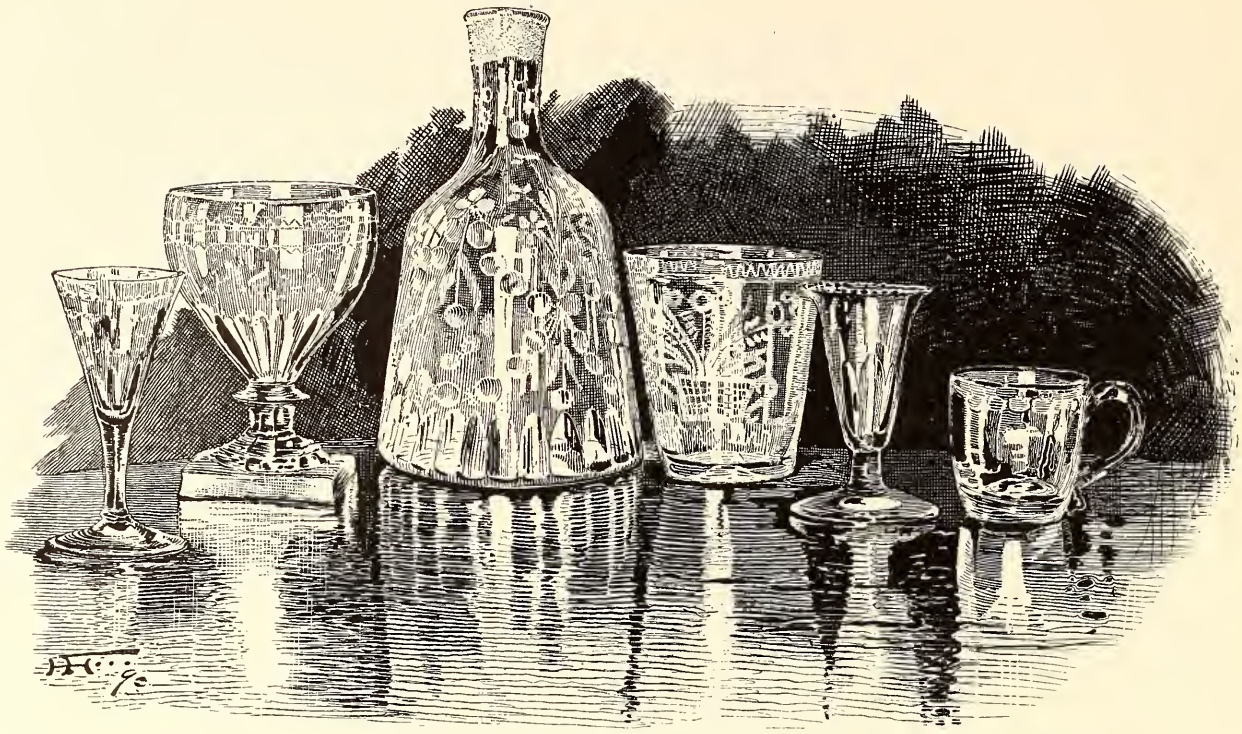
ANDIRONS FROM MOUNT VERNON.

used as a decoration upon the occasion of balls. Here also are preserved the ornaments selected by Mr. Morris and accompanying the plateau, and which consist of three large groups done in a white composition capable of very high polish, together with numerous lesser single figures of Parian marble. The plateau itself is described as consisting of "six large silver-plated waiters, those at the ends being a half-oval to conform in arrangement with the end of the table; the waiters between the end were in the form of parallelograms, the ends about one-third part of the length of the sides. On the outside of the oval formed by these waiters were placed the various dishes, always without covers, and outside the dishes were the plates." General Washington deeming this plateau as not in consonance with the simpler style of his retirement, he disposed of it, retaining, however, the ornaments, which were used at Mount Vernon upon a plateau consisting of an oblong mirror set in a frame of carved rosewood, which extended some two inches above the surface of the glass. The plateau and its accompanying figures, together with the numerous articles of Washington plate, crystal, and china at Tudor Place, allow of an almost exact reproduction of the table at Mount Vernon.

The Washington silver owned by Mrs. Kennon is, in most instances, engraved with the family crest, is of English workmanship, and numbers among the articles worthy of especial mention a pair of candlesticks of chaste design, which are accompanied by tall, oddly shaped glass shades, formerly used to keep the light from flaring, or from being blown out by draughts. With these may also be included the caddy-spoon and cream-jug used by Mrs. Washington, a pair of salt-cellars, and various waiters, oval in shape and resting upon claw feet, for holding dishes of preserves. The articles of crystal consist of wine-glasses of a now obsolete pattern, tumblers, decanters, goblets, and water-glasses. In the fireplace of the east drawing-room at Tudor Place rest the brass andirons which were in General Washington's room at Mount Vernon at the time of his death, while in another apartment hangs a mirror, one of two dissimilar in design, also formerly in use at Mount Vernon, and framed in mahogany and gilt.

In connection with the conch-shell buttons shown in an accompanying illustration, the story is told of General Washington that one day, while walking alone in the streets of Philadelphia, he was accosted by a poor Italian, who, ignorant of the personality addressed, continued to follow and importune

CREAM-JUG, SALT-CELLAR, CANDLESTICK, AND CADDY-SPOON USED AT MOUNT VERNON.



GLASS USED BY WASHINGTON.

him to buy some of the conch shells which he carried in a basket on his arm, and which he persisted were the only things that he had in the world to dispose of. "But, my good man," remonstrated General Washington, "what would I do with your conch shells? I have no use for them." "Oh, yes, you have," came the ready rejoinder. "You might have them made into buttons for your coat." Smiling at his prompt reply, Washington not only purchased the shells, but, the better to further the advice, took them at once to his tailor, and, directing them to be riveted, ordered a brown velvet coat, that their especial usefulness might be straightway demonstrated.

William Armstrong.

WASHINGTON'S DRAWING INSTRUMENTS.

II.—FROM THE COLLECTION OF EDMUND LAW ROGERS, ESQ.

AT the request of the editor of THE CENTURY I have selected from a large collection of souvenirs of Mount Vernon left me by my mother, Mrs. Washington's granddaughter, a few portraits to be here reproduced. I regret that time does not admit of the engraving of the portrait of Washington painted by Trumbull as a present, and, as the artist says in his letter, "painted *con amore* in my best days as an offering of grateful respect to Mrs. Washington." It is specially mentioned by Washington in his diary as intended for Mrs. Washington, and is the only portrait of the General which she mentions in her will. She bequeathed it to her eldest granddaughter, Mrs. Law. It was her favorite portrait, and was considered by her grandson, the late G. W. P. Custis, of Arlington, the best. It was much admired by the venerable president of the National Academy when exhibited in the Loan Exhibition in New York last April, who said that Trumbull was most successful in portraits of that size— 20 by 30 inches, full length. It is the original from which the artist made his life-size portrait for the city of New York. Want of space prevents an engraving of it on this occasion.

An interesting miniature of Washington— shown on page 17—was inherited by Mrs. B. W. Kennon, of Georgetown, D. C., from her mother, Mrs. Martha Parke Peter, *née* Custis, the second of the three granddaughters of Mrs. Washington. Mrs. Peter was married at the age of seventeen, at Hope Park, in Fairfax County, Virginia, 6th January, 1795. Several months before her marriage Mrs. Peter had

asked the General for his portrait. He sent her his miniature accompanied by a letter, which has, unfortunately, been lost. It is not known positively by whom the miniature owned by Mrs. Kennon was painted.

Finding that the request of her younger sister had been so graciously granted, Eliza Parke Custis, the eldest granddaughter, four months before her sister's marriage and nineteen before her own marriage to Mr. Thomas Law, wrote the following letter to her grandmother's noble husband :

HOPE PARK September 7th, 1794.

DEAR & HONRD SIR. My Sister's success in her application to you for your Picture, gives me courage to make the same request, and as *I* have *no other wish* nearer my *heart* than that of possessing your likeness; I *hope* you will believe me sincere when I assure you, it is my first wish to have it in my power to contemplate, at all times, the features of one, who, I so highly respect as the Father of his Country and look up to with grateful affection as a parent to myself and family.

We are, Dear Sir, at present, in distress, which must be my apology for this short letter. Mamma and Patty join me in affection to you with ardent wishes for your health and happiness, I am

Honrd Sir your grateful
Grand Daughter ELIZA P. CUSTIS.

To this letter General Washington replied in the following remarkable and most admirable letter, in which he treats of the subjects of love and matrimony:

GERMANTOWN Sept. 14 1794.

MY DEAR BETSEY. Shall I, in answer to your letter of the 7th instant say — when you are as near the *pinnacle* of happiness as your sister Patsy conceives herself to be; or when your candour shines more conspicuously than it does in that letter, that I will then comply with the request you have made for my Picture?

No — I will grant it without either: — for if the latter were to be a preliminary, it would be some time, I apprehend, before *that* Picture would be found pendant *at* your breast; it not being within the bounds of probability that the contemplation of an inanimate thing, whatever might be the reflections arising from the possession of it, can be the *only* wish of your heart.

Respect may place it among the desirable objects of it, but there are emotions of a softer kind to which the heart of a girl turned of eighteen is susceptible, that must have generated much warmer ideas, although the fruition of them may apparently be more distant than those of your sister.

MINIATURE OF MARTHA WASHINGTON ON IVORY. (FROM ORIGINAL IN THE POSSESSION OF EDMUND LAW ROGERS.)

Having (by way of a hint) delivered a sentiment to Patty which may be useful (if it be remembered after the change that it is contemplated is consummated) I will suggest another more applicable to yourself.

Do not then in your contemplation of the marriage state look for perfect felicity, before you consent to wed; nor conceive, from the fine tales of the Poets, and lovers of old of the transports of mutual love, that heaven has taken its abode on earth; — nor do not deceive yourself in supposing that the only means by which these are to be obtained, is to drink deep of the cup, and revel in an ocean of love.

ELIZA PARKE CUSTIS. (FROM MISS PEALE'S COPY OF THE PAINTING BY GILBERT STUART.)

Love is a mighty pretty thing, but like all other delicious things, it is cloying; and when the first transport of the passion begins to subside, which it assuredly will do, and yield — oftentimes too late — to more sober reflections, it serves to evince, that love is too dainty a food to live upon *alone*, and ought not to be considered further than as a necessary ingredient for that matrimonial happiness which results from a combination of causes; none of which are of greater importance than that the object on whom it is placed should possess good sense,— good dispositions,— and the means of supporting you in the way you have been brought up, and who, at the same time, has a claim to the respect of the circle in which he moves.

Such qualifications cannot fail to attract (after marriage) your esteem and regard — into which or into disgust, sooner or later, love naturally resolves itself.—Without these, whatever may be your first impressions of the man they will end in disappointment, for, be assured, and experience will convince you of it, that there is no truth more certain that all our enjoyments fall short of our expectations and to none does the observation apply with more force than the gratification of the passions.

You may believe me to be always
and sincerely —
Your affectionate

MISS BETSY CUSTIS. GEO. WASHINGTON.

As a pendant to the above letter it may not be inappropriate to add the following joint note of General and Mrs. Washington to the husband of the lady to whom that letter was addressed, Mr. Thomas Law, whom she married not many months after the letter was written. The note is as follows:

PHILADELPHIA 28th March 1796.

DEAR SIR — By letters rec[d] from Hope Park dated

the 22d inst, we are informed that your marriage with Miss Custis was celebrated the day before.

On this pleasing occasion we offer you and Eliza our sincere and affectionate congratulations; and vows for the perfect happiness of you both, in the union you have formed.

Whether here, or at Mount Vernon we shall always be happy to see you, and at either place, when you are there we pray you to consider yourselves at home.

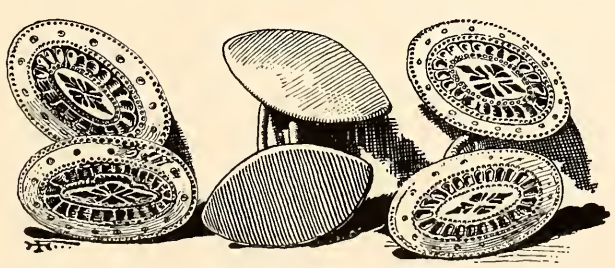
With great and sincere regard we remain

Your affectionate

GEO. WASHINGTON —
MARTHA WASHINGTON.

The miniature of General Washington referred to in his letter to Eliza Parke Custis, and given to her by him, is now the property of the writer, her only grandson.[1] It is painted on ivory in an oval, the longest diameter being two and seven-eighths inches, and the shortest two and three-quarters inches. The face is nearly three-quarters, and turned to the right; the eyes are blue; the hair is powdered and very carefully brushed; and a portion of the black silk queue is visible over the right shoulder. The figure is not quite half-length. The uniform is the Continental buff and blue; the cravat is of fine white cambric; the shirt is ruffled; the coat is fastened with only one button; there is a vest of yellow cloth; and the buff collar of the coat is very broad. The miniature is set in gold; the back consists of a gold rim, within which is a broad band of blue enamel, encircling an oval of brilliants which incloses the hair of General Washington. There is a ring attached to the upper end of the gold setting for passing through it a chain or a ribbon to hang the miniature around the neck. The red morocco case, lined with white satin, in which the portrait is kept, was given at the same time with the miniature.

In my possession also are miniatures of Mrs. Washington and of her only son, John Parke Custis, the father of the Miss Custis to whom General Washington wrote the letter and gave his miniature. These two miniatures of mother and son are in one locket, obverse



COLLAR AND CUFF BUTTONS.

and reverse. They are exquisitely painted, but it is not known by whom. They are set in oval filigree-work frames of gold, and measure one and seven-eighths inch for the longest and one and one-half inch for shortest diameter. Mrs. Washington's portrait is not quite quarter-length. She wears a dark-colored dress, and over it a very fine transparent white lace neckerchief; her hair is rolled back, apparently on a cushion, and powdered; her eyes are brown; she wears no jewels; her cap is of lace, white, and in three rows of very close

MINIATURE OF JOHN PARKE CUSTIS ON IVORY. (FROM ORIGINAL IN THE POSSESSION OF EDMUND LAW ROGERS.

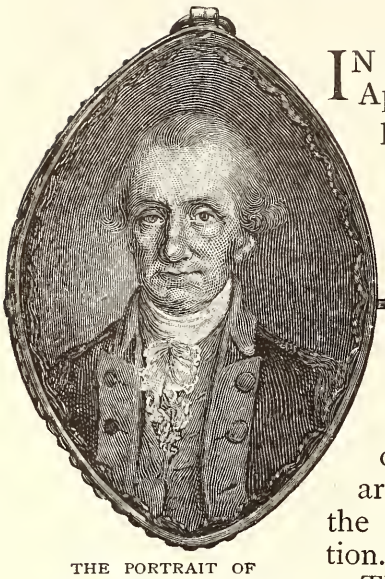
plaits. The miniature of her son represents a young man of about twenty with a beautiful head of hair falling in heavy dark curls on each side and parted on the left. His coat has a collar with a broad roll, and is of green cloth — only the top button is visible; his vest is of white cloth or silk, has white pearl or covered buttons, and is embroidered with a small red vine running down the front edge; he wears a white cravat; and the ruffles of his shirt are of the finest transparent lace.

The little pocket-case of instruments engraved for this magazine is of red morocco, and fastens with a tuck, the tongue of which is shown thrown open in the engraving. The picture shows the little ivory scale in the center; on one side the small pair of dividers, half brass and half steel; and on the other side the little pencil — all just as Washington left them, and as he used them before the Revolution when surveying in what is now West Virginia. The two pairs of cuff-buttons are beautifully enameled upon gold, and are of oval shape, the outer band being of white enamel with twelve minute gold stars; this band incloses another of dark blue enamel, which surrounds a center of white enamel on which is a lozenge-shaped decoration of gold. These were worn on the cuffs of the General's shirt, while the third pair, of plain gold, were used at the collar.

Edmund Law Rogers.

[1] This miniature is evidently by the same hand as that shown on page 17, and is so similar that it has not been engraved for this article. — EDITOR.

ORIGINAL PORTRAITS OF WASHINGTON.



THE PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON BY RAMAGE.

IN THE CENTURY for April, 1889, a first paper on this subject appeared. At that time I had no intention of following it with a second; but the widespread interest that was aroused by the article, and the discoveries it elicited, are the occasion of the present contribution.

The loan exhibition of historical portraits and relics in connection with the centennial celebration of the inauguration of George Washington as first President of the United States was opened at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City on April 17, and to it nearly fifty portraits of Washington were contributed. Perhaps the most interesting one there — for the reason that before that time its existence was unknown — was the original miniature painted by John Ramage, which the publication of the article discovered in the possession of Mrs. M. S. Beach, of Peekskill, N. Y. It was found in 1884, in Montreal, Canada, by its present owner, belonging to the daughter of the man in whose house Ramage died, and to whom the artist had presented it shortly before his death in recognition of the kindly care he had received during his last illness. The exact date of Ramage's death cannot be ascertained, but the person from whom Mrs. Beach purchased it had had it in her personal ownership for more than sixty years. As the accompanying engraving shows, Washington is represented full face, with powdered hair, and in uniform. The miniature is beautifully painted, and is set as a breastpin. The face bears many of the well-known characteristics of Washington's features, while at the same time it is quite unlike any other known portrait. All we know of the artist personally we get from the garrulous, gossiping, unreliable Dunlap,[1] and it is as follows:

> This was an Irish gentleman, who painted miniatures in Boston, and married there. He left it with the British troops, and was as early as 1777 established in William street, New York, and continued to paint all the military heroes or beaux of the garrison, and all the belles of the place. He did not accompany the army when it left our shores, but continued the best artist in his branch for many years after. Mr. Ramage occasionally painted in crayons or pastel, the size of life. His miniatures were in the line style, as opposed to the dotted. I admired them much in the days of youth, and my opinion of their merit is confirmed by seeing some of them recently. Mr. Ramage was a handsome man of the middle size, with an intelligent countenance and lively eye. He dressed fashionably, and, according to the time, beauishly. A scarlet coat with mother-of-pearl buttons, a white silk waistcoat embroidered with colored flowers, black satin breeches and paste knee-buckles, white silk stockings, large silver buckles in his shoes, a small cocked-hat, covering the upper portion of his well-powdered locks, leaving the curls at the ears displayed, a gold-headed cane, and gold snuff-box completed his costume. When the writer returned from Europe, in 1787, Mr. Ramage introduced to him a second wife, but he was changed, and evidently declining through fast living.

Another very interesting portrait of Washington, contributed by Mr. George L. McKean, of Chicago, to the same exhibition, was the profile by Joseph Wright, from which is engraved the frontispiece of this number. Where and when this portrait was painted is not known, but it is unmistakably the work of this artist. Wright drew and etched a profile portrait of Washington in 1790, and, it is stated, painted him the same year. This may be that portrait. The head is the same in the etching and the painting, but in the former the body as well as the head is in profile, while in the latter the body is three-quarters to the right, with the head only turned in profile. The simple, placid dignity of this portrait is its highest commendation, while at the same time it has a charm of reality about it which is deeply impressive. This picture was purchased by Thomas Shields, the maternal grandfather of its present owner, at an auction sale of the effects of a picture restorer in Alexandria, Virginia, about the year 1815. Mr. Shields kept a public house in Alexandria, and was a member of the same Masons' lodge as Washington, and was perfectly familiar with the face of the original. He always esteemed it a most excellent likeness, and his opinion in later years was emphatically indorsed by G. W. Parke Custis. When this painting was shown to him, shortly before his death, he is reported to have said: "Yes, this is the General. It is a

[1] "History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States," New York, 1834.

most true and faithful likeness. It gives a more correct and perfect expression of his countenance than any other I have ever seen, and I believe I have seen all of the portraits for which the General sat,— Stuart's, Peale's, and others,— but none of them are as correct. They make his forehead too straight and massive, while the General's receded in a line with his nose, as may be seen in Houdon's statue at the Capitol in Richmond. You see the same in this portrait. Houdon took a cast from off the General's face, from which was modeled the statue." Clark Mills, the sculptor, claimed that its measurements agreed with those of the Houdon cast.

The several portraits of Washington by Wright are among the most important and interesting that have been transmitted to the present generation.

To the same loan collection Mrs. Joseph Harrison, of Philadelphia, sent the original bust portrait, three-quarters to the right, painted by Charles Wilson Peale in 1787, which Washington mentions in his diary as being wanted by the artist "to make a print or mezzotinto by." A year ago we could not locate it.

This exhibition proved also our error in classing the full-length by Trumbull, in the City Hall, New York, as an *original* portrait; the original from which the City Hall portrait was painted being a cabinet picture, twenty inches by thirty inches, painted by Trumbull in July, 1790, and presented by him to Mrs. Washington. It now belongs to Mrs. Washington's great-great-grandson, Edmund Law Rogers, of Baltimore. The head is exquisitely painted. Mr. Rogers owns the miniature by Walter Robertson, which was also at the loan exhibition.

An extract from THE CENTURY'S article quoted in the "Stockholm Dagblad" brought a communication to the Swedish newspaper, claiming that the *original* portrait of Washington by Wertmüller, signed by the artist, is in the possession of Mr. W. J. Dannstrom, 36 Sturegatan, Stockholm; and a recent examination of the Peter Force collection, in the Library of Congress, has revealed the manuscript note-books of Pierre Eugene du Simitière, from which we transcribe this entry:

Paintings and Drawings done 1779.— Feby. 1st, a drawing in black lead of a likeness in profile of his Excellency General Washington, form of a medal for my collection.

N. B.—The General, at the request of the Hon. Mr. Jay, President of Congress, came with him to my house this morning and condescended with great good nature to sit about three-fourths of an hour for the above likeness, having but little time to spare, being the last day of his stay in town.

Thus the date is fixed which heretofore was only approximated.

It is hoped that these additional notes may be the means of bringing additional information.

Charles Henry Hart.

A TWILIGHT SONG

For unknown buried soldiers, North and South.

AS I sit in twilight, late, alone, by the flickering oak-flame,
Musing on long-past war scenes — of the countless buried unknown soldiers,
Of the vacant names, as unindented air's and sea's — the unreturn'd,
The brief truce after battle, with grim burial-squads, and the deep-filled trenches
Of gather'd dead from all America, North, South, East, West, whence they came up,
From wooded Maine, New England's farms, from fertile Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio,
From the measureless West, Virginia, the South, the Carolinas, Texas;
(Even here in my room-shadows and half-lights, in the noiseless, flickering flames,
Again I see the stalwart ranks on-filing, rising — I hear the rhythmic tramp of the armies);
You million unwrit names, all, all — you dark bequest from all the war,
A special verse for you — a flash of duty long neglected — your mystic roll strangely gather'd here,
Each name recall'd by me from out the darkness and death's ashes,
Henceforth to be, deep, deep, within my heart, recording, for many a future year,
Your mystic roll entire of unknown names, or North or South,
Embalm'd with love in this twilight song.

Walt Whitman.

MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH.)

TWO VIEWS OF MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

I

MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF has shot like a flame across the sky. Six months ago her name had scarcely been spoken; to-day it is well-nigh a household word, and around it hot discussion has waged, and the most violent extremes of opinion have been called forth, ranging from a sort of cult to the most indignant protest and denunciation. Difficult indeed is it to fix the gaze calmly and steadily upon so meteor-like an apparition — to scan its orbit and take into account the eccentricities and aberrations of its course. Each of us must be content to see in Marie Bashkirtseff what we are capable of seeing. She has a personality that fairly exasperates some susceptibilities, and it is probably her own sex who will be most lenient to her; for the generality of men do not easily pardon an egotism which encroaches upon their own, an ambition which measures itself with theirs, and an absence of reserve which seems the very abdication of womanhood. To state the case against her: we must look upon her almost as a monstrosity — an abnormal and irrational being, entirely unworthy of our attention, sympathy, or respect; devoid of the natural affections and of every instinct of moderation and restraint; actually feeding upon self, and in turn devoured by self. On the other hand we may range ourselves with Mr. Gladstone, who bids us be careful how we deal with these same "abnormal beings, who seem to warn us common mortals," he says, "how we handle them roughly or lightly, because they are above and beyond us; our arms do not encompass them." From this point of view we may perhaps find in Marie, not alone that which repels and is to be dreaded and shunned, but that which supremely attracts, which animates and inspires us — so glowing and redundant a vitality that our own faculties are intensified, our perceptions quickened, and our energies reënforced. Centered in self as she was, there revolves around Marie a whole world of possibility and suggestion — a world that is so often blank and inert to our dull sense, but that to her was luminous, plastic, and full of revelation; visions of beauty beckon and invite her, lovely sounds woo her, and on all sides she is called out to the infinite. Like an Æolian harp her resonant nature vibrated at every touch. Art, music, books, nature, the whole gamut of the emotions swept over the strings that rang and finally snapped with the effort to express the ardent, concentrated, insatiable individuality that burned within her.

Call this selfishness if you will. Fortunately

for mankind, there are many unselfish women in the world — so many, that we understand how Marie comes to be looked upon as an anomaly, a *lusus naturæ* even. There are good daughters, good wives, and good mothers, to whom all honor and reverence, for the world could not exist without them. But in justification of Marie let us apply a broader test to these as well, and ask to how many of the most exemplary women does a larger unselfishness appeal? How many of them are capable of abstract and disinterested ideas — of motives and aims in no wise connected with their personal affections and the narrow circle of their routine and domestic experience? Marie is not a model in the household (Heaven forbid that we should suggest it!), but even here she may supply an element that is lacking, and that, under more favorable circumstances and conditions, could be put to noble service and win worthy report. For, if not in justification, in charity, at least, let us remember what was her training, what the influences that surrounded her, and the moral and religious ideals into which she was born. Had she lived longer, who has the right to say that she might not have redeemed her faults, and have risen out of self into higher spiritual growth? Such as she was, the tragic figure of Marie Bashkirtseff has flitted across the scene and passed into silence and rest. Twenty-four years had not gone over her head, and her face looks out upon us, in its immortal freshness and youth, with surprised and unanswered eyes. Whom the gods love, die young. Did the gods then love Marie? Many gifts were showered upon her, but much was denied her. Of sorrow she had her full measure, and of happiness only the dream unfulfilled, the divine expectation. May peace be with her now. *Ave atque Vale, Maria!*

* * *

II.

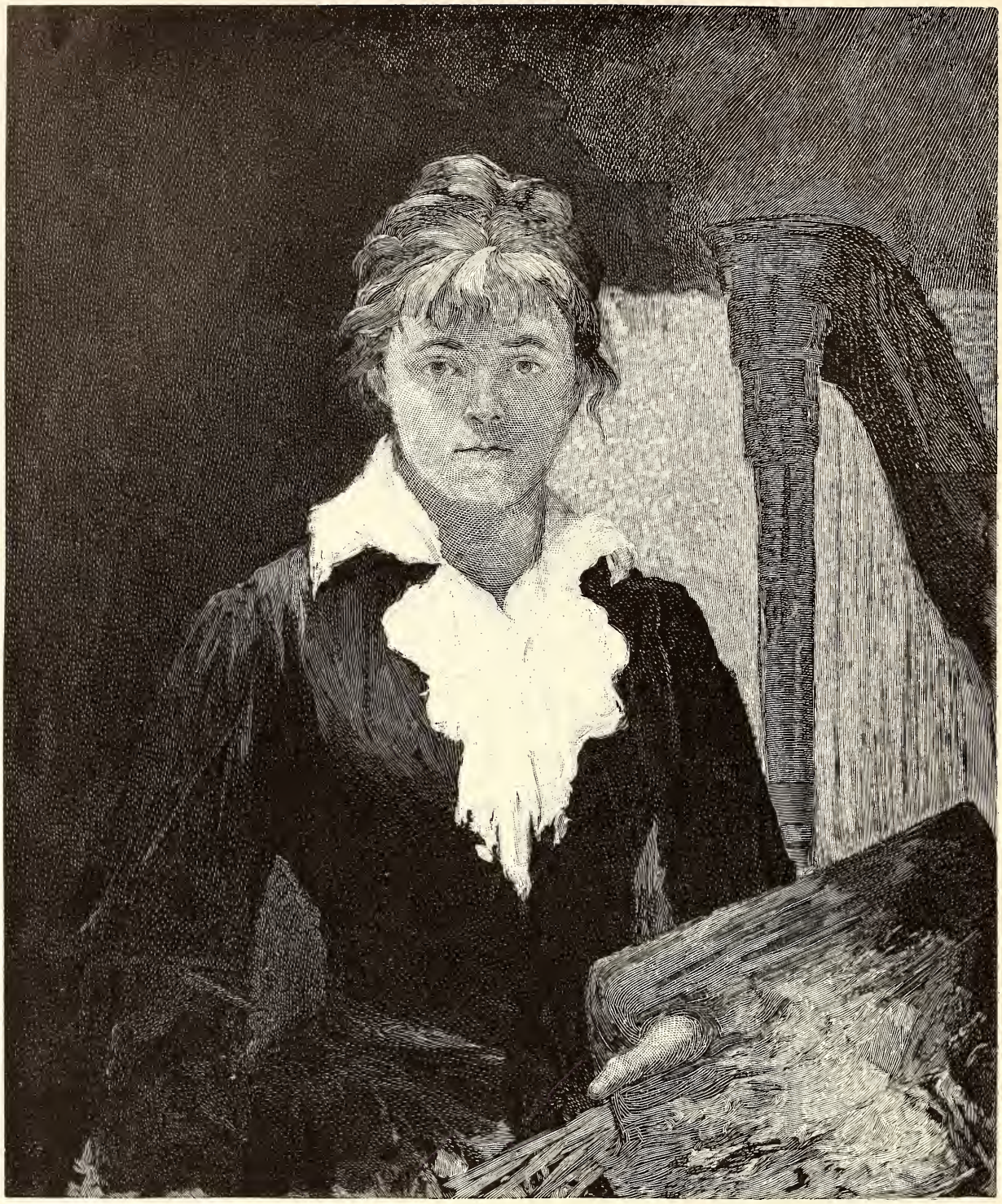
LA RUE.

The end of the last century and the beginning of this produced a vast number of letter-writing and autobiographical ladies. It was the fashion for the young lady to look upon herself as an "object of interest," and carefully to describe her emotions and actions when brought in contact with Genius or Royalty or Superior Intelligence. That literature was often charming, and though not especially accurate or natural, it sometimes gave us side lights upon Great People which help us to understand their almost miraculous power.

The so-called naturalistic method changes all this. A young and gifted girl, full of ardor and enthusiasm, takes up her journal to relate at length her own sensations; analyzing her impulses, dissecting her emotions, and leaving us in the end ignorant of the most important factor in a woman's life — the impression which she made on others. What use to us are the details of her dress, or the color of her hair or eyes, if by dint of iteration of trivialities we are made to forget the impression of the whole? The fatal element of disintegration in the photographic method is the habit of accenting everything equally: the effect is monotonous, and the result is that the mind, having no point of especial interest to dwell upon, loses tone, and gradually grows to dislike the subject under consideration. We may be scientific, and, according to the theory of some writers, we are bound to feel as little for a girl who breaks her heart as for one whose new gloves have torn in pulling them on. But we all know that we do not and cannot feel so; and though we may read for the sake of the writer, we also protest for the sake of the writer — who does not dare give his theory full sway. Marie has attempted a photograph of her daily life, going into the least agreeable details; yet, for that very reason, she wearies the reader and gives us little of her best self. The things which to her seem of no moment are to us soul-searching, as when she tells, without a word of compunction, of her unsealing a letter from one doctor to another — a piece of dishonesty which even the law punishes severely, but which she does not appear to think wrong. Her attitude towards marriage would interest an American from its business-like tone in contrast to her visionary hopes and plans for her accomplishments and fame. *Fame* is her constant desire and cry from childhood. She thinks of it as a thing to be *done*, not as the result of something better done for itself or for humanity.

In reading this journal one cannot help asking one's self if the self-analysis which it attempts is a possible thing, or a useful experiment. Goethe called his confessions "Poesy and Truth"; and Marie Bashkirtseff, though she has no sense of poetry and strives after truth, gives us really a less vivid and less sympathetic view of herself than if she had fused her journal into an artistic form — as perhaps George Eliot did in her painting of Maggie Tulliver.

"It is curious," she says in the preface; "it



IN POSSESSION OF HER MOTHER. ENGRAVED BY C. STATE.

MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF. (FROM A PORTRAIT BY HERSELF.)

M. Bashkirtseff

is the life of a woman, day by day, without veil and without affectation; it is very interesting, merely as human statistics: ask M. Zola, and even M. de Goncourt or Maupassant." It is unusual and it is interesting; but it can hardly be instructive as "human statistics," in the sense in which Marie uses the word. It interests women more than men: men do not like to see the machinery by which they are to be captivated; and with all her analysis and her powers of charming, she seems not to have possessed that mysterious power, "the eternal femininity" of Goethe, which "draws us onward." Her admirers do not seem to have been lovers. In Paris and London groups of "scientific" people, especially those affiliated with the French naturalists of to-day, have thought it useful to write out their experiences, telling everything, as they understand everything,— that is, everything that should not be told,— to be read after death; or, if it makes a salable book, to be brought out without that artistic finale. Does not this method place the public in the attitude of the *valet de chambre*, before whom the greatest is unheroic? What gain to have this adage verified? We are still ignorant of the Hero, the exceptional being who can what others would. His own essence escapes himself. He can never understand himself dramatically as the actor of a comedy ending alway in a tragedy — death.

With this poor girl our interest rises as the gloom of the approaching fate begins to spread over the pages. Now comes the drama; and now the character, before vague and piecemeal, begins to develop. We are never deceived; we always know the fair, young, foolish thing must die, and her cries for fame, for love, for life, fill us with painful sympathies; her indifference and heartlessness to her family make us groan: we long to say, "Child, love your mother, do not criticize her; caress your poor aunt, who thinks only of you; do not turn from her to analyze her and your own feelings for her." Love is and ought to be blind, that it may have the heavenly sight unmarred by the accidents of human imperfection. Too caustic even towards herself, she never felt love in this sense; she was always watching and longing for it, but she never even guessed its "pure realm over sun and star."

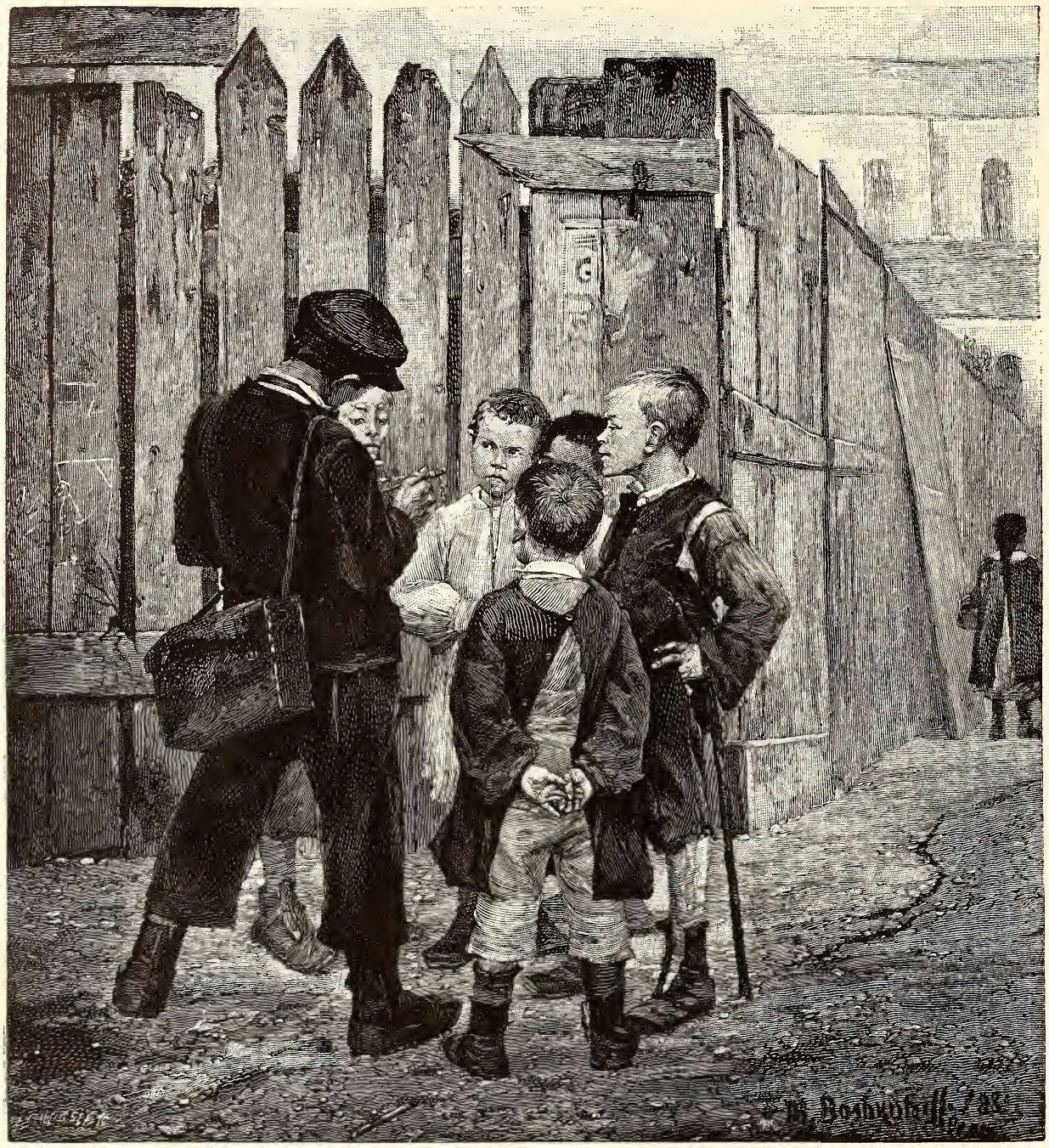
The girl who leaves these two thick volumes behind her, together with a great quantity of studies and a number of clever finished pictures, as the result of a brief, precocious life, was Russian to the core. Immensely gifted,— with a lovely voice, wealth, beauty, and position,— she had all that could be given or gained by the usage of society, the freedom of unlimited money, a devoted and indulgent family, a very remarkable power of application. That she should die early was a constant thought, and it is curious to trace back her fears and "visions of the night," dreams and anxieties, lest she should die and leave no sign. Yet here comes the impossibility to a human, living, breathing creature to think itself dead. "I shall die young," is a favorite phrase of young people,— it makes them interesting,— and she says, "It is a 'pose,' an emotion; I inclose a mystery; Death has touched me with his finger; there is a charm about it; besides, it is something new." But she does not believe it. She hesitates to spoil her *skin* to cure her lung!

The thread of savage blood, ever to be noted in the Russian, shows often in the early pages — rage, and fierce denunciations of people and things, an astonishing familiarity (at twelve years old) with the immoralities about her in Nice; and at sixteen, in Russia, where nothing is left unsaid, a lack of maidenliness (for want of a better word) in her treatment of her own soul and body — those liftings of the veil which the sensitive soul does not make even to itself. These seem to me to indicate a rank soil of savagery which the hot-house atmosphere of Nice and Paris covers with brilliant flowers.

We often see in persons of high birth, especially among women, a total lack of education,— in the sense of a drawing out of the faculties and a philosophical method in acquiring knowledge,— in spite of an appearance of having great advantages. The only sequence is, that all subserves to vanity. The men escape because their schools and colleges bring them perforce in contact with other kinds of people, and the world outside forces itself upon them. Deference was never taught this poor little princess, or the knowledge that there can be a higher joy than to get a Salon medal, be an admired singer, marry a duke with a mistress, or the nephew of a cardinal who may be pope, or set a fashion in a circle of the *beau monde*. Humanity, contemporary history, does not exist for her or her circle, and it is when she goes into the atelier with other girls that she first discovers with rage and jealous misery that others have a right to life, place, fame, and joys.

To any art student, especially to any girl studying art, the atelier part of the book is interesting; and in spite of the writer's crudeness, and her lack of nobility in her relations with her fellow-pupils and her masters, it is much the most sympathetic.

We feel as we do before the life-drawing of some of the French students, as if the ugly had too large a space — was insisted on with viru-



A "MEETING."

lence; that the lesson of nature could be taught better by choosing beauty and nobility to record, than by a minute attention to the hideous, the disgusting, and the ignoble. We feel sure that Marie did not show so selfish, so jealous, and so unwomanly a side to her young companions as she would have us believe, but that, when alone with her journal, she made an unconscious confession of the bad and forgot the good of her nature.

It could hardly be expected that her pictures should be great,—the mechanical difficulties of painting and sculpture are enormous,—but they are very fair student work. She is greatly under the influence of Lepage, and has little relish or understanding of the subtleties of form and color in the great art of the past.

The most interesting part to the world is her affection for and kindness to Bastien-Lepage, who died a few weeks after her death. When he was too ill to walk he was often carried to her house, where he and she sat, stretched out on two lounges, silent, dull with pain, letting their young lives drift away, seeming to have no outlook, no hope, and at the last no apparent desire for another and a purer, more ideal, life.

The book is a lesson in literary art read backwards, for it leaves us, by dint of explaining and detail, uncertain as to the real being beneath the appearance.

D.

THE FALLEN.

(IN MEMORIAM: MAY 30.)

I.

TOLL the slow bell,
Toll the low bell,
Toll, toll,
Make dole
For them that wrought so well;
To them that fought and fell,
Once more, farewell, farewell,
Once more, farewell.

Come, come,
Bid the dull drum
Hush all gladness dumb,
While dolorous horn and death-remembering bell
The steady voice of sorrow swell.
Solemn measures slow
Toll and beat and blow;
Rebuke it, darken, blight
This bright, unpitying light;
Put out all glories that adorn
This sweet, unheeding morn.
Toll — toll —
Toll — toll —
For them, our beauty and our might,
Gone on the unreturning way,
For them that took the night
That we might have the day.
Blow the sad horn
This glad May morn;
Knell, knell,
Let the slow bell
Be struck, and the troubled drum.

Come, come,
Sound on — since we must weep on — for their sleep
Who had not time to weep,
And our high honor keep.
Blow the sad horns,
Bring flowers for them that took the thorns.

The sacred scroll — let it once more be read,
Victors and vanquished, all the fallen together;
Here in the warm May weather,
Number once more the well-belovéd dead.
Love, love forgets no brother
Born of our common mother;
Here in the warm May weather,
Bow we in grief together,
Kneel we in grief together:
To them that wrought so well,
To all that fought and fell,
Once more, farewell, farewell,
Once more, farewell.

II.

Death — Death! Whence cometh he
Who said that he should be?
Oh, if Death were, these were his foremost foes,
Who, though henceforth they tent
Beyond the firmament,
Deliver still their undiminished blows;
Who, marching bright and far
As flames the farthest star,
Along the fadeless field of light,
The ringing field of life and right,
Forever gather to the fight.

No more let Grief with his pale face
Offend the splendor and the grace,
The promise, of this place.
Bid hither cringing Doubt,
And drive his devil out:
The Lord our God, once more He saith,
"This hand made all; it made not Death."

Sepulchered not, but sown
In virtuous mold, the hardy seed
For harvest of th' enduring deed,
Here live and thrive God's own.
The brute goes down into his darkened gate,
Content with that unlovely ultimate;
But them we laid here side by side,
Scorned the mean clod, and, risen, abide.

Here did our soldiers, one by one,—
The last grand duty grandly done,—
These acres of green martyr sward
Add to the garden of our Lord.
Live words, swift words, and joyous, break
From these still mounds:
"Wake, Freedom, wake!
Blow the glad horn
This bright May morn,
This white May morn;
Strike up the martial stave;
Say, where those colors wave
Believed and battled they
Whose face was towards the day;
Say, there nor cowl nor crown
Shall strike you, Freedom, down;
Say on till Hell itself shall hear,
Men are that falter not nor fear;
Say, for th' unwavering brave
There is no grave."

Ay, stanch undaunted measures blow,
Still gath'ring courage as they go;
High, defiant measures sound,
Send the echoes round and round
Honor's utmost bound:

Again and yet again say for this land,
Still her soldier's sword is in his hand.
Say, these can yet the stiff sword thrust
Up through the dust.

The sinew and the rib of Liberty,
Who being gave to what was but a name —
Lift for them mightily
The voice of long acclaim;
Sound their true worth,
Sound their new birth,
Over the earth:
Blow through all the habitation of the brave
Their clear, eternal challenge to the grave.

John Vance Cheney.

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

FRIEND OLIVIA.

BY AMELIA E. BARR,

Author of "Jan Vedder's Wife," "The Border Shepherdess," "A Daughter of Fife," "The Bow of Orange Ribbon," etc.

XII.

ANASTASIA'S MARRIAGE.

"Good smiters when help is needed, though the feeble bend to the blow;
Men who when evil bares before them his hindmost teeth, fly gaily to meet him, in companies or alone."

"No wailer before ill-luck, one mindful in all he did
To think how his work to-day would live in to-morrow's tale."

"Marriage a slavery beyond enduring
But that 't was of her own procuring."

"Women are governed by a stubborn fate:
No merit their aversion can remove,
No ill requital can efface their love."

AFTER the receipt of Olivia's letter Nathaniel was at Sandys every day. Lady Kelder showed her disapproval in many familiar ways; but, as she complained to Jael, "he bows to me and then takes the road. If it had been Mary Bellingham, or Alice Singleton, or Ruby Halliday, I could have made shift to endure it."

"Nay, my Lady. You would have thought Mistress Bellingham gave my young master but half a heart, the other half being with Charles Stuart; and Mistress Singleton is full cousin, and not to be thought of; and Mistress Halliday hath the dream of the Fifth Monarchy Men, and would be like enough to keep us all in hot water with the Commonwealth."

"Then, a God's mercy! why should he marry any one? And here also is the baron dallying his time away at Oliver's court — a fine court truly — and I a poor lonely lady as ever bore the name."

"The Lord General delays the baron from kind memories. Few that push themselves into high places are so humble-minded, my Lady."

"High places! Yes, he hath a high place. And I wish him as much joy in it as he has right to it. Those Cromwells patron to Kelder! It passes my understanding."

"To be sure 't is so, but in worst extremes we may remember ourselves that blow wind ever so fast it will have to lower itself ere long. To-morrow is untouched, my Lady."

"It is not untouched, Jael. To-day prophesies for to-morrow. To-day we love and we plan, and to-morrow we have the outcome. Yes, indeed; and the thing intended brings with it many a thing not intended. I have had sorrows, Jael, in the past; and I know how past sorrows breed present ones."

"My Lady, I would n't carry next year, and the year after, on your heart. Wherever to-day's comforts come from, to-morrow's will come also. There is always the 'wherewith' for the want. And many a God's-penny you have for the days to come; so I would n't take on over miscomforts clear and sheer gone forever. All of us stand in hand to look forward, and not backward. 'T was yesterday only, when young master sat making the flies for his trout-fishing, I heard him singing some words that set me thinking so."

"Your young master hath the song ever on his tongue now; that is because he is thinking of — somebody."

"I should n't wonder, my Lady. I never knew any one sing that thought about themselves. Dismal work that, and nothing to sing about. My young master hath a fine voice, and I warrant he made a sweet music to the words as ever I heard."

"Love words, doubtless, Jael?"

"Not they; but wise words, as you shall hear, my Lady:

"'Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan,
Sorrow calls no time that 's gone:
Violets plucked, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again.'

"And anon he tuned up gaily, and sang of

"'Spring, the sweet spring,
The year's pleasant king,
And the lark's silver
Leer-a-leer! Leer-a-leer!'

"'T was a good sight to me, and I stood idling a ten minutes watching and listening to him."

"Ah, Jael, my son hath a sweet temper and a noble heart."

"And a noble presence, my Lady. As he sat there, singing in the sunshine, he looked wondrous like you."

"He hath truly a look of me, and it does not hurt him. He is away to Sandys again, Jael."

"I fear, then, he will get a wetting ere he get back. Listen to the quails in the juicy corn, crying, 'Wet my feet!' If they 'd satin slippers on, they could n't make more fuss about a drop of rain. Come, my Lady, be well at ease. The baron will be here anon; and for the other matter, as you cannot manage it, you may just as well leave it."

She had been dressing her lady's hair as she talked, and with these final words she handed her a little silver-framed mirror to inspect her arrangement.

"I think it will do, Jael. Bring me my second-best house-gown; surely the baron will arrive to-night." And in this hope she dressed herself, letting her jealous, angry thoughts of Nathaniel drift away on its happier tide.

It was on this afternoon — the fifth after the receipt of Olivia's letter — that Nathaniel saw her waiting for him. The sky had become cloudy, and the quail's fretful fear was on the point of being realized. But Nathaniel thought the slight, white-robed figure, standing with uncovered head in the gray light, fairer for the somber atmosphere surrounding it.

They met without words, for their eyes had a quicker speech. But oh, how full were the hours that followed! What confidences! What silences! Nathaniel learned over again every changing light and shadow on her sweet face. And his love-fraught gaze upon her was like sunshine on flowers. It brought the rose into her cheeks, the light into her eyes. It suffused her smiles, her low words, her shy looks with such responsive love that the afternoon went like a moment, and it was sunset, dark and rainy, before they had well begun their story.

On that same afternoon the baron said his farewell to Cromwell. He was then at Whitehall, and thither Kelder went, with a melancholy sense that it was the last earthly interview with his old comrade. In London the day was fine and clear, but Cromwell was in one of the darkest of those dark moods which clouded the latter part of his life. The baron found him wandering through the empty rooms of Whitehall, musing upon the discord and disunion in the ranks of his party, and he said bitterly to Kelder, "All is but vanity — vanity and vexation of spirit."

"His loving-kindness faileth not."

"I am in the shadows, Odinel; soul-shadows, if I may say so: they fall where they please, without regard to the sun. Many things press sore on me. I live as it were in the fire." And he began to complain sadly of the religious chaos of the time — the Solemn League and Covenant Men, the Fifth Monarchy Men, the Presbyterians, the prelates and the Independents, all asking but one question, Who shall get the living? "Truly, Odinel, the burden is heavy on me."

"Perhaps, then, Quakers are not so foolish as we deem them. Sure 't is the part of peace and wisdom to retreat from all these confusions to the Light Within. Perhaps, also, these men may weary of their contentions, and at eventide you may have the peace you have truly wrought for."

"'T is not to be hoped for; 't is not, indeed. Many dogs have never killed their own mutton, but those who have begun to do so will not cease the bad charge of themselves. So 't is with men; many have meddled not with plots and politics, but those who have but once done so, 't will be extraordinary indeed if they cease their troubling."

Thus conversing they left the palace and walked into that royal avenue of elms which then adorned St. James's Park; and after a while they came to "that pretty garden house" which was then the abode of Milton, and in later days of Hazlitt and Jeremy Bentham. There were five persons present, and among them Sir Roger L'Estrange, a bitter royalist but a great lover of music. He was playing the viol with Mr. Milton, and all singing Shirley's grand lyric:

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now,
See where the victor-victim bleeds:
All heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

Cromwell sat down, and at the last two lines his face kindled, and he sang them with a solemn enthusiasm. Then Mr. Milton went to the organ and there was sung a madrigal, and a canon of Lock's, and at the last the "Orpheus Hymn." And strange it was to see how even Sir Roger forgot his enmity in the fine harmonious sounds, and how men were at one in a musical part who were at sixes and

sevens when it came to theology and politics.

The Protector and Kelder left before the impromptu concert was ended, and at the little gate on the Westminster side they bid each other farewell. Cromwell had become gloomy and silent as soon as they lost the last echo of the music. He said his farewell like one who was tired, and who felt the sudden return of some swift-gathering sorrow which he might forget for a moment, but never escape. Yet in spite of his gloom the man's parting smile was an actual phenomenon. It came from some sunny depth in his nature, and remained forever in the heart of the man who caught it; a wonderful smile, though he said with it:

"If it be a last farewell, Kelder, I say it truly without grieving. Whenever He shall be pleased to call me I am prepared to dislodge. I am everywhere free."

And as the clashing gate parted them Kelder whispered: "I have seen the last of him. O my old captain! Shall we meet again among the hosts of heaven? Truly, Michael the chief will welcome you for a brave comrade."

He hardly understood the passion of grief and admiration which melted his heart within him. But he felt how dear those are who have been our associates in any good or great work, and how specially dear if that memory is set in those noon-days of life when we were happy of heart and strong and willing in the day of our power.

He went thoughtfully through the city, noticing very little, and so by easy stages to Kelderby. Between Lancashire and Westmoreland there is a bleak country, so wild and desolate that even at this day the manufacturing villages perched on the hilltops affront its natural loneliness. Few people in Cromwell's time crossed it, but Kelder's nearest way home lay through the western portion. As his horse painfully picked his steps among bogs and boulders, he saw four men toiling along before him. They were grave in gait, and, but for the want of swords, looked like disbanded Ironsides. They walked, too, like men having some earnest purpose, and when Kelder overtook them he asked if they had business that way.

"We have a great business on God's earth, yet not in men's market-places"; and then, walking by Kelder's side, they reasoned with him of righteousness and of judgment to come, and specially of that attractive doctrine of the Inward Light, alluring men by the infallibility of its guidance and the independence of its individuality.

One of the men was John Audland, a young Independent minister of great learning, who had joined Fox at his first appearing, and Kelder had some knowledge both of him and of his wife, the beautiful, wealthy, and pious Anne Newby. He gladly talked with him until they came to a lonely farm-house at which the evangelists were to stay, and he never forgot John's parting words:

"Odinel Kelder, if a prophet told thee to do some great thing, thou wouldst gladly obey him. Thou wouldst draw up truth from the deep, or bring it down from the heavens; but thou canst not believe it is within thee. Stretching out thy hands to an unknown God, thou heedest not the God in whom thou livest, and movest, and hast thy being."

It was sunset when they parted, and Kelder rode on, full of thought, until the gray hills and the gray clouds met, and the horizon was like a still sea. A lonely hostelry received him, and he was weary enough to have slept soundly. But neither weariness nor the thought of home, now only a day's journey distant, could put aside the seriously transcendent words of John Audland. True, he had not Fox's imperial logic, but he had Paul's faith in his heart and Paul's words on his tongue; and Kelder, do as he would, could not rid himself of the great apostle's manifesto, "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

And then the wailing of a babe in the next room recalled the mystery of the Incarnation, and it was gray dawn when he went to sleep, with that same wonder in his heart that Richard Crashaw had just so eloquently expressed for him:

That He whom the sun serves should faintly peep
Through clouds of infant flesh: that He the old
Eternal Word would be a child, and weep;
That He who made the fire should feel the cold;
That Heaven's high Majesty his court should keep
In a clay cottage, by each blast controlled:
That Glory's self should serve our griefs and fears:
And free Eternity submit to years.

In the evening of the following day the baron reached Kelderby. There all things were as usual, but he heard that a small body of cavalry had taken up their quarters in Kendal. They had offered no information concerning their visit, and Kelder, though suspecting it, was equally reticent. The generality knew that Kendal and its vicinity was the home of many active royalists. Lord Derwent had recently fled to the king in France, and so men with bad consciences concerning their affection to the Commonwealth walked very softly, and kept their tongues even from good, while those stern-looking Artegals walked silent and watchful up and down the quiet streets of their town.

De Burg heeded them very little. He knew more of forbidden knowledge than most of the citizens, and he was confident they were watch-

ing Strickland. For this young man had a certain bravery of his opinions, and a contempt for any equivocal hiding of them, which De Burg had often foretold would bring him into trouble. He expected every morning to hear of his arrest, and he was happy in the expectation. For he had not forgotten Strickland's contemptuous treatment, neither was he so much the friend of the king as to put the safety of his friends before the punishment of De Burg's enemies.

He had no knowledge of the baron's visit to London. Events happening in Silverdale took a long time to reach Kendal, especially in the haying season, and he saw Nathaniel frequently about the town, or on the highways. Even if a visit to Cromwell had suggested itself to his mind, he would have been certain that only Nathaniel could take it; but such an event never occurred to him as probable. He could break faith as suited his desire or his convenience, but he did not reflect that his own breach of honor canceled the obligations of others.

Also, he had plenty of private business to attend to: Anastasia required more conciliation than he had ever before considered it necessary to give to any woman, and Chenage, having in a manner arranged his own happiness, was not concerned to redeem his promises to De Burg as promptly as De Burg expected and desired. He had been compelled to let the vessel belonging to Le Tall's friend sail without him, and in consequence had had to make two secret journeys to Whitehaven, in order to arrange with another captain.

But at length the £200 was paid, the ship waiting, and Anastasia gave that reluctant consent which necessity wrings from the unwilling heart. Chenage and De Burg wished the ceremony to be as private as possible, but Anastasia's nature demanded the support which a crowd of fellow-creatures was sure to give her. She felt that if she must transact this business of marriage it could be done with the least suffering to herself if the whole town was present to give her its admiration and approval.

And when she appeared on her bridal morning King Solomon in all his glory might well have been astonished at this young woman. Her dress of silver brocade had a stomacher of pearls. Three rows of pearls encircled her throat. Bracelets of pearls were around her arms. A golden comb set with pearls held back the veil of her flowing hair. Her neck and bosom were partly covered with a scarf of French lace, and a little apron of the same material was full of white roses. The moonlight radiance, the soft shimmer of her whole toilet, but intensified the brilliance of her beauty — of eyes that flashed or languished as it pleased her; of cheeks that glowed like carnations; of an air at once resolved, daring, cajoling, and fascinating.

The sun shone with a brilliance that went to the heart; the bells were ringing as if each separate bell had a conscious jubilant voice; the town had the air of a holiday, and as she went through it hearty hurrahs answered the bells, and women and children threw flowers into her coach, with loud-spoken admiration and good wishes.

All this tumult of bride-blessing was seriously disliked by Chenage. What had these crowds of men and women to do with his Anastasia? He was jealously angry that they should appropriate any portion of his joy, or assume the right to look at his bride and express their interest in her beauty and happiness. A sullen gloom was in his eyes, even as he walked to the altar; but when Anastasia scattered her roses before it, and then turned to him with a smile, he forgot everything but the loveliness of the girl whose hand he took.

De Burg watched him with hearty suspicion and dislike. He had learned both to doubt and to detest him, and there had been hours lately in which Anastasia, had she known it, could have changed her fate by a tear or a caress. So near in life do two destinies often meet. The quiver of an eyelid might enable a soul to pass from misery to happiness; but ignorance of the fact makes the barrier insurmountable, beyond effort, and beyond hope. Anastasia would gladly have broken the chain of circumstances in which she was bound, but her evil genius stood watching her with sarcastic approval, always choosing the wrong moment, always taking the wrong method, in any effort she made for this end. And at last it was too late. She was the wife of Roger Chenage, and he soon let her understand her new position. In the church, with the wedding guests standing around, his first words to her had the tone of a command.

"Come, Asia!"

Only two words, but they were uttered with the peremptory air of a master, and De Burg looked at his daughter with a quick and angry inquiry. Did she wish him, even then and there, to answer for her? Anastasia met the unspoken sympathy with eyes full of meaning; there was defiance and strength and satisfaction in them, and for many a doubtful day De Burg rested himself in the confidence of that quick, assuring glance.

Wedding breakfasts are often but sorry affairs; how often is their mirth fictitious, how often at the bottom of the laugh and the wine cup is there some pretense, disappointment, or uncertainty. But there was at least the semblance of joy in De Burg Hall while An-

astasia queened it a few hours longer in her father's house. She sat at the head of the feast, and all drank to her loveliness, and all praised her past and gave her good wishes for her future.

Chenage was little pleased at the secondary part he had to play. For he also was splendidly attired in ruby velvet and white satin, with ruby brooches fastening the white feathers in his hat and the satin points of his doublet. However there are times when the surliest of mortals are compelled to pretend to the virtue they do not possess, and a man has an obligation at least to affect happiness on his wedding day. So Chenage drank deeply, and laughed loudly, and complimented himself, until he attained a comfortable state of self-complaisance.

Early in the afternoon his carriage, drawn by six horses, drove up to De Burg for his bride. Anastasia saw it coming, and her heart sank within her. To hide her tears she fled to her room. There was some excuse made of necessary changes in her toilet, but with or without excuse she felt she could no longer play her part unless she were permitted a little space for entire abandonment of it. When she was surely alone and the bolt drawn between her and the world what a transformation there was! She wrung her hands, she whispered passionate words of wrong and misery and hate. She forgot the waiting coach and the impatient bridegroom; she felt nothing and cared for nothing but the outrageous and cruel mockery which had deprived her of freedom and driven her from the home where at least she had been loved and indulged far beyond the women of her generation.

In such a tempest of sorrow she forgot time, she forgot the ostensible purpose for which she had sought her room. She was recalled to the facts of her present state by a sudden sense of tumult in the hall where the feast was spread. She stood up and listened intently, never doubting but that her father and her husband had at length found a good opportunity for the quarrel latent between them. A feeling of satisfaction sent smiles to her lips and a wicked dancing light to her eyes. She began to unfasten the white knot on her brocaded shoe, and to count the pearls with which the instep was ornamented, asking herself the while, "What need to hurry?" If Chenage was getting his first lesson, she would give her father time to make it a very thorough one.

"One, two, three, four large pearls, and eleven small ones. I must have lost one. What is the matter? I swear they are fighting! That is my father's voice, and, by my soul! I like not its tone."

She instantly clasped the shoe on her foot again and went swiftly back to the wedding guests. All was in an uproar, and De Burg stood foaming with passion under the iron grip of two soldiers. Six others stood at the door, and their captain, a stern old man, insensible to all earthly voices but such as gave an order, was reading to De Burg the particular one under which he was acting. It was Cromwell's own, and De Burg in his fury spit at it.

Anastasia needed no explanation. She clung to her father with tears and passionate outcries, and when Chenage would have taken her in his own arms she turned on him with inconceivable rage, and vowed that "he, and only he, had been the deceiver and the betrayer of her father." Her beauty, her rich apparel, her despairing love and grief for her father, her withering contempt for her husband, her reckless scorn for Cromwell and all of Cromwell's doings, her vehement expressions of loyalty to the king, invested the girl with an insolence and a splendor of defiance which touched nearly every man in the room.

Le Tall fidgeted from window to window. The soldiers glanced from under dropped eyelids, and were as sorry for her as they dared be for such an incarnation of the world and the flesh. Only the grim Ironside reading Cromwell's order was indifferent to the vision of carnal loveliness. He indeed looked at Anastasia for a moment, but it was with repulsion; and though she turned to him with eyes swimming with tears, he gave the order for De Burg's removal as resolutely as if he had been made invulnerable to the sweet influences of womankind.

There were reasons for such insensibility. During his stay in Kendal he had made himself familiar with the nature, the history, and the life of the De Burgs. He read Anastasia as if her face was a printed book. He had watched all of De Burg's movements. He had fathomed the depth of his turpitude. He had heard and comprehended the whole affair relating to Roger Prideaux. He thought no better of Anastasia than of her father. Her beauty was the devil's beauty, and he saw behind it the cruel heart and the false tongue. Silly men might fall into her snares, but Captain Giles Quarritch — never!

Having read aloud the order under which he acted, he gave the word of command. Then Le Tall stepped forward and said:

"Captain, consider if herein bail may not be taken. I would myself do much."

"It may not even be put to the question, sir. I act upon first orders."

"At leastwise suffer your prisoner to see his daughter away, and to make some arrangements concerning his household."

"There needs no more ordering of it. He was ready to leave England for France this sunset had he not been interrupted in his intentions."

"Take you him to Lancaster Castle or to London?"

"He goeth to Appleby jail, until the assize settle the quality of his guilt."

There was a moment of high-strung silence, a sharp cry, and Anastasia fell senseless at her father's feet. Some women-servants were called, and they carried the insensible bride into an adjoining room.

She came back to consciousness in a fit of hysterical weeping which she was unable to control. It ended in a deep sleep, and the afternoon was far advanced when she awakened. An ominous stillness was in the house. Refusing all assistance, she rose and went to the dividing door and opened it. The table was still covered with the remains of the feast, but the guests had all gone. The hateful Parliamentary soldiers had also left — and they had taken her father away with them. To Appleby! The word rung in her ears as if it was beat upon a thousand anvils. Pale and distraught, she stood in the doorway gazing upon the deserted banquet. Chenage soon disturbed her reverie.

"Come, mistress," he said. "If you are yourself again, we will go home. This house is worse than a nightmare."

"I will stay here until my father comes back."

"I promise you will be at Chenage before you eat or sleep again. Three of my men are on the coach; be pleased to say if you will use their feet or your own."

Then she resolutely called her soul to duty. She saw that he would willingly humiliate her if she permitted him the opportunity, and she answered: "I am ready. Go when you will."

"Take off that finery; pearls are not bought for a penny or two. You may lose them."

"You bought them not. They are the De Burg pearls."

"They were. They are now mine."

"If they are now yours, then I will never wear them more. Here!" And she snatched them from her neck and arms and bosom, and flung them on the floor at his feet. Then turning from him, she sent one of her women for her cloak and another for her hood, and before Chenage had gathered and put safely into his pockets the precious beads she was ready for the journey.

The afternoon was well on, and the road rough and lonely. The hills soon shut them in, and as the sun set the mist came swooping down and wrapped them in its damp, depressing atmosphere. Anastasia sat gazing inward, backward, forward, anywhere but on the man at her side; and the servants, who had expected wine and mirth and wedding gifts, sat silent also, wondering and disappointed. Chenage made several attempts to conciliate his bride, for he felt both wounded and mortified, but Anastasia was as one who heard not. Her fine wedding-dress gleamed in the gathering darkness, but she took no heed of it, though it caught the dust of the highway and the damp and tarnish of the mist and the mud and water of the rocky becks.

It was nine o'clock when they reached Chenage Grange, but the summer twilight cast a pallid, mournful light, making all things unreal and shadowy. She glanced up at the house as they approached it and sighed heavily. It stood gauntly among melancholy moors in the midst of a grove of decaying trees. There was a garden in front of it, but it was fallen into neglect, and made sorrowful by the shuddering gloom of its numerous yew trees. A doleful house, haunted by memories of evil-doing and wraiths of unredeemed wrong.

A number of servants, old men and women, stood in the hall to receive their new mistress. There were some candles in the wall sconces, but they made only a dull light in the large empty place. Still it was enough for Anastasia to see the gray stooping figures of her new domestics as they parted to let her pass between them.

Trailing her lustrous dress, with a head proudly lifted, and sad eyes seeing nothing but the steep stairway up which Chenage preceded her, Anastasia entered her new home. Two old men soon afterwards put out the lights, and as they did so they shook their heads at each other with a prophetic intelligence of sorrow. When this duty was done they hobbled back to the kitchen fire, where the women, not yet too old to be envious of the bride's beauty, and angry at her for neglecting their special claim upon her notice, sat muttering of evil portents.

But Anastasia had at this hour no thought of conciliation, no wish for sympathy. The presumption of youth had told her that she should "always dwell in painless towers," and it was hard for her all at once to be forced to endure both the present and the oncoming pang, and to acknowledge to herself that she must bear her destiny as best she could, knowing well the resistless might of necessity.

XIII.

OLIVIA AND ANASTASIA WANTED.

"When a wrong idea possesses any woman much bitterness flows from her."

"See how faithless is the female race — and ye are partners in what has been done."

To be content with little is hard; to be content with a great deal is almost impossible.

While Kelderby was nearly lost, Lady Kelder had made but very modest demands upon the future; now that there was no strange finger upon its title-deeds, she was conscious of more comprehensive expectations. After the baron's return she went about her fair old home with something of the same elation which had made her as a bride so proudly happy, so gratefully aware of her fine position. Then the care that had been second became prime, and she felt that it was impossible to be content unless Nathaniel could be induced to give up Olivia.

"And I look to fight this battle alone, Jael," she said; "for as the baron grows old, he grows more careless in particulars. I trow he would make the narrow road to heaven wide enough for all sorts of men, even such as the Quakers."

"I think, my Lady, you are such an one as would like a great company with you on heaven's highway. Maybe them as wants to go there alone won't get there at all."

"Jael, I am not a bigot, and you know it. But I do like people to be either saints or sinners."

"Not in nature, my Lady. There be plenty of shades between white and black, and twilight comes between day and night. Middling kinds everywhere."

"Then I will none of them. The Rev. Mr. Duttred says that Quakers have neither churches nor priests nor creeds, being all in themselves. If a man is a Christian he has a creed. You know that, Jael."

"Indeed, my Lady, if men must learn theology ere they learn Christ our blessed heaven will be empty. I know that, and 't is most sure that the Quakers pattern their lives after Christ. On Prideaux's estate there be none poor, and the old and the sick want neither help nor comfort. Mistress Prideaux taught old John of Scraffel Fell to read his Bible, and 't is a common report that she pays Dame Boyd to teach the lads and lassies day by day."

"Small thanks to her. I like not people educated above their wits. Fill a cup beyond what it will hold, and it slops over to no decent purpose; and I can tell you this, Jael, the little cups are very plenty."

"True, my Lady."

On the very night of his return home the baron had told Lady Kelder of Olivia's interview with the Protector. "A lovely girl," he said, "who affected his spiritual nature in the same way as a beautiful view affected his eye."

"Who was with her? How was she dressed? What was her behavior?"

"She came into the presence with George Fox. Her dress was of a rich, dark satin; her head was uncovered; her hands were dropped and lightly clasped. She hath a very comely face, and great wisdom and composure."

"I will warrant the 'composure,' for I must tell you I went to call upon her, being anxious, for Nathaniel's sake, to see if there was any good thing in her. Composure! Faith! she was like a marble woman, and I vow, as I am Lady Kelder, that she almost dismissed me her presence."

"Nay, then—"

"Oh, I mean not in so many words, but she rose up and asked if I would eat or drink, and the motion so fit into my own mood that I followed it and rose also without consideration. I have had a spite at myself ever since."

"I think, indeed, that Nathaniel might seek farther for a wife and find worse."

"I would rather he never married at all."

"Joan! Who, then, comes after him? Would you have Kelderby go to my second cousin Nicholas and his sons?"

"I hate Nicholas Kelder, but he is better than Olivia."

"Joan, you talk only from your lips outwards. The girl is lovely and good, and hath the likelihood of a fine estate. For my part, I wish no greater ill may ever come to Nathaniel than his full wish in the matter of Olivia Prideaux."

"I think she casts a spell over every man. If good King James were yet alive she would be counted a witch. And if she hath you on one side and Nathaniel on the other, pray shall I walk behind her?"

"You and I are one, Joan."

"Not if the Quakeress comes between us. And I tell you plainly, Odinel, I will not have her under this roof, nor yet will I give Swaffham for her use, nor will I ever give her welcome as Nathaniel's wife. Faith! for one so wondrous fair and wise the place is too small for her deserts."

This was the keynote of Lady Kelder's domestic mood, as that mood affected Nathaniel and Olivia. But Nathaniel was a wise young man, and knew how to guide his affairs without making any offensive parade of his independence. Affection and reflection had alike taught him that there was neither honor nor self-respect in a victory of any kind over his mother. He could, despite of her, take his own way; but how unblessed and sad a way it would be if, in order to take it, he must tread under his feet even the prejudices of a heart so dear to him!

So though he went to see Olivia constantly, there was as little remark as might be concerning the visits. For life at Sandys had fallen into orderly grooves. Hannah Mettelane would suffer no usual duty to be neglected. The farmmen went about the haymaking and shearing

and harvesting, as if Roger was only on a journey and might be home at any hour. The confections and sweet waters were made in their order and season. The still-room was crowded with bowls and platters holding sweet herbs and brews. The atmosphere of the house was like a spice-garden, and the garden itself as gay as if it was an outgarth of Paradise.

Roger wrote once a week to his daughter and his sister. He made no complaint of suffering or ill-usage, and it was so natural to hope for the best that perhaps more was hoped than there was warrant for. But Roger's trial was to take place in September, and the time was always spoken of as that of "Roger's return."

One day, towards the end of August, Nathaniel went to Sandys early in the afternoon. It was a hot day, full of brilliant sunshine. The shadows were diaphanously purplish, the winds were all at peace, and a mysterious calm brooded over the lonely land. Never had the long, rambling house had an air so homelike and so ancient. It seemed as much a part of the landscape as the distant hills or the brawling trout-stream which was one of its boundaries.

Between the garden and the park there was a row of sycamore trees, and in their amber shadows he tied his horse; for he expected Olivia to be in the garden, and he went up and down it looking for her. There was not a sound except the busy murmur of the bees round their hives — straw skeps, full of the scent of mountain flowers and the aroma of pine woods. Near them was a trickling spring, and like sentinels around it the August lilies stood, virgin flowers exhaling the airs of heaven, and clad in the lawn of almost naked light.

As he gazed at them, spellbound by their sweet purity, he saw Olivia coming towards him. She also was clothed in white, and her tall, slight form, and pale, radiant face gave her a strange similitude to the flowers. He hastened to meet her; he took her hands in his, and led her to the shaded seat beside the fountain and the lilies. How full of meaning were their common words of courtesy! How eloquent her speaking face, her clear, candid eyes, the light touch of her hand upon his arm!

He spoke to her first of those ordinary mutual interests which he always found it well to use as introductory. For Olivia was no babbler and no complainer. The tendency of women with their lovers is to meet them with some tale of sorrow or of petty tyranny, and so to enlist either a true or an affected sympathy. Olivia would not so wrong herself; she was just, and would not wrong others; she trusted Nathaniel's love, and knew that it could not be increased by sentimental complaining, nor made more tender by fictitious opposition. She would have scorned the love which required nurturing by means so false and contemptible.

So hitherto their courtship had been undimmed by unnecessary complaining and tears. As for their real sorrows, they were discussed simply, without exaggeration, and in confidence with all who shared them. This afternoon, however, Nathaniel felt, rather than saw, some new cause of distress; but he waited patiently for Olivia to open her heart to him, and she was not in a hurry to cloud the calm rapture of their meeting. She listened to all his doings and plans — his hopes of a return to Parliament, his militia honors and annoyances, his anxieties about his father's health, his pleasant sympathies in his mother's successes with her cosmetics and confections.

Then there was a little pause. Her head lay backwards against the green wall of privet. Nathaniel clasped her hand. The warm, sweet garden was full of peace and fragrance; it was all their own; in their simple nearness to each other they were blissfully happy. But they did not tell each other so; for the sense of happiness which makes us silent is far superior to that which makes us eloquent, and Joy is shyer than Grief — the heavenly visitant but flutters a moment between two hearts, and is gone. Olivia broke the spell with a sigh, and then he heard the words he had been half fearing to hear:

"Nathaniel, there hath been a sad letter from my father."

"My dear heart! I felt it. Surely he is not ill?"

"My father is well, but Asa Bevin is very sick indeed. I fear that he will not recover. Also, De Burg hath an inflammation, and is out of reason and beyond management."

"De Burg 'sick and in prison.' That concerns me, Olivia."

"I think so. My father is caring for him, but Asa is also in his charge, and I fear that the labor will be too great for him. Nathaniel, I think that I ought to go to Appleby."

"I will go for you. 'T is beyond reason that you should go. Also, I do not think that you would be let behind bars. And, my dear one, how could you bear it, if you were?"

"There are more than fifty women Friends now in common jails for conscience' sake. Many of them are even more delicately nurtured than I. And Asa is not only Asa. There is One who deigns to hold Asa's sufferings as his own. I cannot have him say to my heart, 'I was sick, and ye visited me not.' How could I bear such a reproach?"

"What says Mistress Mettelane?"

"She thinks that going before our set time is but a forcing of Providence. But, Nathaniel, my dear one, she hath the making of the elder-

flower wine on her hands, and she cannot see how a greater duty must put by a lesser one. Her conscience is very tender, but it is near-sighted. What is far off, or what is far away, troubles it not."

"In general it is a good spirit. Sufficient unto the day is the care of the day. And in this matter I think you may be guided by your aunt. I will go to Appleby. I will go at once."

"I cannot take 'think.' I must be sure. And not any one, not even *thee*, dear Nathaniel, *can* do my duty for me."

"Well, then?"

"I will seek clearness and counsel this night, and the way He shows me I will take, however strait it be."

"O Olivia! You do not know what a jail is; even to see its horrors will terrify you."

"Many of my sisters are living in its horrors. I wish not to pass my days more at ease in this world than Christ passed his — than those bearing his testimony have the measure of."

"But, dearest, this jail is a very Valley of Death."

"The snares of life are greater than the fears of death. And thou knowest that there is a life unknown, hid from men, but most intimate with God. This life is indifferent to its surroundings. It is as possible in Appleby jail as in this fair garden of Sandys. A dear friend who visited my father told him that while lying in the common jail at Dover Castle he knew the glory of this hidden life. 'Roger,' he said, 'as I lay upon my bed of straw in a comfortable sleep and rest, the hand of my God fell upon me, and his sweet and comforting presence awakened me, and so continued with me unto the morning watch; and my soul was filled with his living presence, as with a mighty river, so that nothing appeared but joy and gladness.' This also is my God, and I have waited for him. So thou seest this life hid with God is not dependent on outward circumstances. And if I would keep peace at home — that is, in my own soul — I must not wrong my conscience. In the morning, come, and I will go with thee, or send by thee; I am ready, as the way is opened."

"I will come. What are the particulars concerning my cousin De Burg?"

"He hath been unmanageable from the first, and hath drunk much wine. Now he knows not anything, and my father thinks him to be in a very bad condition."

"A sharp sauce has De Burg got himself with the cursedness of his own way."

"Thou shouldst not reproach the unhappy. The hand of God is upon them."

He could oppose her will no longer. Her holy eyes pleaded with him — nay, they commanded him, and he felt obliged to heed them.

But it was with an anxious and sorrowful heart that he returned to Kelderby. The baron and Lady Kelder had been talking of their son and Olivia Prideaux, and Lady Kelder was angry at what she considered the sinful indifference of her husband. But Kelder had come to that time of life when he did not care to be continually meddling with what he could not mend. And he knew his son well enough to be sure that passionate disapproval and sharp words would not change him.

"Dear heart!" he said, "you are wide and foolish in your conjectures when you guess at Nathaniel's temper. You would succeed better with fewer and kinder words, constantly yet not perversely urged. Where one cannot drive a nail, Joan, it is often possible to put in a screw."

But women, as a rule, prefer to fasten their opinions with the nail, and on this night the method appeared a peculiarly good one to Lady Kelder. She was in that impatient mood which cannot endure suspense. She wanted to know the best and the worst of the matter,— if there was any best in it,— and when she turned to the opening door which admitted Nathaniel, the inquiry in all its aggressive indignation was on her face.

Nathaniel was dusty and weary, for he had ridden hard, and there was in his countenance and air a sense of trouble which displeased and piqued his mother. She felt at once that it referred to Sandys. Nathaniel always brought trouble home by that way. She looked pointedly at his disordered toilet, and Nathaniel nervously announced his intention of renewing it before he ate. She permitted him to do so without dissent. He would have given the Quakeress so much respect, she was sure, and she would not have one tittle less for her own part. But she atoned for this strict demand of the anise and cummin due to affection by ordering him just the refreshment she knew he would enjoy. And she welcomed him to it with smiles, and served the food with her own hands.

Nathaniel showed his pleasure and gratitude by lifting her face to his own and kissing it. She almost forgave him everything in that gentle act, until she reflected that he had probably just kissed also "that Quaker girl." The thought chilled her at once. She sat down, and waited for her opportunity.

The baron had laid aside his book, and was walking up and down the fast-darkening room. Something in his son's face and manner had impressed him, as well as Lady Kelder, with a sense of unpleasant news; and he had been

listening to her anticipations of more trouble with a presentiment that they were true.

"Where have you been, Nathaniel?"

"I have been to Sandys, father."

"Of course. His horse goes as naturally to Sandys, Baron, as it goes to its manger."

Nathaniel glanced at his mother's darkening face, but made no answer. The baron said "Chut!" impatiently, and stood in the middle of the room, looking at his son.

"We are expecting ill news from you, Nathaniel, and, as all seasons are seasonable for men to be anxious and unhappy, deliver it without preliminaries."

"De Burg is very ill. He has lost his reason, and is, I think, like to die."

"Well, then, only death restrains wicked men from doing more mischief."

"Dear mother, he is of our kin. He is alone, and sick, and in prison. You know what I ought to do."

"You ought to leave him alone, and sick, and in prison. Never does God Almighty give the wicked their desert in this world but some one, out of a spurious and unrighteous pity, must interfere with the Almighty's justice. Leave De Burg alone. There are poisonous families as there are poisonous reptiles; the De Burgs hurt all who come nigh them."

"What is your thought, Nathaniel?"

"I think, father, that I ought to go to Appleby, and see that our cousin hath proper care. If a good man is sick, God makes his bed for him, and then how can it choose but be well made, and be made to please him? But the sick-bed of a bad man, without earthly friends or heavenly friends! Sure, it is a piteous case, father. What say you?"

"If your conscience bids you go, Nathaniel, you get your orders from headquarters. I dare not give you counter-orders. Only be sure that you feel what you think, or else you lie to yourself."

"It seems to me, Baron, that your religion is for use in some other life than this one. When God punishes our enemies we have plenty of warrant for rejoicing in their punishment."

"An eye for an eye, truly, in the Old Testament. But, Joan, we have come not unto Sinai, but unto Mount Zion and the gospel of peace and good-will."

"Was it indeed good-will that made Paul strike Elymas blind? and St. Peter slay Ananias and Sapphira for a sin which Peter himself had been guilty of in a worse kind? Was it a gospel of good-will that made the disciples forbid the Syro-Phenician woman? Yet they also had come under the dispensation of Mount Zion."

"They were but men, dear Joan. Let us look higher. What of the works of Jesus Christ? Were they not all saving works? It is not Paul, not Peter, but Christ, that we must copy."

"It seemeth to me that it goes harder with saints than sinners on all hands."

Neither Nathaniel nor the baron answered her. They were both capable of that restraint which is characteristic of real strength. Nathaniel was sure of his duty, and the baron was not inclined to tamper with either his own or his son's conscience. He had come to those reasonable years when the forces of the senses and the body retire into the mind. For the evening of a good life brings its lamp with it, and by this light Baron Kelder saw many things clearly that he had not seen at all when his natural sight was keen and undimmed. So, understanding there was no wisdom like silence, he held his peace, and continued his soft, slow walk up and down the room. But his manner was that of one who has examined a subject and decided upon it.

"Our good is what does us good, and we are not innocent if we harm ourselves. I don't think the Almighty objects if we care a little for our own welfare. There is always fever in a jail, and I think, Baron, you and Nathaniel ought to remember that."

"Asa Bevin is very ill with jail fever."

The words cost Nathaniel an effort. He felt that he ought to have spoken of Asa, and of Olivia's desire to go to Appleby, before he discussed the case of De Burg. Now he must suffer — almost righteously — the suspicion sure to follow his belated honesty. Lady Kelder looked quickly at him, and he was still innocent and ingenuous enough to blush for his want of candor.

"Is the Quaker Prideaux sick also?"

"He is well, but he is worn out with nursing both Asa and De Burg."

"Is the Quakeress going to Appleby?"

"'T is yet uncertain. Her aunt is opposed to the journey until the set time arrives. Olivia Prideaux has not yet heard 'the Voice' she waits for."

"Notify the girl by day-dawning that you are going. You will see then that she will hear what she desires to hear. Nathaniel, I would have taken the shame and wrong more easily had you given it to me with honesty. 'T is a most evil journey that De Burg has to be cloak for."

She felt that there was enough of truth in this accusation to warrant it. It gave her a justifiable cause of reproach, and honorable exit from a position hard to maintain. Yet she left the room dissatisfied with herself, and convinced — though she had prevented Nathaniel from convincing her — that her son

was innocent of the deception she affected to believe in.

Silence followed her departure. The baron sat down in his chair and closed his eyes. He had the attitude of a man who, having come near to his journey's end, has ceased to interest himself about the peculiarities of the road. Nathaniel moved away from the table. A servant came in with lights, another carried out the used platters and broken meat. There was not a word spoken, but the silence was a restful one: it made no impression of ill-feeling upon those who were unconcerned in it; it fell upon Nathaniel's fretted heart like a cool shadow.

He was the first to break its spell. "Father, I shall leave early in the morning. To my mother say all for me that you think kind and right."

"Yes, yes. But she loves you, Nathaniel — and she suffers."

"I wish she would not take or make trouble on this subject."

"If she could forget that you are her son, it would be possible. Would you wish it?"

"God forbid! Do you object to my caring for De Burg?"

"I thank you for it. If you go not, then I shall go myself. I was wondering if Mistress Chenage knew of her father's sickness."

"I deem it unlikely. Roger Prideaux would not write to her. There is no one else to do so."

"I will write her a letter to-morrow. Luke Tyson can carry it."

"'T is a kind thought. Since her marriage I have not seen her. Before, 't was a strange day if she was not on Kendal streets."

"I know not Roger Chenage, but his father had an ill name. Hard men are the Chenages — and have been."

He said the words musingly, and Nathaniel did not reply to them. A reluctance to converse, a disposition to reflection, would not be put aside by any matter of conversation. And both men were so frank with themselves and with each other as to admit and welcome this strange central longing for rest. For as the whirlwind has its heart of peace, so the truest life, though in a vortex of wheeling, restless cares, has also its innermost cell into which it retires when it is weary, in order that it may be alone with that — call it by whatever name we will — which is not self.

Nathaniel left Kelderby so early next morning that he was at Sandys in time for breakfast. He had no need to ask for Olivia's decision; the preparations for the journey were evident. Aunt Hannah, a little flustered and worried, with her best dress turned back and pinned at the waist, was giving directions to the servants. The coach was at the door, and two men were packing into it a number of those trivialities without which women do not travel. Olivia soon appeared in a gray duffle dress and cloak, and a hood of black silk upon her head.

"My dear Nathaniel!"

"You are going, then, Olivia?"

"I am sure it is my duty to go."

"Maybe you are a bit opinion-tied in such matters, Olivia. Surely to goodness, if God Almighty wanted some help for Roger and Asa Bevin, he would be as likely to think of a middle-aged woman like Hannah Mettelane as of a slip of a girl who has n't got her full strength yet. And I must say that the Lord has not given me any orders about going to Appleby."

"Didst thou ask him for any, Aunt Hannah?"

"Nay, my dear lass, I did not. I do my day-by-day duty, content with the charge of it. Many shoulders ask for burdens they are n't fit to bear."

"But the cross is not to be passed, Aunt Hannah."

"To be sure it is n't. I never pass a cross that is in my way, Olivia; and I never go out of my way to find a cross. But you take after your father; you cannot be satisfied unless you are helping other people to bear their crosses. There now! say no more. I am ready to go with you, though it is a bit hard to leave a house like this with servants. You know how they go hugger-muggering about, doing naught at all they can help doing, and doing everything wrong they have to put their hands to. However, we must do right, whatever happens, and may we prosper!"

"I think, Mistress Mettelane, that we cannot be wrong in a work of charity and human kindness."

"True, Captain. Charity is a great thing, but there is a deal to be said for the little household graces that never go to church and market, but just stay at home and make a quiet, joyful life possible. Dear me! we should be on the move now. Come, Olivia! We must take time while time is, for time will away."

"I think we shall have a good journey."

"Well, Captain, I think so, too. I always hope for the best, and we never know where a blessing may light. Jeffrey threw his staff this morning when he brought the coach to the door, and it fell the way we are to take,— Appleby way,— and that is a good sign for any journey."

They were making their last preparations as Hannah Mettelane talked. With her pleasant garrulousness she was trying to put aside that sense of leave-taking which, under the circumstances, could not be void of many fears and anxieties; and Olivia perceived and

seconded her kind intention as well as she was able. As she stood tying her hood and cloak, she said:

"John Duttred called last night, Nathaniel, and said many kind things."

"And some that were n't as kind as might have been. But I let him feel that ministers have n't a monopoly of sharp talk, for when he began about the Good Samaritan, I said: 'If I was a minister, John Duttred, I would let that parable lie quiet. It sets ministers in a bad light — it does that!'" And Hannah laughed good-naturedly, and with the laugh put her first foot into the coach.

While the two ladies, accompanied by Nathaniel, traveled the hot, dusty highway which led to Appleby, Luke Tyson was going at a comfortable speed towards Chenage Grange. The baron had given him no special orders to hurry, and Luke was naturally of a grave and deliberate temper. He staid at various farmhouses for a drink of milk, and he had two long religious discussions — one with a Quaker laying a stone wall, and the other with a dreamy Fifth Monarchy fanatic, who was singing "Jerusalem the Golden" as he rode slowly through the ferns and heather of Chenage Moor.

It was about seven in the evening when he reached the Grange. The doors were open, and the sun still above the horizon. But nevertheless the house had a lonely, inhospitable look, and he had to wait several minutes before any servant appeared to inquire his errand. They were all at meat, and pleasantly employed in masticating their mutton and discussing the attitude of their master and mistress to each other, as reported by the old steward Gilbert.

"She be a Tartar, she be that! I wonder Master bides her airs and her tempers as well as he do."

"Master allays speaks middling sharp like to her. He speaks so all day long and every day. As for her temper, it 's past all; and I don't wonder it breeds temper. Master never was a peaceable sort of a fellow. There is somebody halloing, and has been for five minutes. One never can get time to eat a bit of meat and have a comfortable talk without being put about one way or another. Thomas Hodges, go and see whatever that fool is halloing for."

Thomas was detained at least ten minutes, and curiosity was greatly excited. When he returned to the kitchen there were plenty of questions for him to answer.

"Why, Thomas, whatever has been the matter?"

"A letter for Mistress's own hand."

"Who brought it?"

"One of the men from Kelderby."

"'T would be from the young captain, I 'll warrant. He was her servant for long years, and sick with love for her. Stephen of Tiptoe, De Burg's old shepherd, told me that much."

"What did Master say? Out with it, Thomas."

"He said nothing. But lass-a-day! I would n't be Mistress Chenage when he comes to his tongue."

"Had n't you better ask Kelder's man in to a bite? He 'll maybe know what message he brought."

"He is gone. Master bid me send him off, or loose the dogs on him. He went pretty quickly. I say it is hard on us. If ever a caller comes to our gates, it is 'Be off! or the dogs will know the reason why.'"

"I 'd like to hear what 's going on."

"How was Master?"

"A good bit foxed. He had drunk a bottle."

In fact Chenage was so far "foxed" that for a moment or two he did not realize the full importance of Thomas's message. But Anastasia did. Before her husband could collect his sottish senses, she had taken the letter and left the room. Then Chenage could but make inquiries, and give the brutal and inhospitable order which hurried Luke Tyson beyond his boundaries. The door shut, he stood hesitating whether to finish his wine or to follow his wife and take the letter from her.

Really he was beyond hesitation: he had got to a point where he was the slave of the bottle, and he sat down and drew it closer to him. "She has read every cursed word in it by this time," he muttered; "and I will make her give it to me when I am ready for it. I 'll wager a crown it was from Nat Kelder. I 'll say it was, and swear it too! Oh, oh, Mistress! wait till I am ready to read the letter to you. 'T will be a pretty pastime!" And he refilled his glass and drank to the anticipation.

In the mean time Anastasia, having possessed herself of the letter, ran rapidly with it to her room. She bolted the door, and then stood listening with the white paper pressed tightly against her breast. She had the air of a woman prepared to defend it to the last extremity and then destroy it. But as the moments flew by, and there were no blundering, heavy footsteps upon the stairs or corridor, the hunted look died out of her eyes. She sank into a chair, pale and trembling. Her heart beat wildly with hope, and then sickened with the fear of disappointment. She sat gazing at the seal, desiring yet fearing the revelation which would follow the breaking of it.

"If it should be from John!" The writing was not John's writing, and the messenger was not John's messenger, but "if it should be!"

She flushed scarlet with the hopes such a thought bred in her.

The few weeks of married life had made a great change. Fear lurked in the bright darkness of her eyes, and her once gay, thoughtless face had become hard and watchful. Her sunny stream of song was frozen. Her lips had grown unfamiliar with smiles, and she habitually, often very provokingly, took refuge in a stubborn silence. Even her dress had the pathos of apathetic beauty. She delighted in jewels, yet in her present case disdained to wear them. Her brocades and ribbons and laces were out of tone with her mood and surroundings; she could no more adorn herself in them than she could touch the lute or sing her old merry ballads.

This night her dress was of white flax-cloth, falling away from her throat and elbows in cascades of lace; and some remnant of inextinguishable vanity had made her put clove carnations in her bosom. But the gown was crumpled, and it was not as becoming to her as the vivid colors she had been accustomed to wear. She was a tropical bird in the plumage of a sparrow.

With the letter in her hand, and her dark curling hair falling over her white throat and her white garment, she sat still for a few moments, and then suddenly, with a swift movement, broke the seal and spread the open paper before her. It contained so few lines that its address "To Mistress Chenage" and its signature of "Odinel Kelder" met her eyes at the same moment.

To Mistress Chenage: Your father, my cousin, Stephen de Burg, is very ill. I thought you might like to go to him at once. My son Nathaniel left for Appleby this morning. He will care for him in the mean time. With respect and well-wishing, your servant, Odinel Kelder.

That was the burden of it, and oh, how heavy a burden! Anastasia loved her father with her whole heart. She felt as if the wings of a dove would be too slow to carry her to his sick-bed. "My father! my father!" she murmured as she walked restlessly, miserably, about the room, uncertainly planning, because doubtful of all realization of her plans. Her head ached and throbbed; she was soon conquered by sheer physical suffering. It would be impossible to discuss the circumstance with Chenage until the morning, and she resolved to seek in sleep oblivion from her pain and sorrow.

Mechanically, from mere force of habit, she went to her mirror and began to remove her dress before it. She looked with a sad pity at her wan face, and then in a moment her whole expression changed. She had bared her arm and neck, and on the white flesh there were bruises from a brutal hand. She looked steadily at them; she counted every mark; she touched the wounded flesh with a tender hand; and, before she was aware, tears—a slow, heavy rain of tears — fell in pity for her hard fate. When we weep for ourselves we find either self-evolved consolation, or else the idea of retribution grows with magical swiftness under that bitter rain. Retribution! It was the one idea which Anastasia nourished. Everything was made to feed it. She kept a strict account against Roger Chenage. Scorn, insult, cruelty, wrong — every manifestation of them was clear in her memory. One event was to balance all — one event for which she eagerly longed and watched. "When John comes!" These three words were her solace for every indignity.

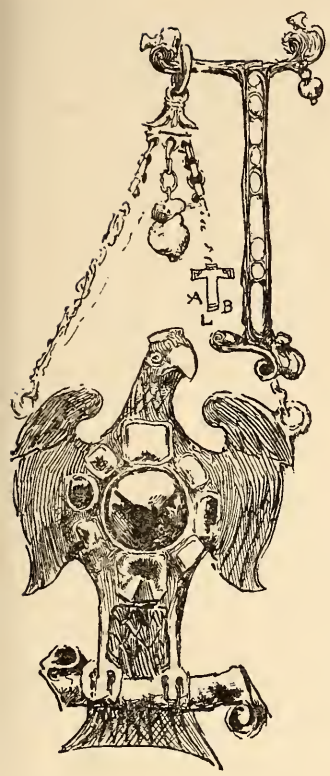
And John was coming quickly; of that she was unquestionably, indisputably convinced. The whistle of the winds in his sails, the rattle of the cordage, the hoarse cries of the sailors — she heard them as she lay dreaming by day and night; and though generally the prophesying cards lay with "delay" and "disappointment," she trusted to the divination of her heart.

So, whether it was the hand or the tongue that struck her, she possessed her soul in such a strange silence as would have rendered any man less stupid than Chenage watchful and suspicious. He made her delicate flesh wince with shameful pain and her hot blood boil with passion, but she pacified the raging soul within her by a whisper pregnant with vengeful retribution — "*When John comes!*"

(To be continued.)

Amelia E. Barr.

CHICKENS FOR USE AND BEAUTY.[1]



THERE has been, during the last quarter of a century, a remarkable improvement in domestic poultry. The motley array of fowls varying in size and color, as uncertain in marking as the pattern of a crazy-quilt, and creating an impression as distinctively unfavorable as that which the ragged followers of Falstaff produced, has given place to well-defined breeds, carefully differentiated into varieties, with colors as rich in hue and as regularly disposed as if laid on by the hand of the artist. The fancier, to whom we are indebted for this wonderful transformation, is indeed an artist, working not in lifeless clay and dead pigments, but in animate bodies and living colors. Under his hand the unattractive has become attractive, ugliness has yielded to beauty. But his work has not ended with this external transformation: the inner and practical qualities have undergone a similar change; productiveness has been increased, weight augmented, fattening power improved. Such fowls as are bred to-day are not only more beautiful but more profitable than those of twenty-five years ago. This increased profitableness has produced a new industry — the raising of chickens and eggs for market as a sole employment. With the old-time fowls such an industry would have been folly, but with the modern fowl it has proved a success. This improvement in external characteristics and useful qualities has been made possible through that mysterious power of indefinite variation which the hen possesses. Fanciers by employing this power, by carefully studying to preserve every beneficial and to avoid every injurious variation, by studying to mate so as to increase desirable variations, have with patient and persevering effort molded to their will the modern domestic fowl.

That all the distinct varieties of the domestic hen, differing in size, color, and particular characteristics, should be descendants of a common ancestor, the *Gallus bankivus*, at first seems incredible. To this conclusion, however, the best informed naturalists have come. It is true that the almost infinite plasticity of the chicken, even at the present day, after it has been sought to fix its characteristics by careful selection through many generations, prepares the mind to accept more readily the scientific conclusion of a common origin. The *Gallus bankivus* is a bird of compact form, broad across the back and shoulders, with an erect carriage, protruding breast, and tail borne nearly horizontal, the tips of the sickle-feathers barely clearing the ground. The plumage is abundant, and the hackles, or feathers of the neck, and upper tail-coverts are linear, pointed, and drooping. The head and face are bare, the comb is high and serrated, two wattles depend from the base of the bill, and similar but smaller excrescences exist under each ear. The colors of the males are: upon the head and neck bright orange, fading to pale and golden towards the back; upon the back a rich, deep vinous rust color; the tail-coverts fiery orange, golden tipped; the tail, upper coverts, and sickle-feathers black with a green gloss; wing-coverts like the back, but the last two rows black with a green gloss; the secondaries of the wing chestnut on the outer or exposed web and dusky within; the primaries dusky; and all the lower parts black. The plumage of the female is more somber — the neck golden or tawny, every feather centered with brownish-black, all the upper parts of a burnt umber, and all the under parts reddish-brown. The general aspect and characteristics of the *Gallus bankivus* are closely preserved among its domesticated descendants in the black-breasted red game fowl, of the pit or fighting type. In size the wild fowl is about midway between the ordinary pit fowl and the game Bantam.

So great a difference in appearance and so great a similarity in qualities exist among the domesticated descendants of the *Gallus bankivus*, that any classification of breeds must be considered a matter rather of convenience than of scientific exactness. If it is sought to divide the varieties into two classes, the useful and the ornamental, such classification will necessarily be imperfect, for all the useful varieties are

[1] The illustrations in this article are from photographs of birds belonging to Thomas W. Ludlow, Esq.

more or less ornamental, and all the ornamental varieties are, at least to some degree, useful. Yet such a classification is serviceable, as leading to a more comprehensive grasp of the subject. The first class, the useful chickens, may be subdivided into three minor classes, the first embracing those varieties which are the most prolific layers; the second, those which are deemed the best for the table; and the third, those which combine the qualities of the two former divisions, are at once good layers and good as table poultry, and are often designated "general purpose fowls." The first of these divisions is the choice of those whose primary object in poultry-keeping is the production of eggs for market; the second, of those who desire to raise the finest dressed poultry; and the third, of those who keep fowls for the supply of their own tables. In the ornamental class are included those breeds which are admired for the symmetry of their forms, the beauty of their plumage, or the oddity of their appearance. The most prolific layers are found among the Spanish or Mediterranean breeds, a group of fowls possessing in common (with a single exception noted below) the following characteristics: a high single comb, deeply serrated, which in the male is erect and in the female droops to one side; long, pendulous wattles; white ear-lobes; a full, round breast, carried prominently forward; a rather long and slender body; a full, upright tail, which in the male is furnished with long, flowing sickle-feathers; and a nervous, restless disposition, which makes them, when at liberty, excellent foragers, and thus economical to keep. Whether these characteristics have been developed by careful selection, or whether they are the result of climate and surroundings, is not known. There are traditions, more or less misty, that the monks who inhabited the ancient monasteries in the countries bordering upon the Mediterranean were ardent poultry-fanciers, and that to their skillful breeding is due the uniformity of type of the chickens of this region; but the foundations for such traditions are at best uncertain. It is more probable that the characteristics in question result from natural causes acting through long stretches of time; for we know that in warm climates there is always a tendency to increase in the size of combs and wattles, and to a profuse plumage, and it is reasonable to suppose that this tendency, operating for many centuries, would produce spontaneously most of the characteristics of the Mediterranean group. Nature is quite as skillful and original a breeder as man; and though she usually works more slowly, she produces more permanent results.

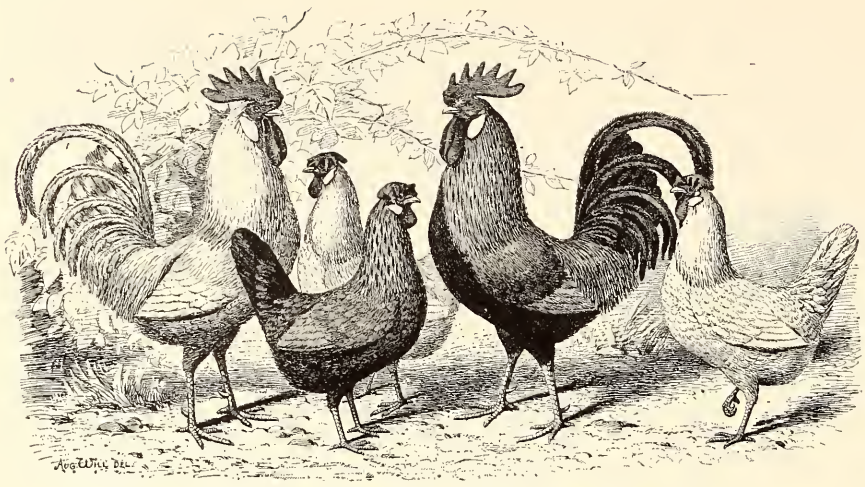
The Mediterranean group includes the White-faced Black Spanish, the Minorcas, the Andalusian, and the Leghorns. The White-faced Black Spanish is a tall fowl, with long, clean, dark legs, a plumage of intense black, and a white face, covering the space about the eyes, and extending down the sides of the head for a considerable distance, giving it a strange and weird look. For many years it enjoyed the distinction not only of being a very prolific layer, but of producing the largest eggs of any recognized variety of chicken. Of late, owing to the efforts of fanciers to increase the size and improve the quality of the white face,— in which they have been remarkably successful,— the useful qualities of the breed have been lost sight of, and its economic value has steadily declined. Poultry-fanciers have a strong leaning towards the extreme of development; and in securing that they sometimes forget more practical qualities. From the Black Spanish have from time to time come snow-white specimens ("sports"), and by some breeders these have been preserved as the foundation of a new variety. The tendency of black plumage to become transmuted into white is a familiar but little understood fact in breeding. White sports have appeared occasionally from other colors; but such sports are generally traceable to a reversion, and point to a white ancestor not many generations back. But among black fowls, whose pedigree has been carefully preserved for a long period of time, and which have had no opportunity for mixing with other colors, white sports are more common than among fowls of any other color. The White Spanish have never attained any great popularity, and probably never will, for the startling contrast between the color of the face and that of the plumage, which is the distinguishing mark of the black variety, is, of course, wanting in the Whites.

The Minorcas, of which there are two varieties, the Black and the White, in general characteristics closely resemble the Spanish, and indeed were known, many years ago, as Red-faced Spanish. They differ chiefly in having the white on the face confined to the ear-lobe, or deaf ear, and in being rather shorter in leg and heavier in body than the Spanish. This breed has but recently been imported into the United States, though it has long been highly prized in England as furnishing great layers.

The Andalusian might without impropriety be called a blue Minorca. Its plumage is of a slaty blue,— a somewhat rare color in fowls,— each feather having around the outer edge a delicate lacing of a darker shade of blue, sometimes nearly or quite black. The hackle and saddle feathers are usually darker than the under parts,— in the cock being sometimes glossy black,— and often show purple reflections in the sunlight.

SILVER-SPANGLED HAMBURGS.

The most widespread and popular breed of chickens in the Mediterranean class is the Leghorn, so named from the Italian port from which the fowls were first exported. The earliest importation into this country was of the Brown, then called Red, Leghorns, by Mr. N. P. Ward of New York City, about the year 1835. The chicks bred from this importation were scattered among Mr. Ward's friends, and soon became hopelessly mixed with the common fowls of the country. In 1852 a second importation of Brown Leghorns was made, the fowls being brought to Mystic, Connecticut; and during the next year a third importation came to the same place. With the importations of 1852 and 1853 the history of the Leghorn in the United States really begins. It was not until 1858, when the so-called "Lord importation," and 1863, when the "Stetson birds" arrived, that the White Leghorn made its appearance. The chickens of the Lord importation had, it is said, white legs like White Minorcas, and it is possible that they were Minorcas and not Leghorns; but the Stetson birds had the yellow legs and the trim bodies which are now recognized as characteristic of the Leghorn. England, though she has contributed not a few varieties of fowls to this country, is indebted to the United States for the Leghorn, having imported the White variety from here in 1870 and the Brown two years later. The Leghorn breed includes six varieties: four with single combs, Brown, White, Black, and Dominique or Cuckoo; and two with rose-combs, Brown and White. The rose-comb is an anomaly among the Mediterranean breeds, and many have held it to be evidence of a recent cross. There is little doubt that many so-called rose-combed Leghorns were produced by crossing the single-combed Leghorn with the Hamburg, which has the rose-comb, but there is unimpeachable testimony that rose-combed chicks appeared among the earliest broods from imported Leghorns. Whether this indicates a reversion to a long-forgotten cross with a rose-combed ancestor, or whether it is merely a noteworthy instance of variation, we cannot determine; but the fact justifies the breeders of rose-combed Leghorns in asserting the purity of their fowls. The Brown variety is of the typical Game or *Gallus bankivus* coloring, the male having hackle and saddle of a brilliant red or orange, with a black stripe through the middle of every feather; dark red back; black breast, body, and tail; and a glossy black bar across the wings. The female is of a brown hue over the greater part of the body, the feathers being finely penciled, and has a deep-



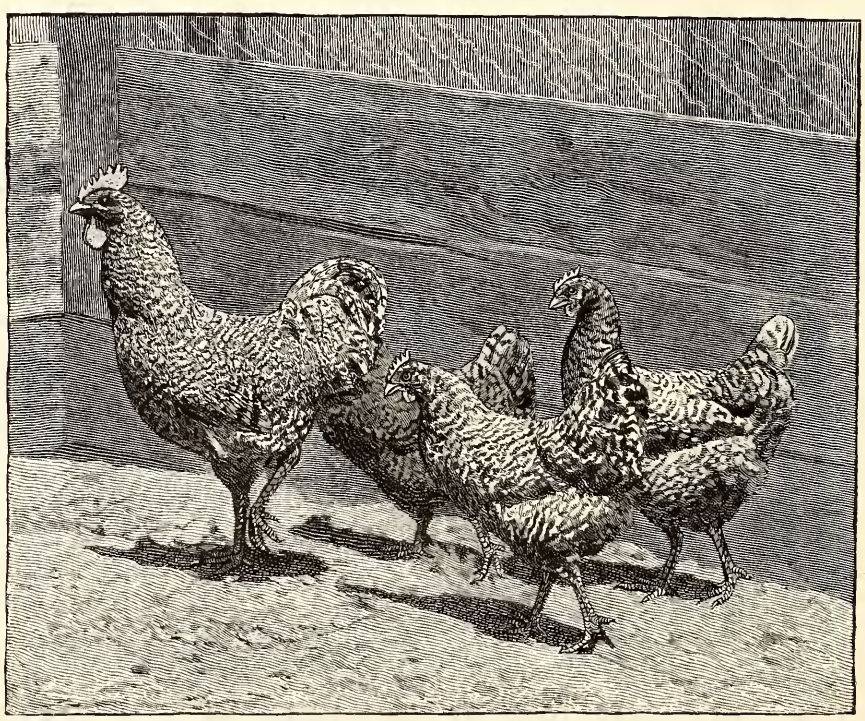
SINGLE-COMBED BROWN AND WHITE LEGHORNS.

salmon breast. The White and Black Leghorns are solid-colored birds, though the males of the Whites have a tendency to show a yellow tinge upon the upper parts — a tendency which is found in all white-plumaged fowls having yellow legs and skin. The plumage of the Dominique or Cuckoo Leghorn looks, at a distance, as if made up of alternate bars of two shades of blue; but upon examining the separate feathers the body color is found to be a grayish white, crossed by transverse bars of black. The rose-combed varieties differ from the single-combed only in the character of the combs.

Ranking next or even superior to the Mediterranean class as egg-producers stands the graceful Hamburg family. The Hamburg proves the impossibility of an exact classification of chickens upon economic grounds, for it is not only one of the most useful but also one of the most ornamental of domestic fowls. This family includes two breeds: the Hamburg with its six varieties, Golden and Silver-Spangled, Golden and Silver-Penciled, Black and White; and the Red-cap. The Hamburg family is characterized by rose-combs, slender, clean-cut bodies, and well-developed tails. It has masqueraded under a great variety of names, such as Penciled Dutch, Everlasting Layers, Dutch Everyday Layers, Chitteprats, Bolton Grays, Creoles, Corals, Creels, Bolton Bays, Silver Pheasants, Silver Mooneys, Silver Moss, Golden Pheasants, Golden Mooneys, Copper Moss, and the like; but, under whatever name, it has always won a host of admirers. The Hamburgs have an authentic history reaching back three centuries, and a mythical one that connects them with the "Morning Star" of English song. Chaucer, in "The Nun's Tale," describes with considerable detail a fowl which may have been a Hamburg:

His coomb was redder than the fyn coral,
And batailled as it were a castel wal;
His byle was blak, and as the jeet it shoon;
Lyk asure were hise legges and his toon;
Hise nayles whiter than the lylye flour,
And lyk the burned gold was his colour.

Whether this description should be applied to the Hamburg or to a game fowl, it is certain that the celebrated naturalist Aldrovandi, who wrote in Latin some three hundred years ago, was familiar with the breed, which he describes under the name of *Gallina turcica*. "The cock whose likeness we give," he says, "is called the Turkish cock. His whole body is in a manner inclined to white. Still, the wing feathers are partly black. The tail consists of feathers that are partly green, partly black; some, also, are half green, some half black. His whole body is exquisitely adorned with lines that are sometimes golden, sometimes silver, and it is wonderful how beautiful an effect this produces. His legs and feet are tinged with blue. The hen, which also is



SINGLE-COMBED BARRED PLYMOUTH ROCKS.

called Turkish, is all white, sprinkled over with black spots; she has the feet tinged with blue, and the wattles short when compared with those of the male. Another hen presents the same appearance, except that her neck is yellowish; she carries a sharp point on the top of her head, her feet are altogether blue, and her tail is immaculate."

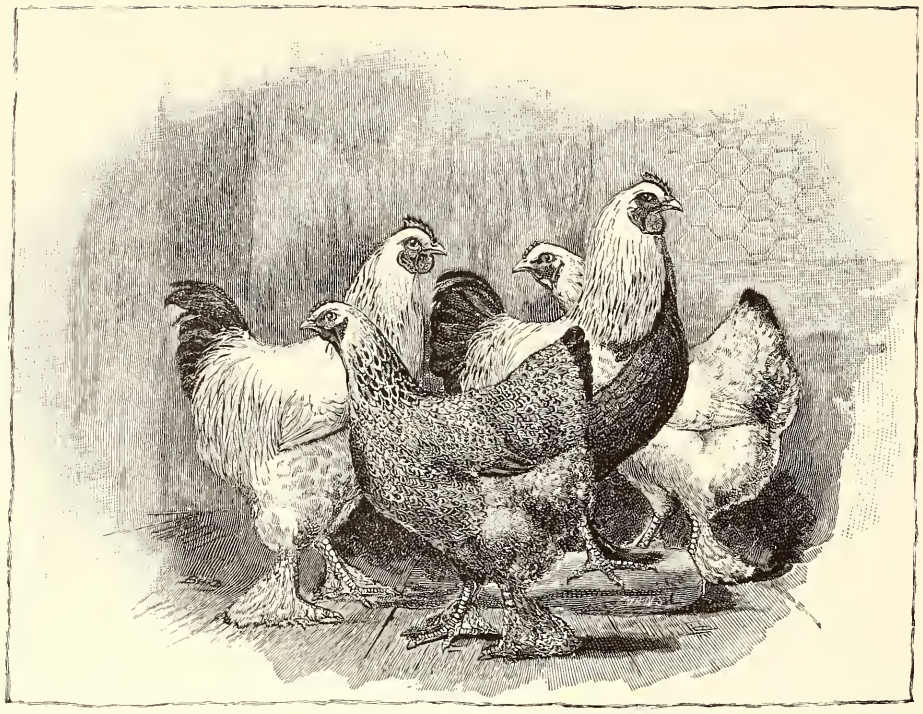
Tested by the standards of to-day, this description is somewhat confused; yet it presents a union of Hamburg characteristics — the lines of penciling, the spots or spangles, the silver or golden colors, the blue legs, the projecting spike or point of the rose-comb.

HOUDANS.

At the date of our author, it is hardly to be expected either that descriptions of fowls should be strictly accurate, or that the modern varieties of a breed of chickens could be definitely differentiated; but a century later both results had been accomplished. The old breeders in Lancashire and Yorkshire established exhibitions of their Hamburgs, at which they competed for prizes consisting of copper kettles and other useful household articles, and they reduced the points of excellence to be prized in their fowls to a carefully written description, thus anticipating the poultry-show and the "Standard of Excellence for Exhibition Poultry" of our day.

The Penciled Hamburgs were probably perfected in Holland, while the Spangled varieties are clearly of English origin. In size the Blacks take the lead, and the Penciled are the smallest. Originally the Penciled varieties were of a somewhat finer build than the others, but since all have been brought under a common name, and thus more closely associated with one another, they have been brought to a nearly uniform shape. The Penciled varieties show either a silvery-white or a golden-bay ground-color, both varieties being similarly marked. The male bird is nearly uniform in color throughout, except the tail, which is black, the sickles and coverts having a narrow edging of the ground-color. The females have the neck free from markings, the remainder of the plumage being penciled, or marked transversely, with narrow black lines at right angles to the shaft of the feather, and forming together nearly parallel bars about the body of the fowl. In the Spangled variety the male has a beautifully spangled breast, a slightly striped hackle and saddle, a double bar across the wings, and in the Golden Hamburg a black tail, while the Silver cock has a white tail with a black moon or spangle at the end of every feather. The females have a striped hackle and the remainder of the plumage handsomely spangled. The White and Black Hamburgs are of a pure, solid color, though spangles are marked on the Blacks by greater glossiness of the tips of the feathers. The Red-cap, so called from the excessive development of its comb, which resembles a red cap, and is often so large as to hang to one side in a manner which for a fowl is not at all jaunty, has long been a favorite in Derbyshire and other districts of England, although it is one of the most recent additions to American poultry-yards. Some twenty or twenty-five years ago there were importations of this breed, but, like the earliest importations of the Leghorn, these became intermingled with other fowls, and soon disappeared. In general appearance the Red-cap resembles a Golden Spangled Hamburg of poor color, its body-color being less rich and its markings less regular. It is probable that it stands to the Golden Spangled Hamburg in the relationship of a descendant or an ancestor — more probably the latter. It is considerably larger than the Hamburg, which it equals in the number and surpasses in the size of its eggs. Such popularity as it enjoys has been won not by its appearance, but by its excellent reputation as a layer.

Among the fowls most prized for their table qualities there are none that surpass the Dorking and the Indian — or, as it is sometimes called,



DARK AND LIGHT BRAHMAS.

the Cornish Indian—Game. The Dorking, whose name comes from the old market town in Surrey where great numbers of this fowl are annually reared, has been for generations the model of all that is desirable in a table fowl. A volume might be made up of quotations in praise of this breed. Mr. Baily, an experienced London poultry judge, says:

> There is no breed to be compared with the Dorking, which unites in itself, more than any other, all the properties requisite for supplying the table. . . . There is a natural tendency in the breed to fatten, so that the young ones are made to attain to eight or nine pounds weight, and at table they surpass all others in symmetry of shape and whiteness and delicacy of flesh.

The editor of the "Agricultural Gazette" commended Mr. Baily "in his endeavor to bring us back to Dorkings and common sense." The Rev. E. S. Dixon, in speaking of the excellence of this breed, said:

> The breeder and the farmer's wife behold with delight their broad breast, the small proportion of offal, and the large quantity of profitable flesh. The cockerels may be brought to considerable weights, and the flavor and appearance of the meat are inferior to none.

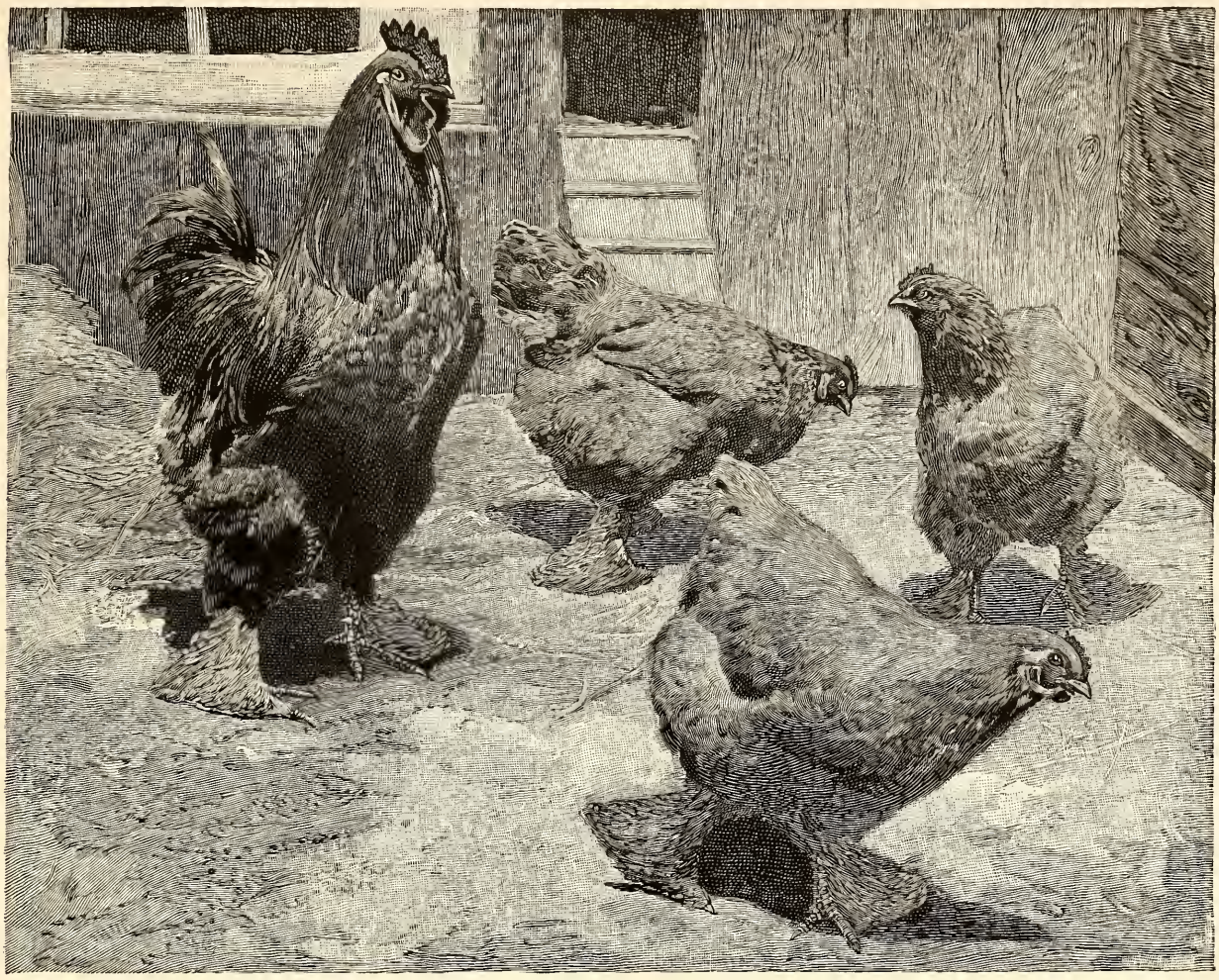
The Dorking boasts of great antiquity. The Latin writer Columella describes a fowl to which the admirers of this breed point as proof that the Dorking antedates English civilization—that before William the Conqueror the Dorking had won popularity, and that along with the conquering cohorts of Cæsar the equally victorious fowl invaded Britain. Columella's description will certainly pass if applied to this famous breed. "Let them," he says, "be of reddish or dark plumage, with black wings. . . . Let the breeding hens be of robust body, square-built, full-breasted, with large heads, and upright and bright-red combs. . . . Those bred with five toes are held to be the best." There are, however, skeptics, of the ruthless mold of those who have already destroyed many of the cherished illusions of our younger days, who would have us believe that this supposedly ancient breed of Dorkings is little more than a century old, and that it originated, not in Rome, but in England, not far from the quiet little town which gives it its name.

No better brief description of this fowl has been written than that of Mr. Lewis Wright, the author of one of the most comprehensive books on poultry.

> The body should be deep and full, the breast being protuberant and plump, especially in the cock, whose breast, as viewed sideways, ought to form a right angle with the lower part of his body. Both back and breast must be broad, the latter showing no approach to hollowness, and the entire general make full and plump, but neat and compact.

There are four varieties of the Dorking: the Colored, which is the largest, the Silver Gray, the Cuckoo, and the White, which is the smallest. The Colored and the Silver Gray bear a close resemblance to each other, the chief difference being that the latter throughout is lighter in plumage. The Colored male has a white hackle and saddle striped with black, a black-and-white back, a black breast, body, and tail, and a wing with a broad black bar. The female is of a dark reddish-brown marked with black, and has a deep salmon breast. The Colored variety is bred with either single or rose combs, the Silver Gray with single-combs only, and the White with rose-combs only. The Cuckoos are barred with white-and-black like the Cuckoo Leghorn. All varieties have a white or flesh-colored leg, and five toes upon each foot. The Indian Game is with us a much more modern breed, having come into notice in America only within the last two or three years, though it has been extensively bred in England for a longer period. The first fowls of this breed were imported into the

United States in 1887. At the great English poultry exhibitions, the Indian Game, whether bred pure or crossed upon some other fowl, has for the last two or three years won all, or nearly all, of the prizes in the department of dressed poultry, a practical department which intense black. The feathers are short, hard, and glossy, and in the sunlight gleam like precious stones. The female is of a rich, warm brown body-color, beautifully penciled with V-shaped black markings that appear as if embossed, and are scarcely less iridescent than



BUFF COCHINS.

always forms one of the chief exhibits in foreign poultry-shows. It has the requisites of the best table-fowl — size, reaching the weight of nine or ten pounds; a thin, delicate skin; a plump, meaty carcass; great breast development; and, what is of prime importance to the American poultryman, shanks of a rich yellow color. It may seem ridiculous that the color of the legs should affect the sale of dressed poultry; but the mind of the American housewife is wedded to the yellow shank, and for some inscrutable reason she regards it as evidence of superior quality of flesh. The Indian Game is not only a thoroughly practical but also a very beautiful fowl. It is graceful in shape, having a symmetrical body supported by stout legs, a finely carried neck, and a somewhat drooping tail. The male has a black hackle, every feather having a crimson shaft; a crimson-and-black back and saddle; a handsome wing, with black bar and chestnut wing-bay; and the remainder of the plumage of an the plumage of the male. A flock of hens of this breed might be mistaken at a distance for a covey of English pheasants, the plumage being very similar.

Among the table-fowls are also to be classed the French breeds: the crested and bearded Houdan, with its mottled plumage of black and white; the large, somber Crèvecœur, with its solid black garments; and the La Flèche, with its antlered comb — "a long, weird, hob-goblin-looking bird," a veritable nightmare among fowls. In their native land these three breeds enjoy an immense popularity; in this country such claim can be made for the Houdan alone, this fowl being hardy, well formed, an excellent layer of remarkably large white eggs, and very quaint in appearance from the large size of its crest and muff of feathers. At one time the Crèvecœurs had a little popularity; but owing to their slow growth, at least in America, this has gradually approached the vanishing point, and until recent importations

we have had no La Flèche fowls worthy of the name. There are now a few in the country which, if the climate proves suitable for their best development, may form a valuable addition to the table poultry of the United States. Among the "general purpose" fowls, the varieties belonging to the American and Asiatic classes take first rank. Their combination of practical qualities assures them the favor of poultrymen and farmers. The American does not despise beauty, but he worships utility. A chicken that is good for laying and also good to eat is his ideal; and in these two classes he finds such chickens. An examination of the records of the various poultry exhibitions, of the advertisements of poultry-breeders in their special publications, and of the poultry-yards in almost any locality, will convince any one that it is within the bounds of truth to say that there are more chickens belonging to these two classes bred in the United States than of all the other classes together.

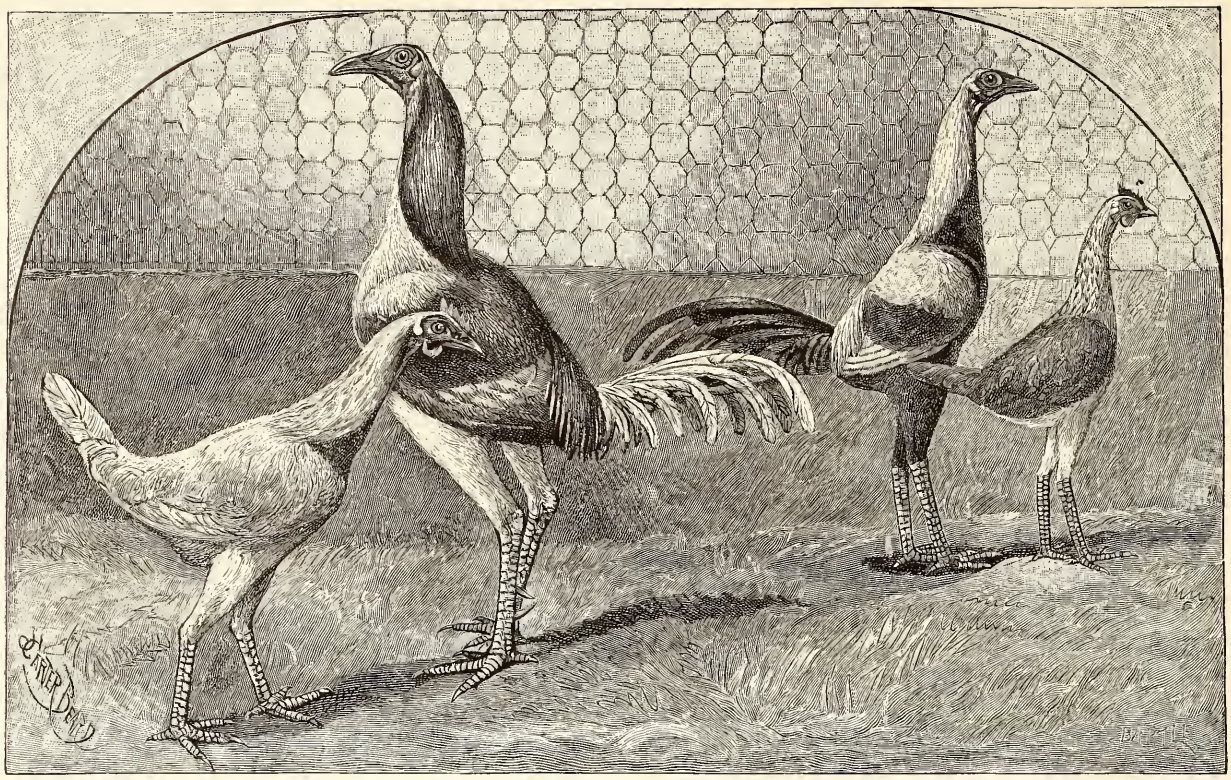
The American class includes five acknowledged breeds and twelve varieties: the Plymouth Rock, with its single-combed Barred, pea-combed Barred, and White varieties; the Wyandottes, Silver, Golden, White, and Black; the Javas, Black, Mottled, and White; the American Dominique; and the Jersey Blue. Of these breeds the Plymouth Rock is perhaps the most popular, though this rank is closely contested by the Wyandotte. The original Plymouth Rock was the variety now called the Barred, and was bred with a single comb. It originated in a cross of a Dominique male and Black Java females, though to increase size and improve color other crosses were subsequently used. It was at first hailed with derision, designated as "the great American Mongrel," and furiously opposed by those whose pecuniary interests lay in other breeds; but it steadily advanced in favor, and soon compelled even its opponents to accept it. No other new breed of chickens has ever won and maintained through a long course of years so great and so constantly increasing popularity. From this fowl the pea-combed variety appeared as a sport, and a few breeders, recognizing the advantage of the small, low triple comb, especially for those sections of the country where the winter weather hugs the zero point for a considerable period, made use of this variation to establish a new variety. Similarly the White variety was an offshoot from the original stock.

The original Wyandotte is the variety now distinguished as the Silver, a compact, well-made fowl, having a rose-comb and plumage of a white ground heavily laced with black. It is a cross-bred fowl, as is abundantly shown by the uncertainty of breeding of the earlier specimens, and by the wide variation even now in the color of young chicks; but who made the original crosses, or what they were, no man can say with certainty. Yet the breeds that enter into the make-up of the Wyandotte can be guessed at, and a skillful breeder could reproduce a type of fowl like the Wyandotte if it should suddenly be destroyed. There can be no doubt that the Dark Brahma and the Silver Spangled Hamburg, and very possibly the Silver Sebright Bantam, have contributed to the composition of this useful breed. From the Silver Wyandotte came as sports, and at least in some strains as the result of crossing, the White and the Black varieties. The Golden Wyandotte, which is the counterpart of the Silver, with a rich yellow or golden bay body-color in place of the white, is confessedly a cross-breed, having been produced from a union of the Silver Wyandotte and the "Winnebago," a fowl of the black-red Game type of plumage. Crosses also of the Golden Spangled and Golden Penciled Hamburg, and of the Partridge Cochin, with the Silver Wyandotte, have been used to produce Golden Wyandottes.

In the Java breed the Black was the original variety. This color, in the modern Java, has been obtained in certainly two, and perhaps in more, ways. In some instances it marks the direct descendant of the old-fashioned Black Java, the fowl that entered into the making of the Plymouth Rock; while in other cases it has undoubtedly come from the black chicks which were at first common among broods of Plymouth Rocks. The Mottled Java was bred from a Black Java cock and a white hen of no known breed, but which possessed the general characteristics of the Java. From both the Black and the Mottled Javas the white variety has been obtained. The Java differs from its near relative, the Plymouth Rock, chiefly in being longer in body and having in the males a more fully developed tail. At present it is required by the Standard to have a willow leg instead of the yellow leg which is characteristic of the Plymouth Rock. The Dominique is one of the oldest of American varieties, and is, in an improved form, the old "hawk-colored" fowl that used to be largely kept by New England farmers. As now bred, its plumage resembles that of the Plymouth Rock; it has a well-developed rose-comb, yellow legs, and is about a pound lighter in weight than the Plymouth Rock. The Jersey Blue, although but recently recognized as a worthy breed by the American Poultry Association, which establishes the Standard, is one of the oldest in the American class. In shape it is like the Plymouth Rock, though its neck is somewhat longer and less arched; in color it is blue, having plumage almost identical with that of the Andalusian.

SILVER (LACED) WYANDOTTES.

The Asiatic class includes the Brahmas, Light and Dark; the Cochins, Buff, Partridge, Black, and White; and the Langshans, Black and White. In this class are found the heaviest known varieties of chickens, the Light Brahma being the largest of all. Fowls weighing twelve or thirteen pounds are common, while, in exceptional cases, fourteen or fifteen pounds, and even greater weights, have been obtained. The origin of the Light Brahma has provoked a wordy war of an international character, Mr. George P. Burnham of Melrose, Massachusetts,—who, by the way, at one time presented to Queen Victoria a coop of these fowls, which her Majesty graciously acknowledged by the gift of her portrait,—and Mr. Lewis Wright of London, taking the most prominent part in the controversy. A ridiculous mouse was born from the labor of these mountains; for the facts concerning the origin of the Light Brahma were carefully collected and sifted, not by the controversialists, but by Mr. H. H. Stoddard of Hartford, Connecticut. The Light Brahma was found to be descended from some fowls brought to New York, and from thence, in 1847, to Hartford, by Mr. Charles Knox; in 1848 they were bred in Hartford by Mr. Nelson Chamberlain; they were first exhibited in 1851 at the hall of the Fitchburg Railroad Station, Boston, by Mr. Samuel O. Hatch of Franklin, Massachusetts; and the first ever seen in England were sent from America in the fall of 1852, having been selected by Mr. C. C. Plaisted from a stock owned by Dr. John C. Bennett. The original specimens were believed to have



RED PYLE AND SILVER DUCK-WING EXHIBITION GAMES.

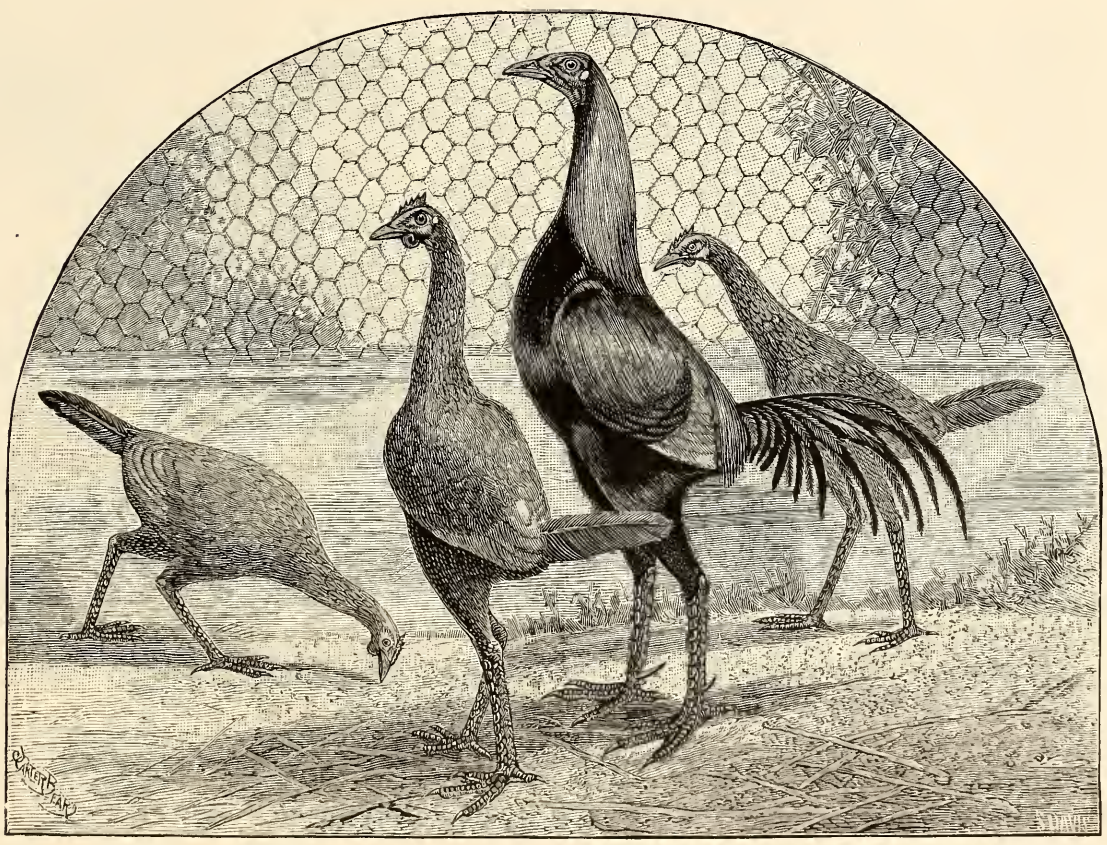
come from some Asiatic port, but what port is not known. From what seem to the writer reliable data, he does not hesitate to state, as his opinion, that the whole Asiatic family is of Chinese origin. That some of the present family have come directly from China is known, and the whole family possesses in common many distinct characteristics, as large size, profuse feathering upon the bodies, abundance of fluff, feathering upon the shanks and toes, and a quiet and contented, or somewhat sluggish, disposition. All lay large eggs of various shades of brown.

The Brahmas are distinguished from the other Asiatic breeds by having a pea-comb and a somewhat less compact build, and they are in general better layers and foragers than the Cochins. The Light Brahma is mainly white in color, the neck and saddle of the male having a heavy black stripe in each feather, and the tail and the wing feathers being in part black. The female has the same markings, with the exception of the black stripe on the saddle-feathers; but in her the black is less prominent. The Dark Brahma in shape and size is intermediate between the Light Brahma and the Cochins, partaking of the characteristics of both. This is not strange, for the Partridge Cochin was employed as a cross to perfect the beautiful pencilings in the plumage of the Dark Brahma female. The Dark Brahma, in spite of its beauty, is a less popular variety in the United States than the Light Brahma — perhaps from the great skill in breeding required to produce it in perfection. The male, with his silver hackle striped with black, his solid black breast, and his handsomely barred "duck-wings," is certainly a handsome fowl; but the steel-gray robe of the female is even more to be admired for the chaste but exquisite marking of every feather. The Cochins are the shortest in neck, shortest in body, shortest in tail, and shortest in limb of any chickens in proportion to their size. The plumage is long and soft; the fluff abundant, giving a very broad appearance to the rear; and the feathers of the back, especially of the hen, rise in a concave mass and nearly bury the tail from sight. The Buff variety is the most "Cochin of the Cochins," and has a rich golden color throughout, usually deeper in the male than in the female. The Partridge Cochin is of the typical black-red or *Gallus bankivus* coloring, the male having red as the prevalent color on his upper parts and black on the under parts. The Partridge female is of a rich brown heavily penciled with a darker brown or black, the pencilings following concentrically the outline of the feather. The White and Black Cochins are fluffy masses of their respective colors. The Langshan, the smallest member of the Asiatic family, long held to be merely a Black Cochin, but now recognized as a distinct breed, has been bred to three distinct types, besides numerous intermediate gradations. At first the Cochin type appeared, and lent force to the arguments of those who contended for the identity of Langshan and Cochin; then came a high-tailed, long-legged, slack-breasted type; and finally, what is recognized abroad, and

probably will be here, as the true type, a fowl having a symmetry approaching that of the Hamburg, and thus longer and more slender of body than the other Asiatics. The Langshan has longer wings, better powers of flight, greater pugnacity, a more restless disposition, and is a better forager than any other of the Asiatics. Like other black breeds, it occasionally produces a white chicken, and White Langshans have recently been seen at some Eastern poultry exhibitions, and announced as well on the Pacific coast as imported direct from the Langshan ("Wolf Mountain") region of China. The Asiatic family, being very warmly feathered, are generally the best layers we have in the colder months of the year, and, if killed at the proper age, make fairly good table-poultry. The Langshan, while objectionable to Americans as a market fowl on account of the dark color of its plumage and legs, is exceptionally good eating, the flesh being of about the same quality as that of the Houdan.

Among the more distinctly ornamental fowls there is no breed that possesses more admirers, and upon which more thought, time, and money have been lavished, than the Games. Hundreds of dollars have, time and again, been paid for a single remarkably perfect specimen, and it is not certain but that it is cheaper to buy such a specimen, even at the extravagant price, than to undertake to obtain one like it by the slow process of breeding; for, though no variety reproduces itself with greater fidelity than the Games, the finest of them have been produced by but very few men, and even by them only at infrequent intervals. The earlier history of the Game fowl is a history of the cock-pit, once a favorite resort of royalty and nobility, and even supported at public expense by the states of ancient Greece for the lessons of courage and endurance it was believed to offer, but now justly under the ban of the law; and this history is interesting to the fancier of Exhibition Games only as the record of the ancestral stock from which his favorites spring. The times have passed when monarchs and bishops associated with "broken-nosed Bobs," and when assemblages from the most diverse ranks and orders of society were entertained by such songs as—

The main is fought and passed,
And the pit is empty now—
Some cocks have crowed their last,
While some more loudly crow,
From the shock!
In the world the same we see,



BLACK-BREASTED RED EXHIBITION GAMES.

Where'er our wanderings be,
So here 's a health to thee, jolly cock!

And with these times has waned the renown of the fowl to which the poet attributed the

Spirit that can dare
The deadliest form that death can take,
And dare it for the daring's sake.

The Pit Game, it is true, survives, and in some parts of this country, especially in the South, is extensively bred, but in the pens of English and American fanciers it has been displaced by a fowl more elegant in shape, more brilliant in coloring, and more accurate in marking. The Exhibition Game differs greatly from the Pit fowl. The latter is comparatively short in leg, with a full, flowing tail and an abundant hackle. The Exhibition bird is tall, slender, very erect in carriage, with very short, hard, and glistening plumage, and a small, close tail, carried low. Length of leg and neck

back is flaming orange; the breast is black, with a brownish-red shaft and a narrow golden margin or lacing to the feathers. The female has a lemon-colored hackle, darkly striped, and is almost black in the remainder of the plumage, the best specimens having the breast lightly but distinctly laced with gold.

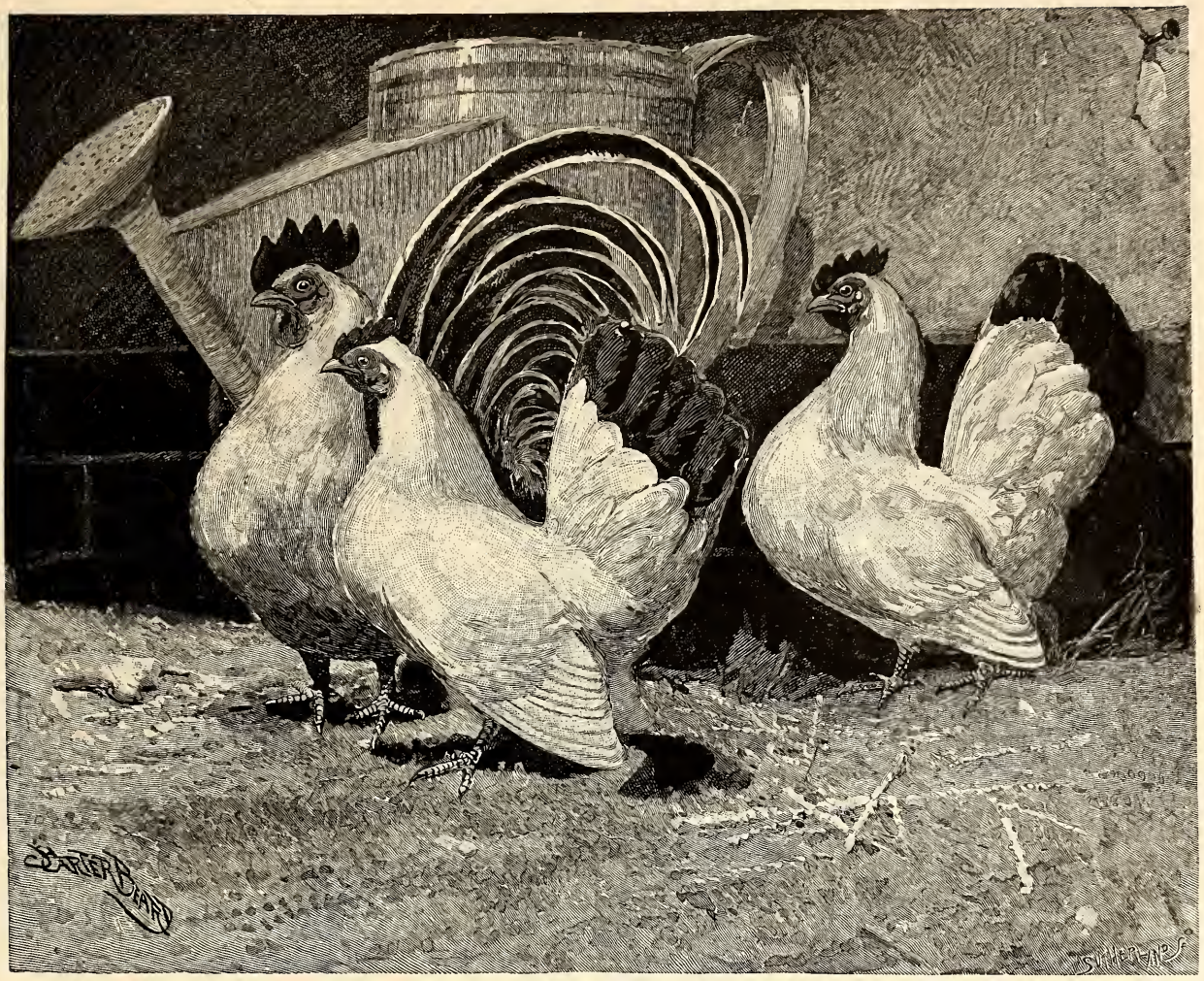
The Red Pyle Game cock has an orange-red head and hackle, crimson back, white breast, somewhat marked with chestnut, crimson wings, with a white transverse bar, and a white tail; the hen has an orange-red head, a white hackle laced with gold, a dark salmon breast,

WHITE-CRESTED BLACK POLISH.

are characteristics much sought. Hackle and saddle feathers must be very short and close.

The Black-breasted Red Game is at once the most popular and the most typical variety. It has reached the highest development of form, and possesses the richest combination of colors. The hackle of the male looks almost like spun silk of an orange or light-red hue, the back is of a rich red, the breast is jet black, and the wings are dark red, traversed by an iridescent bar of black. The female is mainly of a somewhat grayish-brown hue, with a salmon breast. The Brown Red Game presents in coloring a glittering combination of black and gold. The hackle of the male is red, shading to lemon, and striped lightly with black; the white wings slightly marked with chestnut, and a white tail.

The Duck-wing Games, so named because the metallic blue-black bar across the wing rivals in beauty that upon the wing of the Mallard drake, are of two varieties, the Silver and the Golden. The females are much alike, except that the Silver is somewhat the lighter in shade. The Silver male has a silvery hackle, saddle, and back, a glossy black breast, a silvery wing, with its distinctive blue-black bar, and a black tail. The Golden male is like the Silver in the arrangement of color, but the silvery white gives place to a light yellow or straw color upon the neck and saddle, and to a rich copper hue upon the back and wing-bows.



BLACK-TAILED WHITE JAPANESE BANTAMS.

The Duck-wing Games are among the most beautiful of domestic fowls, but in America they have never been brought to the perfection of form attained by the Black-breasted Red variety. In this, English fanciers are considerably in advance of us.

The Black and the White Games complete the list of American varieties of this breed; though in England other varieties also are cultivated, as the Wheatens and Ginger-Reds.

The Black Sumatra is a fowl of lower station than the Game, having a low "strawberry" comb, and full, soft plumage. The tail is very long and sweeping, and the plumage throughout is brilliantly iridescent. The cock often displays, like some pheasants, two or three spurs upon each leg.

The Black-breasted Red Malay, also associated with the Game family, and in its color-scheme approaching a very dark Black-breasted Red Game, is a tall, heavy, stilted-looking fowl, with overhanging eyebrows, which give it a ferocious expression, and do not belie its disposition.[1]

Among the most peculiar fowls related to the Games are the Japanese Long-tailed breeds known as the Shinotawaro or Phœnix, and the Yokohama fowls, the former being colored, the latter white. The peculiarity of these fowls is the remarkable length attained by the tail-feathers. In the museum at Tokio there is a specimen, the longest tail-feathers of which, twenty in number, have the astonishing length of thirteen and a half feet. The length and luxuriance of the tail increases at every succeeding annual moult, and does not reach its fullest development until the bird is four years old. At four months old the tail often measures ten to twelve inches, and at a year old about two feet or two feet and a half.

Among the most universally admired of ornamental fowls are the Polish, with their rose-

[1] The Malay differs from the Indian Game, as now exhibited, in little but the beautiful penciling of the feathers of the Indian hen in concentric lines of glossy black on a cinnamon ground, which penciling often appears on the breast of the cock also, and in the triple or pea comb of the Indian Game, often large in the male, as opposed to the flat or strawberry comb of the Malay. The Malay cock always shows solid black breast, and the hen, though the latest Standard favors an almost uniform cinnamon or chocolate color, often has the plumage heavily laced with glossy green-black with brown centers, but never penciled like that of her Indian relative. A superficial observer would be apt to confound the two breeds, though the votaries of the Indian Game, at least, contend for their absolute distinctness. — EDITOR.

like crests and dependent beards, their graceful figures and harmonious colors. Whether we prefer the Golden variety with its rich body-color and its spangles of black, the Silver with its effective lacing of black and silver, the Buff-laced with its soft lines of buff and white, the White-crested Black (beardless) with its glossy black body and the striking contrast of its white crest, or the White with its snowy plumage, there is about the fowl enough of beauty to awaken a lively interest. At an exhibition no display attracts more attention or admiration than that of the Polish. And it is, withal, one of the best laying fowls in our list, while the supposed difficulty in rearing the young chicks has been much exaggerated.

An account of ornamental poultry cannot omit those Lilliputians of the poultry-yard, the pets of the children and the delight of the true fancier, the beautiful and consequential Bantams. Diminutive size, proud carriage, absolute fearlessness, are the common characteristics, while in figure and color they vary as the larger fowls. In the limits of a paragraph it is impossible to do more than to enumerate some of the varieties. The Game Bantams are, except in size, an almost exact reproduction of the Game fowls; the Pekin Bantams are diminutive Cochins, with the same blocky figure and profuse feathering as the prototype, and in color are a rich golden buff, pure white, shining black, or partridge-marked, as the case may be; the Sebrights, Golden and Silver, differing only in the ground-color, have feathers exquisitely laced with black, rose-combs, blue legs, and enjoy the distinction, accorded to no other Bantam, of having had exhibitions devoted solely to themselves; the Rose-combed Blacks and Whites are diminutive Hamburgs; the Polish are similar to their larger originals; the Booted have very long feathers upon shanks and toes, sometimes measuring nine inches in length, and are either solid black or white in color; the Japanese,— Black-tailed White, pure White, and Colored,— with short legs, high single combs, trailing wings, and large, erectly carried tail, are strikingly peculiar in appearance — a characteristic production of their most original and picturesque country. Such are some of the better known Bantams, but this list is very incomplete. Not to mention the old varieties, Nankin, Spangled, Partridge, Silk, and Jumper, now forgotten, though some of them may yet win their way again into favor, there are many new breeds already perfected or far on the way to perfection, among them the Malay, with its stilted legs, the massive Brahmas, and the Spangled Hamburgs. The time is not far distant, if the present activity in producing new varieties of Bantams continues, when for nearly every well-established variety of chickens there will be a Bantam counterpart.

H. S. Babcock.

SINCE AMY DIED.

THE grass is just as green to-day,
And just as clear the rivers flow,
As when my darling fled away,
A year ago.

And happy birds are caroling
As sweetly 'neath the placid skies;
And just as fair the flowers of spring
Salute mine eyes.

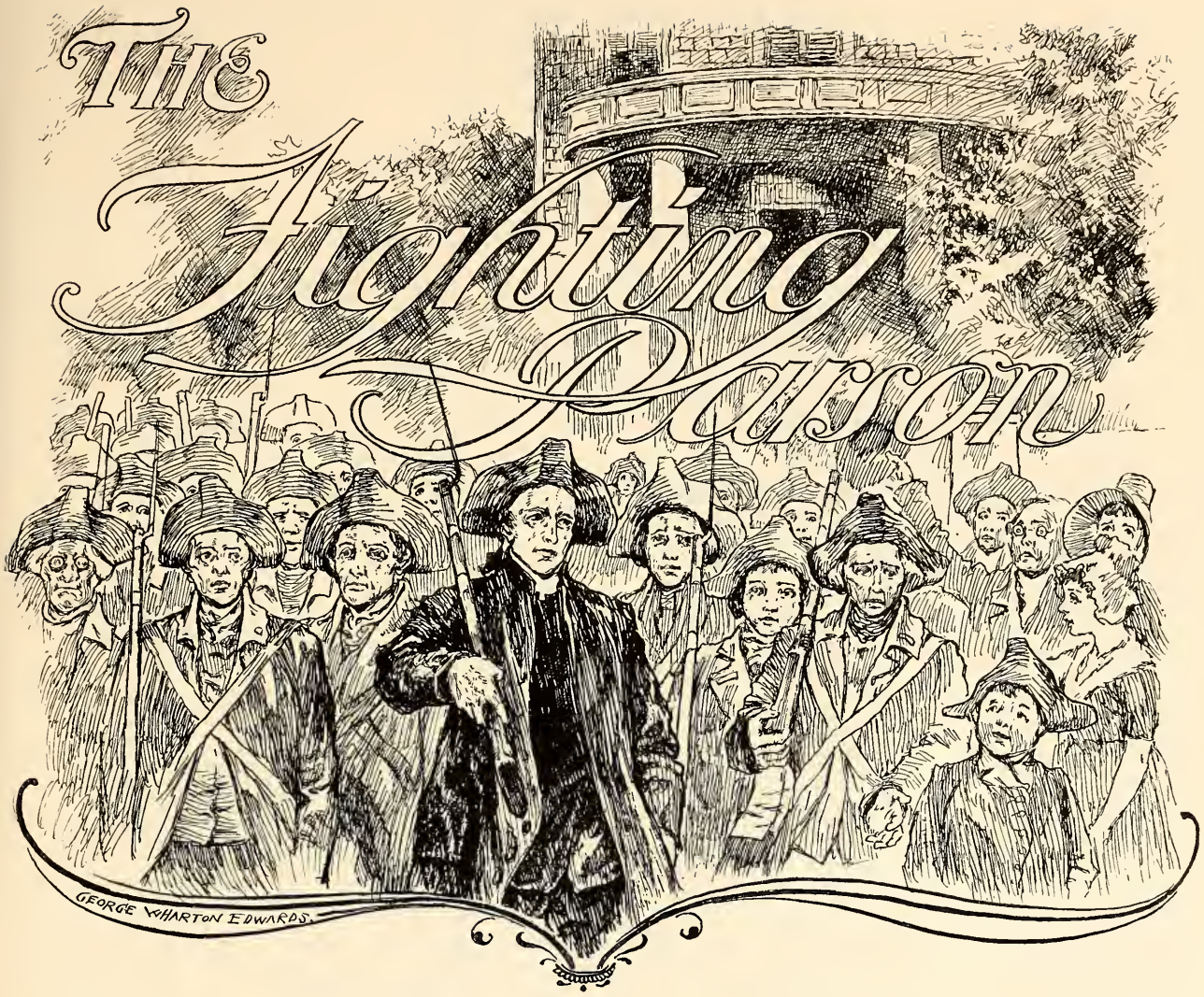
And peaceful folk in all the earth,
With smiles upon their faces set,
Show that this life of loss is worth
The living yet.

And it is well. I would not choose
To close the flowers, or shroud the sun,
Because my lot has been to lose
My little one.

But yet — alas for mine and me! —
Though naught is changed on any side,
Another world it seems to be
Since Amy died.

Andrew B. Saxton.

The Fighting Parson



'T was brave young Parson Webster,
His father a parson before him,
And here in this town of Temple
The people used to adore him;
And the minute-men from all quarters
That morning had grounded their arms
Round the meeting-house on the hilltop,
Looking down on Temple farms.

Dear to the Puritan soldier
The food which his meeting-house offered,
And especially dear the fine manna
Which the young Temple minister proffered;
And believe as he might in his firelock,
His bayonet, or his sword,
The minute-man's heart was hopeless
If not filled with the strength of the Lord.

The minute-man ever and always
Waited the signal of warning,
And he never dreamed in the evening
Where his prayers would ascend the next morning;
And they even said that the parson
Undoubtedly preached his best
When his musket stood in the pulpit
Ready for use with the rest.

Sad was the minister's message,
And many a heart beat faster,
And many a soft eye glistened,
Whenever the voice of the pastor
Dwelt on the absent dear ones
Who had followed their country's call
To the distant camp, or the battle,
Or the frowning fortress-wall.

And now when near to "fifteenthly,"
And the urchins thought of their nuncheon,
And into the half-curtained windows
Hotter and hotter the sun shone,
And the redbreast dozed in the branches,
And the crow on the pine tree's top,
And the squirrel was lost in his musings,
The sermon came to a stop.

For sharp on the turnpike the clatter
Of galloping hoofs resounded,
And the granite ring of the roadway
Louder and louder sounded;
And now no longer the redbreast
Was inclined to be dull that day,
And now no longer the sexton
Slept in his usual way.

But all sprang up on the instant,
And the widest of eyes grew wider
While on towards the porch, like a tempest,
Came sweeping the horse and its rider;
And now from the din of the hoof-beats
A trumpet voice leapt out,
And, tingling to its rafters,
The church was alive with the shout,—

"Burgoyne 's at Ticonderoga:
Would you have the old fort surrender?"
"No, no!" cried the parson; "New Hampshire
Will send the last man to defend her!"
But before he could shoulder his musket
A Tory sang up from below,
"I hear a great voice out of heaven, sir,
Warning us not to go."

Quick from the pulpit descending,
With the agile step of a lion,—
"The voice you hear is from hell, sir!"
Replied the young servant of Zion.
And out through the open doorway,
And on past the porch he strode,
And the congregation came after,
And gathered beside the road.

Sadly enough the colonel,
The minute-men all arraying,
From the dusty cocked hat of the rider
Drew the lots for going or staying.

"'NO, NO!' CRIED THE PARSON; 'NEW HAMPSHIRE WILL SEND THE LAST MAN TO DEFEND HER!'"

Then waving his hat as he took it,
And putting the spurs to his mare,
The stranger rode off to New Ipswich
In a cheering that rent the air.

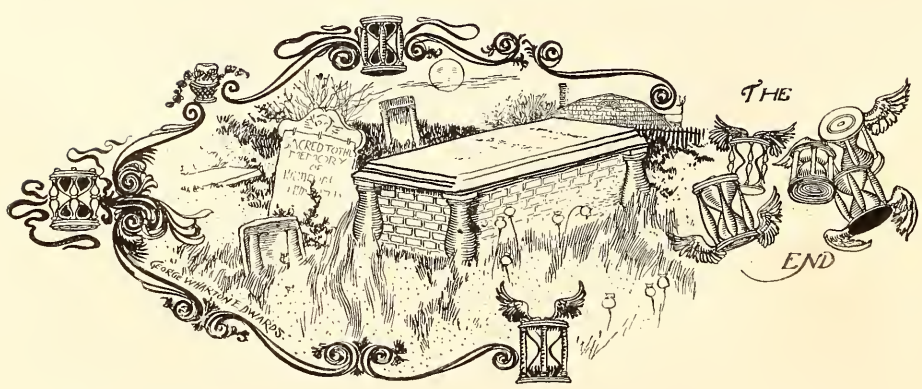
Worse than the shock of battle,
Now came the sad leave-taking,
And to mothers and maids and matrons
The deepest of grief and heart-aching;
And far on the road through the mountains
Whence the rider had just come,
They followed the minute-men marching
To the sound of the fife and the drum.

Long dead have they been who sat there
At that feast of things eternal —
Long dead the laymen, the deacons,
The lawyer, the doctor, the colonel;
Long dead the youths and the maidens,
And long on the graves of all
Have the summers and the winters
Their leaves and their snows let fall.

But whenever I come to the churchyard,
Where, by the side of the pastor,
They afterwards laid the colonel,
His friend in success and disaster,
I see again on the common
The minute-men all in array,
And again I behold the departure,
The pastor leading the way.

And I think of the scene when his comrades
Brought back the young pastor, dying,
To his home in the house of the colonel;
And how, on his death-bed lying,
He took the hand that was offered,
And, gazing far into the night,
Whispered, "I die for my country —
I have fought — I have fought the good fight."

Henry Ames Blood.



"BLACKED OUT."

FEW readers, outside of Russia, are aware of the extent to which the expression of opinion and the dissemination of intelligence in that great Empire are hampered by the governmental censorship of the press. Most Americans, probably, know that such a censorship exists, and that it acts as a check to progressive intellectual activity in general, and to political and revolutionary activity in particular; but very few have had an opportunity to see or to know the full extent of its power for evil. The Russian censorship acts not only as a gag to prevent discussion of public affairs, but as a bandage to close the eyes of the Russian people to the real nature of their own situation. It is hardly an exaggeration, I think, to say that an Englishman who lives in London, and who reads attentively the Russian telegrams and correspondence in the "News," "Times," and "Standard," has a clearer and more accurate knowledge of a whole class of important facts and phenomena in Russian political life than can be gained by a citizen of St. Petersburg from a careful perusal of all the periodicals in the Empire. The reasons for this extraordinary and anomalous state of things may be found in the thick volume published under the direction of the Russian Minister of the Interior, and known as the "Press Laws." How these laws operate to prevent not only the discussion, but even the mention, of certain important public questions may be shown by an illustration drawn from my own personal experience.

In the month of June, 1886, there assembled in the old Tartar city of Kazan a quasi-representative body of Russian citizens, which was half-humorously designated by the liberals of the town as the "Plague Parliament." It consisted of delegates from the zemstvos, or local assemblies, of all the provinces lying adjacent to the river Volga, and it met for the purpose of discussing the then prevalent cattle plague, and taking such measures as might be found necessary to stamp out the epidemic. I happened at the time to be in Kazan, and on the morning appointed for the opening of the "Parliament" I was in my room discussing Russian affairs with the city editor of one of the local newspapers and a professor in the Kazan University.

"I think," said the editor, "that I will go back to the office and write an editorial suggesting that, inasmuch as delegates from all the Volga River zemstvos have assembled here to discuss the cattle plague, a favorable opportunity is afforded for the discussion of certain other important questions in which the Volga River provinces are interested."

"Do you know what will happen if you attempt anything of that sort?" inquired the professor.

"What?" said the editor, laughing.

"Your newspaper and the 'Plague Parliament' will be suppressed before noon to-morrow."

"Do you mean to say," I interposed, "that a newspaper would not be allowed to make a mere suggestion of that kind in good faith?"

"Certainly it would not," replied the professor. "I happen to know that the governor here has received the strictest orders from the Minister of the Interior not to allow discussion in the 'Parliament' to go outside the limits of the single question submitted to it, and to telegraph him every day a full résumé of the proceedings. Mr. A—— [the editor] may word his suggestion as carefully and cunningly as he likes, but I assure you that the censor will prohibit it."

"I 'm going to make it, nevertheless," said the editor; "and if you [turning to me] will come around to the office between eleven and twelve o'clock to-night, you shall know the result."

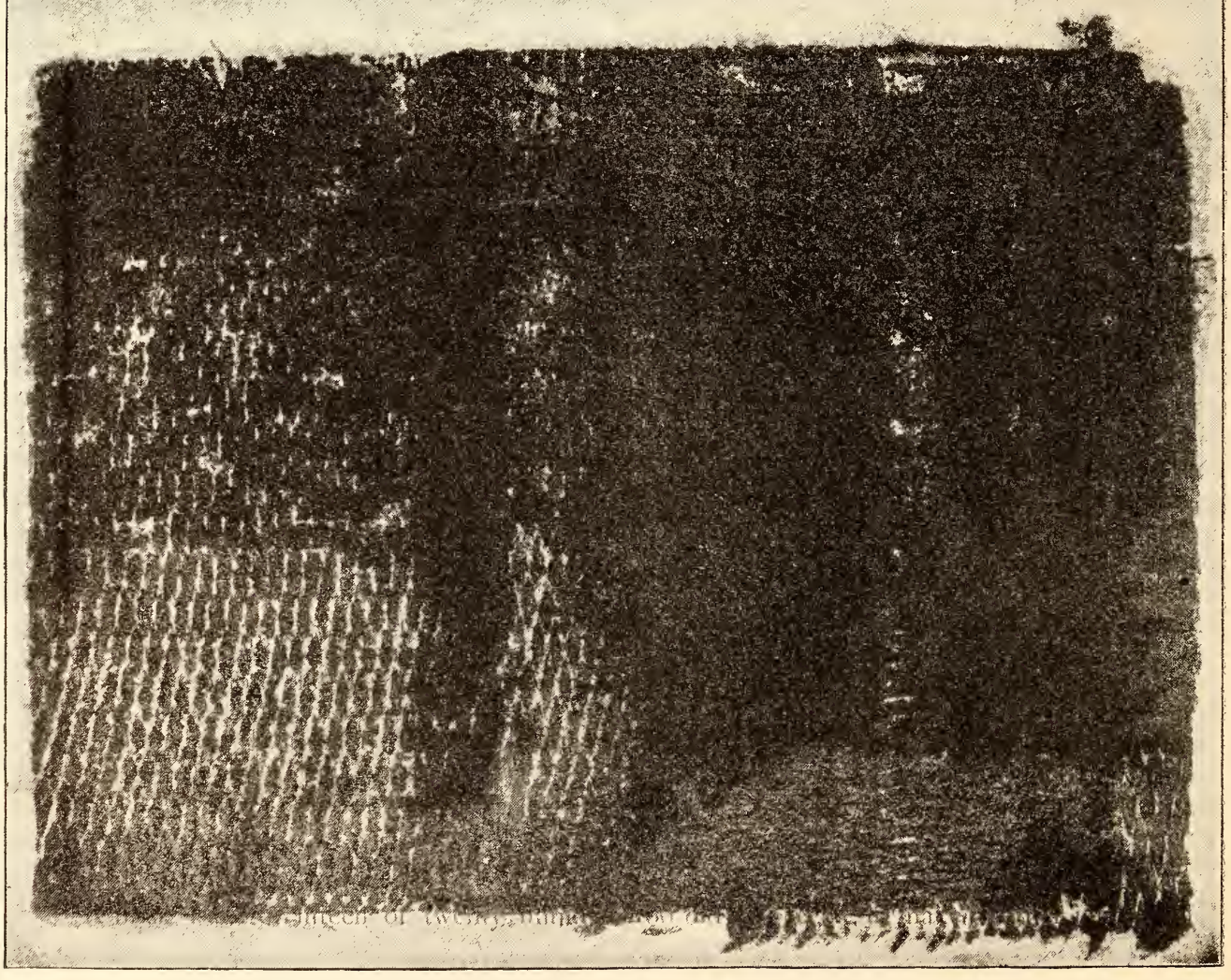
At the appointed hour I went to the editorial rooms of the "Daily Gazette," and took a seat near the desk of Mr. A—— to await the return of the proof-sheets of the next morning's paper. About midnight a small bell rang in an adjoining apartment, and a moment later a boy rushed in with a drawling cry of "C-e-n-s-o-r!" and threw down upon one of the office tables a bundle of proofs. Mr. A—— took them up, glanced hastily through them, and presently handed to me, without comment, a slip containing an editorial article headed, "The Meeting of Delegates from the Volga River Zemstvos." The tone of the editorial, as a whole, seemed to me perfectly unobjectionable, even from the point of view of the most narrow-minded and conservative bureaucrat; but in the concluding paragraph Mr. A—— had made, mildly, meekly, and in timidly cautious words, the suggestion that it would perhaps be well for the delegates from the zemstvos to avail themselves of the opportunity afforded by the meeting to consider

as "Dora," and "Enoch Arden." Their beauty is not in themselves alone, but in the air that breathes around them, in the light that falls upon them from the faith of centuries. Christianity is something more than a system of doctrines; it is a life, a tone, a spirit, a great current of memories, beliefs, and hopes flowing through millions of hearts. And he who launches his words upon this current finds that they are carried with a strength beyond his own, and freighted oftentimes with a meaning which he himself has not fully understood as it flashed through him.

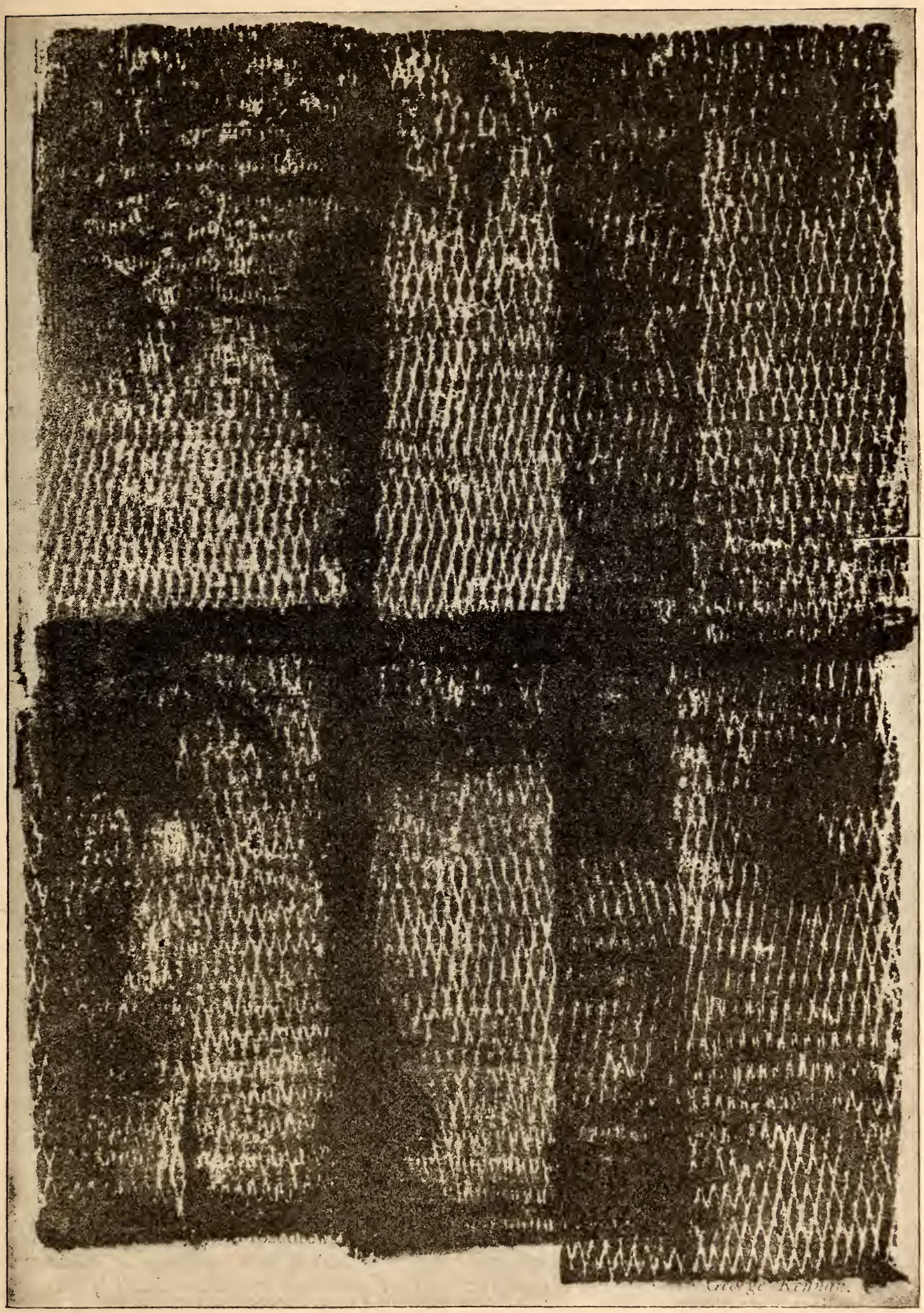
But on the other hand, we cannot help seeing that the Bible gains a wider influence and a new power over men as it flows through the poet's mind upon the world. Its narratives and its teachings clothe themselves in modern forms of speech and find entrance into many places which otherwise were closed against them. I do not mean by this that poetry is better than the Bible, but only that poetry lends wings to Christian truth. People who would not read a sermon will read a poem. And though its moral and religious teachings may be indirect, though they may proceed by silent assumption rather than by formal assertion, they exercise an influence which is perhaps the more powerful because it is unconscious. The Bible is in continual danger of being desiccated by an exhaustive — and exhausting — scientific treatment. When it comes to be regarded chiefly as a compendium of exact statements of metaphysical doctrine, the day of its life will be over, and it will be ready for a place in the museum of antiquities. It must be a power in literature if it is to be a force in society. For literature, as a wise critic has defined it, is just "the best that has been thought and said in the world." And if this is true, literature is certain, not only to direct culture, but also to mold conduct.

Is it possible then for wise and earnest men to look with indifference upon the course of what is often called, with a slighting accent, mere *belles lettres?* We might as well be careless about the air we breathe or the water we drink. Malaria is no less fatal than pestilence. The chief peril which threatens the permanence of Christian faith and morals is none other than the malaria of modern letters — an atmosphere of dull, heavy, faithless materialism. Into this narcotic air the poetry of Tennyson blows like a pure wind from a loftier and serener height.

Henry van Dyke.



GEORGE KENNAN'S ARTICLE ON "STATE CRIMINALS AT THE KARA MINES," IN "THE CENTURY"



FOR AUGUST, 1889, AFTER PASSING THE RUSSIAN CENSOR. (INTERMEDIATE PAGES CUT OUT.)

some other public questions that were quite as important to the people of the Volga River basin as the cattle plague. Through this paragraph the censor had drawn three or four heavy slanting lines with red ink, and on the margin he had written in crabbed chirography the single word, "Forbidden." The prediction of the professor was fulfilled. The "Daily Gazette" was not permitted to make even so much as a suggestion that the delegates from the zemstvos might, with benefit to the public, consider certain other important questions not directly connected with the prevailing epidemic. The Government had no objection to the discussion of measures that related exclusively to beasts; but a proposal that the delegates turn their attention to the needs, trials, and sufferings of oppressed human beings was a seditious attack upon the sacred privileges of the Crown. The cattle plague might properly be abated; but the bureaucratic plague was a special dispensation of "the Lord's Anointed" and must not be referred to, even as a "certain other important question."

My experience and training as a newspaper man naturally made me feel more than an ordinary interest in the practical working of the Russian system of press censorship, and after my return from Siberia to European Russia I devoted all the time that I could spare to a study of the subject. I talked with all the editors and authors whose acquaintance I could make; visited newspaper offices and listened to the comments of the editorial staff upon the censor's erasures, interlineations, and prohibitions, and made a large collection of original proof-sheets to illustrate the working of this system of repression, and to show how narrow are the limits within which Russian editors and reporters are allowed to express their opinions or display their activity and enterprise.

In the office of a Russian daily newspaper the last proof-sheets are received from the censor between twelve and one o'clock at night. The whole night staff usually assemble in response to the cry, "C-e-n-s-o-r!" and one of the editors looks over the slips and announces to his co-workers the nature of the changes that have been made by the official guardian of the public mind and morals, and reads aloud the titles or headings of the articles that have been forbidden altogether. A hasty consultation is then held with regard to the course to be pursued. If the very vitals of an editorial article have been cut out by the censor, the night editor must decide whether the remains can be patched up by means of a skillful surgical operation so that they will have the semblance of organic life and unity, or whether, on the other hand, they are so mutilated that nothing can be done with them except to bury them in the waste-paper basket. If the censor has merely suggested unimportant changes or modifications, the night editor must pass judgment upon them and return every article to its author for such corrections as may be necessary. A large quantity of matter that has already been submitted and approved is kept standing in type, and with it are filled up the gaps left by the striking out, at the last moment, of items or editorial articles that are declared by the censor to be "out of place" or "pernicious in their tendency." When the revised proofs have been again examined and the censor has gone home, the work of the editors and reporters is ended for the day. Moscow may burn to the ground or the Tsar may be assassinated, but after the censor has retired to his couch not a line of new matter can be put into the columns of the paper.

It may perhaps be thought by persons not familiar with the Russian censorship that cases of wholesale prohibition are rare — that the censor, as a rule, exercises his power with reasonable discretion and forbearance; but such is by no means the fact. I have copies of Russian newspapers in which from eight to fourteen articles or editorials have been stricken out and prohibited altogether, to say nothing of changes and modifications in the language of the items that have been allowed to stand.

On the 9th of May, 1881, Mr. Adrianof, the editor and publisher of the newspaper known as the "Siberian Gazette," received from the censor in Tomsk a set of proof-sheets in which more than half of the reading matter intended for the next number of his journal had been wholly or partly stricken out. Irritated and disgusted, he resolved to go to press without substituting any "approved" matter for that which had been prohibited. In other words, he determined simply to leave blank spaces where the censor had crossed out objectionable matter, and let the public draw its own conclusions. He did so, and the "Siberian Gazette" that appeared on the morning of May 10, 1881, was perhaps the most extraordinary looking newspaper that ever went into the hands of a subscriber. In one place might be seen a blank space of half a column, followed by the remains of a beheaded and mutilated editorial; in another appeared a stray, meaningless paragraph, without beginning or end; just below that were two or three headlines calling attention to a rectangular vacancy; and on one page only a few small islands of print had been left in a miniature sea of white paper.

The appearance of the "Gazette" on the street that morning naturally created a sensation. The demand for it was unprecedented. Everybody understood the significance of the

blank spaces, and everybody wanted a copy. The attention of the police, however, was soon attracted to the paper, and an order was promptly issued to seize and destroy the whole edition. So thorough was the search made for copies of that number of the "Gazette" that hardly one escaped. Mr. Adrianof himself could not show me one four years afterwards, nor tell me where one might be obtained. He could, however, give me a copy of the following number, in which the press censor, with characteristic stupidity and inconsistency, had allowed him to publish the following "Notice to Subscribers":

> The editor of the "Siberian Gazette" regards it as his duty to inform his subscribers that No. 11 of that paper cannot be sent to them for the following reason: Not finding anything in the press laws to prohibit the leaving of blank spaces in columns where printed matter had been crossed out by the Government press censor, the editor, in the last number of the "Siberian Gazette," adopted that course. Upon sending a telegram, however, to the Minister of the Interior with regard to the subject, the editor received the following reply from Hofmeister P. P. Viazemski, Acting Chief Director of Press Affairs: "Blank spaces in the pages of newspapers are an implied protest against preliminary censorship, and cannot be permitted."

A copy of the number of the "Siberian Gazette" that contains this remarkable "Notice" — No. 12, May 17, 1881 — is in my possession. The "Gazette" has since that time been twice suspended for "manifesting a pernicious tendency," and has finally been suppressed altogether upon the nominal charge of giving employment to "untrustworthy" (neblagonadëzhni) persons and publishing an obituary notice of the dead political exile Zabaluief. The "pernicious tendency" of the "Gazette," as appears from the mutilated proof-sheets of it now in my possession, was "manifested" in the patriotic attempts that it made to call the attention of the Russian public to cases of fraud, bribe-taking, extortion, and acts of cruelty among Siberian officials. Mr. Adrianof, its former editor, is a man of the highest and purest personal character, and since the suppression of his newspaper he has been engaged in making archæological researches for the West Siberian section of the Imperial Geographical Society. Archæology, since it relates to a prehistoric period, is one of the branches of human knowledge over which the Russian press censor does not claim original jurisdiction and exercise supreme control. Unless Mr. Adrianof should be so unfortunate as to exhume an inscribed brick or find a cliff hieroglyph bearing evidence of the existence somewhere and at some time of a people not dominated by a Tsar and regulated by a press censor, he may, perhaps, be able to pursue his labors unmolested.

To an American newspaper man it would seem absurdly inconsistent to seize and burn the whole edition of one number of a periodical for leaving blank spaces where the censor had crossed out matter, and then to allow the editor in the very next number to explain all the circumstances of the case, in the form of a notice to subscribers; but the ways of Russian officials are past finding out. In the history of the Russian press censorship I know of only one more remarkable attempt than this to evade governmental prohibition and call the attention of the public to the injustice of Russian gag-law.

In the early part of the year 1886 preparations were being made throughout Russia to celebrate in an appropriate manner the twenty-fifth anniversary of the emancipation of the serfs. Quarter-centennial celebrations are common in Russia, and nobody outside of official circles supposed for a moment that the Government would interfere to prevent the commemoration of the most momentous event in modern Russian history. In pursuance, however, of the reactionary policy that has characterized the reign of Alexander III., Count Dmitri Tolstoi, who was then Minister of the Interior, caused to be sent to all provincial officers of the Crown an order prohibiting the public celebration of the 19th of February throughout the Empire, and directing press censors to notify all newspapers that on that day editorial reference to the emancipation act or to any of its consequences was strictly forbidden. As a result of this order, every daily newspaper in the Empire, except one, appeared on the morning of February 19, 1886, in the attitude of a gagged and beaten slave. Not one of the journals that actually went to press dared make an allusion to the significance of the day or to the great charter of liberty that had rendered it famous.

All the newspapers of the Empire, however, did not appear. The "Russian Gazette" of Moscow, finding itself unable to voice the thoughts suggested by the great quarter-centennial anniversary, resolved to celebrate the day in the only manner possible — by suspending publication altogether. It would hold its tongue voluntarily, but the Government should not force it to appear with a gag in its mouth. If the Minister of the Interior had been aware of the resolution formed by the editors of the "Gazette," he would perhaps have found some means of compelling them to bring out their paper that morning as usual; but no intimation of their intention reached him, and on the night of February 18–19, 1886, the presses of the great Moscow newspaper were still. When

on the following morning people began to inquire of one another what had happened to the "Russian Gazette," the reply was whispered about, "It is celebrating by its silence the twenty-fifth anniversary of the emancipation of the serfs."

From the illustrations of Russian press censorship that I have given, the reader can form a fairly accurate idea of the summary way in which the Government of the Tsar dealt with its own journals when they "manifested a pernicious tendency." But Russian journals were not the only periodicals that circulated in the Empire. Newspapers and magazines published in London, Paris, Berlin, and New York City came constantly to Russia, bearing in their closely packed columns the seeds of discontent and "sedition." How were the subjects of the Tsar to be protected from the "pernicious" influence of this foreign literature? The Russian press censor, omnipotent although he might be in his own field, could not cross out with red ink an obnoxious editorial in the proof-sheets of the London "Times," nor suppress THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for publishing a series of articles on the exile system; and yet the Russian people must be prevented in some way from reading the objectionable parts of such periodicals. When confronted by this difficulty, the Russian Government acted with characteristic directness and vigor. It made the mere possession of forbidden literature a penal offense, and then, as if that was not enough, it violated the sanctity of its own mails, seized, opened, and examined every foreign periodical that came into the Empire, and appointed a staff of censors to tear out or "black out" every editorial that criticized unfavorably Russian governmental methods, and every magazine article that, in the judgment of such censors, was "pernicious" in its tendency.

Under the term "pernicious" were classified, of course, all the papers upon Siberia and the exile system that appeared in THE CENTURY. Some time before the announcement of this series of articles I began sending the magazine to a friend in Western Siberia, with the hope of establishing for it in the censorial mind, while it was yet innocent, a reputation for safety and "trustworthiness." I thought that the censor would probably look over three or four successive numbers, and, finding in them nothing of a "pernicious" character, would relax his vigilance to such an extent that I could get two or three articles of the exile series through unnoticed. I soon discovered, however, that the Russian frontier censor was not to be lulled into a feeling of security by an examination of three or four harmless numbers of a foreign periodical. The very first article upon a Russian topic that made its appearance — the article entitled "A Visit to Count Tolstoi," in THE CENTURY for June, 1887 — was partly torn and partly blacked out, and not a single paper of the exile series escaped.[1]

In the summer of 1888 Mr. Holl, an American gentleman traveling in Russia, received from the postal authorities a copy of THE CENTURY from which had been torn not only the Siberian paper for that month, but nearly all of the leaves that contained advertisements. Curious to know why THE CENTURY advertisements were regarded as objectionable, Mr. Holl called upon one of the police officials in the town where he happened to be, exhibited the mutilated magazine, and asked for an explanation. He said that he was not particularly surprised at the tearing out of the article upon Russia, but he could not understand why the advertisements had been removed. He then added — as a mild American joke — that it might perhaps be attributable to the fact that many of the advertisements set forth the virtues of American soap, and that, from such observations as he had been able to make in his journey through the Empire, he had already reached the conclusion that soap must be a prohibited article, and in that case, of course, it was only natural and proper that the censor should tear out and destroy all soap advertisements in foreign magazines. The police official, whose intelligence had not been cultivated up to an appreciation of American jokes, took offense at this innocent bit of raillery, and Mr. Holl had some difficulty in placating him. When, however, his ruffled dignity had been smoothed down, he informed the American traveler, with an air of severe condemnation, that THE CENTURY advertisements had been torn out "because they contained notices of irreligious books!" From what aërial standpoint of pure orthodoxy he passed this judgment upon the books advertised in THE CENTURY, I do not know; but, as a member of a church that encourages ignorant and superstitious peasants to hang articles of clothing upon "miracle-working" pictures and images and calls that sort of fetish worship religion, he was doubtless quite right in regarding the books advertised in THE CENTURY as irreligious.

Since the visit of Mr. Holl to Russia every copy of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE that I have

[1] This statement refers only to the copies of THE CENTURY that I myself sent to Russia. I learn from Miss Isabel F. Hapgood, who was in St. Petersburg last year, that after making a formal complaint to the authorities with regard to the mutilation of her copies of the magazine, she was finally permitted to receive them in their normal condition.

sent to friends in that country has been more or less mutilated by the censor. My own articles have always been cut or blacked out, and many chapters of the "Life of Lincoln" have met with the same fate.

The removal of objectionable articles or items from foreign periodicals in Russia is accomplished in two ways. If they are long and bulky, they are torn or cut out bodily. If they are brief, they are blacked out by means of a rectangular stamp which has about the width of an ordinary newspaper column, and which is "cross-hatched" in such a way that when inked and pressed upon the paper it makes a close network of white lines and black diamonds. The peculiar mottled or grained appearance of a page of print that has been blacked out with this stamp has suggested to Russian readers a descriptive slang term for it, namely, "caviare." Any one who has ever seen the black salted caviare of Russia spread upon a slice of bread and butter will appreciate the felicity of the metaphorical comparison. From the noun a verb has been formed, and every Russian now understands that "to caviare" means to "black out" an objectionable page or paragraph by pressing upon it the censor's stamp.

The illustrations that accompany this article are reproductions in facsimile of the first page and the last page of an article entitled, "State Criminals at the Kara Mines," which was printed in THE CENTURY last August, and which was partly cut and partly blacked out after the magazine reached Russia.

It is a curious and noteworthy circumstance that while this record of The Century Company's Siberian investigation has been "caviared" by the stamp of the press censor, the names of the two investigators have been allowed to stand. At the bottom of the last page of the article may still be seen the name of the author and the brief but significant statement that "Frost drew." The record of our work has been "blacked out," but our names have been spared. For this mercy many thanks! The Russian reader who is curious to know what "Frost drew" and what Kennan wrote has only to ask a London newsdealer to cut out the article and send it to him in a registered letter.

The futility of this peculiarly Russian method of enforcing ignorance is almost as striking to an American as are its cool impudence and audacity. For reasons that are perfectly obvious, it does not accomplish, and cannot accomplish, the objects that its authors have in view. As long as the Russian Government permits letters to come into the Empire without censorial examination, any citizen of St. Petersburg or Moscow can write to a dealer in periodicals in Berlin, Paris, or London and ask him to cut out and forward in a sealed envelope either a particular article that has already been "caviared," or all articles relating to Russia that may appear in any specified newspaper or magazine. Thus far the efforts that have been made by the Russian press censors to exclude from the country the Siberian papers of THE CENTURY have utterly failed. The "blacked out" articles not only have made their way into Russia, but have there been translated and hectographed, and are now circulating from hand to hand throughout the Empire. Many of them have even reached political exiles in the remotest parts of Siberia. I regret to say, however, that some of them have brought disaster upon the recipients, and that at least one young Russian is now lying in prison for having them in his possession. Some time ago, in response to an urgent request, I sent a number of them to a young journalist of my acquaintance in Central Russia named Ivan Petrovitch Belokonski. I was afraid that they would get him into trouble; but he insisted upon having them, and I could not do otherwise than send them. I have just received from one of his acquaintances the following letter:

X——, RUSSIA, Dec. 16–28, 1889.

MY DEAR MR. KENNAN: I avail myself of a favorable opportunity to write you a few words and give you some melancholy news. I do not know whether you have heard or not that your friend Ivan Petrovitch Belokonski has gotten into trouble as a result of two large pictures (one of an exile party on the road, and the other of an attempted escape) that you sent him.[1] An acquaintance to whom he had given them was arrested, and so much importance was attributed to these pictures that Mr. Belokonski was subjected to an examination with regard to them, and orders were received by the police from St. Petersburg to watch him "with especial attention." This was in December, 1888. On the 29th of the following April the police entered Mr. Belokonski's house at three o'clock in the morning for the purpose of making a search. Nothing of a forbidden nature was found except Leroy-Beaulieu's "L'Empire des Tsars" and three of your magazine articles. Searches were made that same night in eighteen other houses in ——, but for what reason no one knows to this day. On the 8th of May, Mr. Belokonski was again summoned to the police station for examination, and was sent from there to prison, where he has been ever since. It may seem to you very strange that a man with a family dependent upon him should have been arrested in this way and should have been held already eight months in prison — and for what? Merely for having your articles in his

[1] These were two large advertising sheets or posters printed and distributed by the publishers of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for the purpose of calling attention to its Siberian articles.

possession. We Russians however are so accustomed to such things that they do not in the least surprise us, but they make us sad at heart. Even under the evil conditions of our life we still retain an ardent love of freedom — and how much freedom have we? Even the Turks are freer!

The family of Ivan Petrovitch consists of five persons. They are in great need, and yet Mrs. Belokonski has been forbidden by the governor to teach or give private lessons, and she finds it very difficult in a small provincial town to get any other work. You may ask, "How, then, do they live?" Mrs. Belokonski has thus far been able to support herself and her children by selling or pawning her furniture and moving into smaller and cheaper quarters. She has to support, moreover, not only herself and her children, but her imprisoned husband. The Government allows him only two rubles and thirty kopeks [$1.15] *a month* for food; and in order to keep him from losing strength and breaking down from semi-starvation, she has to buy food and carry it to him in prison. Fortunately, she is a woman of strong character. If she were not, there would be nothing for her to do but lie down and die.

I should like very much to read your last articles, but I dare not ask you to send them to me, and must postpone a perusal of them to a more favorable time. With a warm grasp of the hand, and with most cordial regard, I am,

Yours sincerely,

— —

Comment upon this letter is unnecessary. My friend Mr. Belokonski will probably go to Siberia by administrative process for having my articles in his possession, and I am almost powerless to help him.

What does the Russian Government hope or expect to accomplish by "blacking out" articles that aim simply to tell the truth with regard to Russian affairs, and by throwing into prison every man in whose possession such articles may be found?

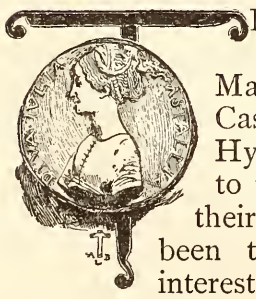
The Russian author Prugávin, in a book that was inadvertently sanctioned by the press censor, but that was afterward seized and burned, asks this same question, and says: "Can an idea be choked to death? Can thought be killed, buried, or annihilated? Are not truth, and love, and justice, and freedom immortal? It is the most terrible of mistakes to suppose that ideas can ever be crushed. People have perished — men have died in chains and casemates, their bodies have decayed, their graves have been lost, and their very names have been forgotten; but their ideas and aspirations live on. Washed in the blood of suffering, such ideas and aspirations have become the dream of every man in whose brain a thought stirs and in whose breast a heart beats."

The press censor, when he burned Prugávin's book, thought that he had destroyed forever its "pernicious" influence; but the "ideas and aspirations" of the gifted author "live on"; and his words, although burned by order of Government in Russia, will appeal to hundreds of thousands of sympathetic hearts in England and the United States.

Some time in the far-distant future the free Russian patriot, no longer blinded by the censorship of the press, will look over the pages of his national history that record these attempts to gag public opinion and strangle human thought, and will wish from the bottom of his heart that so humiliating and shameful a record might be "blacked out."

George Kennan.

A STUDY OF CONSCIOUSNESS.[1]



THE extraordinary success of the novelettes "Archibald Malmaison" and "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" has been largely due to the dramatic excitement of their plots, but part of it has been the result of the amazed interest with which even the imperfectly educated are in these later days beginning to contemplate themselves. For centuries the questions, Whither am I going? and What shall I be? have thrilled and dominated human thought and human feeling; but as the strange nooks and crannies of the human organism have been more and more revealed by the light of research, side by side with speculations concerning the future press forward inquiries as to the present. Not only do we ask, What shall I be? but also, What am I? In consonance with this questioning, in pulpit and on platform the Ego is perpetually the theme of eloquent discourse. To define, in terms clear and sharp, the exact meaning of the Ego of the popular philosopher would be a task of difficulty; but certainly underneath all human individuality is the faculty or attribute of consciousness.

If, in a general company, the question should be asked, Is there such a thing as unconsciousness? almost every one would at once reply, "Of course there is. The stone is unconscious; the corpse is unconscious; we are unconscious in sleep." Such answers

[1] See also "Memory," by the same author, in THE CENTURY for March.

would, however, be too flippant. I am not going to assert that all matter has consciousness, but it is certainly very difficult to prove that either the stick or the stone is unconscious; at least I know of no way of positively demonstrating it. If we analyze our ordinary tests of consciousness, I think that we shall find that each of them belongs to one of three groups. In the first place, the conscious person or animal does acts which seem purposive, *i. e.*, he does acts which look as though they were performed for a definite purpose, consonant with his surroundings. In the second place, when the conscious person or animal is irritated, a response is given. Thus, we speak to a man, and he answers; we throw a light in his face, and he shows signs of recognition; we pinch him, and he cries out; we hit him, and he strikes back; we kick him, and he departs. In the third place, there is memory of events. If the quiet, apparently inanimate corpse awakes to complete consciousness and describes how the wake has been furious around his bier, we know that during his passive condition he was conscious. When a mass of living or dead matter performs no purposive action, yields no signs when irritated, and has no after memory of events, we say that such a mass is or has been unconscious. Each of these tests of consciousness is by itself fallacious. The most vivid consciousness may exist, and one or more of the tests fail entirely. Do three naughts joined together make a whole number? Does the heaping up of fallacies give us an impregnable fortress of truth? If I am able to show the correctness of my assertion that each of these tests of unconsciousness is fallacious, I insist that there is no absolute proof of unconsciousness.

Practical examples of the failure of each one of these tests singly by itself, to prove the presence of unconsciousness, might be multiplied indefinitely, but for brevity's sake I will content myself with the narration of a few instances.

The first test is that of purposive action. Not long ago I was consulted by a woman who had epilepsy, and who belonged to the lower walks of life, and was accustomed to do her own housework. Suddenly and without warning she would at irregular intervals utter the terrible cry which so often ushers in the epileptic storm, and fall in a convulsion. After the fury of motion had passed, she would remain quiet for a short time and then rise and continue whatever work she had been doing when the attack came on, although she was entirely unconscious,—at least she yielded no sign of recognition when spoken to or shaken,—and afterwards had no recollection of events. Thus, if she had been setting the dinner-table when the epileptic paroxysm developed, she would go into the kitchen, get the dished-up food and arrange it on the table in the usual manner. By and by she would wake up, saying: "Where am I? What am I doing?" She did not know what she had been doing. There was no memory of the labor she had been performing. If in this condition she were spoken to, she gave no heed. If a hot iron were thrust into her flesh, she would not mark it.

One day, while I was in my ward in the Philadelphia Hospital, suddenly there was a shriek, and a colored man at the farther end of the room, with a bound, rushed towards the door. There was a convulsive struggle, and the man was thrown and held by the assistants. It was a case of running epilepsy. If let alone the man would run for half a mile, then suddenly come to himself and wonder how he had reached where he was. Trousseau's famous case of the master builder of Paris is parallel to this. While overlooking the erection of one of the many palaces for which that city is noted, suddenly, with a cry, the man would rush from scaffold to scaffold, up and down steep inclines, never falling, passing with a steady head over places where he dare not go when conscious. There was an apparently purposive action, and yet when the man came to himself he had no memory of what he had done, and during the time of the attack he did not respond to irritation.

The facts of somnambulism and artificial hypnotism also show that it is possible for a man to act for a purpose and yet not be able to control himself or to have a true recognition of his surroundings. Moreover, in some, but not all, of these cases, the person on awaking remembers what he has done, although during the attack he would not respond to irritations, unless they were in immediate accord with his mental state. Related to this condition are the so-called night-terrors, in which the screaming child, terrified by some dream, seems to be awake, but is, in many cases at least, not really awake, and cannot be soothed or brought to recognize his mother for a long time. As instances of somnambulism, I cite the following cases.

One night the prior of a German abbey, going to his cell much later than usual, was astonished to see one of the monks passing along the hall with a wild, fierce expression of face, a drawn dagger in one hand and a light in the other. The superior watched the monk as he walked, with staring eye and determined mien, to the prior's door and opened it. The prior followed him without noise. The man placed the lamp upon the table, went over to the prior's bed, felt cautiously with the hand that

was unarmed, and then with the dagger struck three times so forcibly that the knife went through the bed-clothes and the mattress. Now the light of triumph came into his face, and picking up his candle, he marched out of the room and back to his cell. The next morning the prior sent for the monk. The man was evidently embarrassed. He was asked if he had had a quiet night. "No," he said; "I had a restless night." "What was the matter?" "I shall have to confess," the monk replied. "I dreamed that you had murdered my mother, and that I was impelled by wild fury and revenge to go to your room and stab you to death, and that I succeeded. When I awoke, the sweat stood on me with horror at the deed, and on my bended knees I thanked God that it was but a dream." It is needless to say that after that night the good brother was locked in his cell every evening.

A case which ended less favorably occurred some years ago near Edinburgh. At the trial of a man named Yellowlees, for the murder of his child, it was proved that even in his boyhood, when living by the border of a stream in the Black Forest, at night he would rush out of the house, screaming the name of a sister of whom he was fond, would go down the bank into the raging torrent feeling for his sister, and then with a yell of triumph go back to the shore. Sometimes he would stand at the edge of the stream crying, "Help, help!" Yet he was perfectly unconscious; even immersion in the cold water failed to awaken him. He would go back to his bed, and remember nothing about it, and wonder in the morning how he had gotten so wet. As he grew up to manhood, married, and had a family, the attacks, continuing, took a different form. At night there would come to him a great light streaming through an opening in the floor, or mayhap through a window. With this there was a vision of great beasts rushing towards the sleepers. He would jump out of bed in terror, and attempt to drive these beasts from his family. It was in such somnambulistic and unconscious condition that he had seized one of his children to drag her away from the beast, and had hurled her with such force against the opposing wall that she dropped a limp and lifeless mass. In these dream attacks the man did apparently purposive actions, and he had sometimes some after-memory of the events; but at the time he had no knowledge of his surroundings and no knowledge of himself, and, as oftentimes he could not be awakened, he did not respond to external stimuli.

I shall give one or two other cases, as they are very curious in themselves. They show especially that there may be loss of power of responding to irritations with complete knowledge or consciousness of things going on about the person, and with memory of events.

Gueneau de Mussy reported to the French Academy the case of a woman who had gone to sleep in 1808 and in 1838 was still sleeping. With the legs drawn up to the abdomen, the arms on the breast, the eyes tightly closed, her frame emaciated to the last degree, and with the ebb and flow of the aërial tide of respiration scarcely perceptible, that woman lived on through the decades, fed now and then with a crumb. There are a number of well-authenticated cases like this, but in none that I know of has the condition continued so long. The sleeping girl of Turville slept through eighteen years. Cases in which the sleep has continued for days, weeks, months, or years are not rare. This morbid sleep is nothing more than what is normal in many animals. The bear sleeps through the long winter months without food or motion.

Closely allied to this morbid sleep is hysterical trance, in which the power of recognition passes away; all muscles settle into absolute quiet; the pulse becomes more and more feeble, until it can no longer be felt at the wrist; respiration appears to cease, so that even a feather held over the mouth gives no sign; and the man or woman seems to be dead. When under these circumstances consciousness is preserved, the so-called *lucid lethargy* results, a condition which may follow an attack of acute disease with effects to the sufferer most dire. In the Wiertz Gallery at Brussels two companion pictures, which attract almost universal attention, illustrate the closing scene of a cholera tragedy. One portrays the father carried in a rough pine box by ruffians to his burial, in spite of the frantic outcries and impotent resistance of wife and children; the other represents the scene a little later: in a dark and noisome vault the coffin lies with others piled upon it; its occupant, recovered from his lucid lethargy, has burst open the lid, and, with agonized face peering through the rent, is violently struggling to get out. The counterpart of this picture has without doubt not infrequently been enacted during maddening epidemics. In my boyhood a familiar figure in Philadelphia was that of a gentleman of the highest repute, who sat at the head of a Quaker meeting in which I spent many weary hours, and whom I watched but too often with the most earnest wish that he would shake hands with his fellows and let us out. It so happened that in one of the yellow fever epidemics that ravaged this city in the later years of the last century, Mr. B—— took the disease and passed into a condition of lucid lethargy. There was no pulse that could be felt, no respiration that could be seen, no moving of an

eyelid, yet every word spoken in the death-room was registered in his consciousness. They washed the death-sweat from off him, and robed him in a shroud; the touch of the cold water and the soft embrace of the folded fabric thrilled him alike with horror, but he gave no sign because he could not. Just as the coffin lid was about to be screwed down, a supreme despairing effort caused a slight movement, and his condition was recognized.

If all our tests of the presence of consciousness fail, how do we know that anything is unconscious? We do not, in fact, know that anything is unconscious; we simply believe that things are unconscious. Unconsciousness is a negative condition, and we only arrive at our belief by a process of negative reasoning based upon the absence of certain attributes. A negation is never an absolute proof.

Stranger than all these vagaries of consciousness are those which cluster around the mental condition known as double consciousness. In double consciousness a person leads two lives. Let me cite an instance, one of the first on record. A young girl, quick, active, full of life and animation, suddenly complained one day of a very severe headache, and lay down on the bed. She became unconscious, but awoke in a few moments conscious, although no longer the being that she had been. She was a stranger in a strange land. The father, mother, sisters, and brothers were unknown. The results of years of education had been annihilated. She knew no more of her native tongue than does the child just born. Where vivacious before, she was now dull; where apt to learn, she was slow; where before slow to learn, she was now apt. She had to be educated over again. She lived her life, learned her lessons, until she could read and write, and knew her friends once more. Suddenly the headache again came upon her, and a deep sleep fell over her. She again woke up to the old being; the language acquired in infancy had returned to her; the facts learned through long years were with her; the acquaintances of the old time were her friends. The acquaintances, the lessons learned, the facts and events of the second period, however, she knew no more. So she went on until again the headache returned, the sleep was again on her, and she awoke again her second self. At the very page where her education had been interrupted in the second state it was now taken up. She recognized the friends of the second state, but she knew none of the first state. So through years she lived on her double life, now one person, now another; each state being connected with, or rather a continuation of, the previous corresponding state. In such a case the lawyer and the theologian alike might argue a long time concerning personal responsibility, and the metaphysician labor in vain to define the Ego.

The number of cases of double consciousness on record is not great, but sufficient to establish their existence beyond cavil. In one life a woman has been quiet, contented, domestic, virtuous, while during the other period she has been full of wickedness and unchastity. When in this case the consciousness of the good state was forced to recognize the fruits of the evil-doing of the bad state, the woman was dumfounded with horror. These cases of double consciousness are inexplicable. There is, of course, a sharp break in memory, but there is more than this: there is a total change in character, in modes of thought, in habits of action; a new being seems to have sprung into existence.

If memory alone be abruptly cut off, the results are different. The sense of personal identity which we all have depends upon the recollection of a practically unbroken series of events connected with ourselves. If such recollection be lost, the person does not know his own identity. Simple abrupt loss of memory involves only loss of the sense of personal identity.

During the Centennial Exhibition a big, burly Scotchman was brought to the hospital unconscious from sunstroke. I plunged him into a mass of slush and water and piled great masses of ice about his head. As he gradually struggled back to consciousness, his first sensation was that he was packed away in an ice-box and doomed. When he came more fully to himself, his first inquiry was, "Who am I?" I said, "Who are you?" This he could not answer. For four days that man lay in the hospital, apparently perfectly rational, wondering who he was. During all this time his friends were searching, and had detectives looking for him all through Philadelphia. At last his recollection came back, and he was able to give his name.

Some years ago in one of our Southern cities a man was seized by the police and taken to a hospital, where he told the following story: "I know nothing who I am or where I came from. All I know is that I found myself on the railroad platform a short time ago. I then drifted into a hall and heard a temperance lecture; goaded into fury by the eloquence of the speaker, I rushed out and began to smash the windows of a neighboring drinking-saloon; a consequent attack on me by the roughs led to my arrest by the police and my being brought to the hospital. That is all I know; who I am I cannot tell." At the time of the publication of the report of this case the hospital authorities had not found out who the man was.

Clearly related to the so-called double con-

sciousness is a mental state not rarely seen in insanity. A case reported in a Scotch medical journal shows very clearly this relation. Every other day the man was a typical melancholic maniac, and every other day he was a perfectly sane, active business man. On Monday he would sit with his face in his hands, utterly indifferent to his surroundings, overwhelmed with his weight of woe, and groaning in the agony of his spirit; on Tuesday he would be active and alert, attending to his business with shrewdness and success; on Wednesday the apathetic melancholic state would come on. On a well day he could never be made to understand that he had insane days; on an insane day he could not be made to believe in the existence of his bright days. On a bright Tuesday he would make engagements for Wednesday, and he would insist that he was the same every day of his life. His inability to receive evidence that he had insane days was, during his sane days, the only evidence of mental aberration.

We see glimpses of a similar violent, abrupt change of character and of thought in other cases of insanity. I watched through long years a woman suffering with an apparently hopeless melancholia, whose final recovery I have seen resembled but never completely paralleled. She had been the most refined and elegant of women. Taken in middle life with insanity, for fifteen long years her character was altered, her demeanor was changed, her personal being was something else than it had been. She was bowed down always with the terrible woe of a lost soul. Suddenly one evening that woman went down on her knees and prayed the livelong night. She had an attendant, wise beyond women, who let her alone. When morning came the lady arose and said she had found Christ. Her old character had returned; the original elegance of manner was registered in every act; the original delicacy of thought came out from the recent almost brutal crudeness, like blossoms from a forest of wood in the early spring. This lasted for a few days; then she said the cloud was coming, and as the dark thunder-cloud drifts across the sunny landscape, so there came over her the shadow of a great woe. After days or hours she would suddenly raise her head and say, "The light is coming"; and out of the darkness the old gentle, persuasive being would come forth, with no traces of insanity about her.

Before phenomena like these science is dumb. Merely in the presence of ordinary everyday consciousness, without voice is that science which can drag from the bowels of the earth the records of creation, and can reach to the sun to weigh and analyze the power of the present. Consciousness is the one supreme fact of the universe, mysterious, inexplicable for all time, beyond human understanding.

We take a little mass of living matter. We call it protoplasm. We notice that it is tremulous with self-endowed motion. We find that it is almost structureless, containing only some little shapeless granules. We analyze it in the chemist's retort, and it is carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen. And now we say we know it; but how are these elements grouped together that out of their dead atoms should spring molecules endowed with the greatest power of all powers — the power of knowing?

The beginning of a man is a speck of protoplasm, a formless particle. One such little mass is to us indistinguishable from its fellows; each is structureless, yet within each are the records of innumerable generations passed, and the potentialities of generations manifold to come. One shall develop into a fool; another into a man who shall fill the world with the fame of his intellectual greatness, or, mayhap, with noise and blood and the misery of war; out of one shall come forth a monster of wickedness, out of another a saviour of mankind. Yet to us all of these beginnings are precisely alike. If we cannot, with the crude, blundering tools we call the microscope and the retort, make out any differences in these simple little masses of protoplasm which are yet so different, how can we ever tell the story of the waves of ruin, distress, and change which sweep to and fro over the human brain? If we cannot fathom the mere speck of germinal protoplasm, how can we ever hope to know the changes of the most complicated nervous protoplasm gone mad?

If the limitations of science in the study of our own organism be so narrow, how impossible for it ever to fathom the Infinite Spirit. Science does not, and cannot with propriety, deny the existence of a Supreme Being. The long, convergent lines of its study stretch out to a far-off focus in which dwells the First Great Cause; but to science the nature of this originating central force or being must forever remain unknown and unknowable. Science knows consciousness only as an attribute of matter. To religious faith alone is it given to apprehend consciousness as an abstraction — consciousness self-existent and eternal, unclothed from material form, but clothed with infinite attributes of power and goodness; consciousness that is God.

H. C. Wood.

THE WOMEN OF THE FRENCH SALONS.

SALONS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

I.

INSPIRE, but do not write, said Le Brun to women. Whatever we may think to-day of this rather superfluous advice, we can readily pardon a man living in the atmosphere of the salons for falling somewhat under the special charm of their leaders. It is true that many of them wrote, as they talked, out of the fullness of their own hearts and with no thought of a public, but it was only an incident in their lives, and could hardly have brought them under the ban of the *femme auteur*. Their special gift was to inspire others, and their fascination seems never to lose its power. Even at this distance they have a perpetual interest for us. It may be that the long perspective lends them a certain illusion which a closer view might partly dispel. Something also may be due to the dark background against which they are outlined. But, in spite of time and change, they stand out upon the pages of history glowing with an ever-fresh vitality, and personifying the genius of a civilization of which they were the fairest flower.

The Gallic genius is eminently a social one, but it is, of all others, the most difficult to reproduce. The subtle grace of manner and the magic of spoken words die out like the sparkle of champagne. The flavor is gone with the moment. Hence, after the lapse of more than two centuries, it is not easy to catch the spirit of the early salons nor the nameless attraction of the women who gave tone to them. They were not faultless; indeed, some of them were very faulty. Nor were they remarkable for learning, though quite above the average of their time. But they had rare intellectual appreciation, and the peculiar social gifts which genius, nursed in the library or apart from the world, is apt to lack. It finds its best expression in other channels. The close study of books leads to the knowledge of man rather than of men. It tends also towards habits of introspection, which are fatal to clear and swift vision. A distinctively social talent implies the happy poise of character and intellect, the blending of many gifts, not the supremacy of one. It implies taste and versatility, with fine discrimination, and the tact to sink one's own personality as well as to call out the best in others. It was this flexibility of mind, this active intelligence, tempered with sensibility and the native instinct of pleasing, that distinguished these Frenchwomen. "It is not sufficient to be wise, it is necessary also to please," said the witty and penetrating Ninon, who very aptly condensed the feminine philosophy of her race. She revealed, too, the secret of their personal influence and social power, the indefinable something which is as difficult to analyze as the perfume of a rose.

It was to the refinement, critical taste, and moral force of a rare woman, half French and half Italian, that the first salons owed their origin and their distinctive character. Hers was the "still small voice" that spoke so effectively after the storm had passed by. The religious and political feuds that marked the age of Luther and Loyola, the Reformation and the Leagues, were beginning to subside in the early days of the seventeenth century. A new light was dawning upon the world, but it was not yet diffused. Knowledge was still locked in the brains of savants or in the dusty tomes of languages that were virtually obsolete. Manners were coarse and morals dissolute beyond credibility. In spite of the refined tastes which had been brought from Italy by Marie de Médicis, the prevailing tone of the court was low and vicious. The position of women was distinctly inferior. The intellectual atmosphere which surrounded the brilliant but unscrupulous Marguerite de Navarre had not been without its influence, and there were a few, in the solitude of the remote châteaux, who had more or less love of literature as it came to them. "The very women and maidens aspired to this praise and celestial manna of good learning," said Rabelais. But they were mainly limited to his own unsavory satires, to Spanish pastorals, licentious poems, and their books of devotion. At this time the woman of pure character and fine intelligence appeared, whose position enabled her to create a social center of sufficient attraction to focus the best intellectual and moral life of the age, and sufficient power to radiate its light. But it was the tact and discrimination to select

from the wealth of material about her, and quietly to reconcile old traditions with the freshness of new ideas, that especially characterized Mme. de Rambouillet.

It was this richness of material, the remarkable variety and originality of the women who clustered round and succeeded their graceful leader, that gave so commanding an influence to the salons of the seventeenth century. The annals of the time are full of them. No social life has been so carefully studied, no women have been so minutely portrayed. They painted one another, and they painted themselves, with realistic fidelity. The lights and shadows are alike defined. We know their joys and their sorrows, their passions and their follies, their tastes and their antipathies. Their inmost life has been revealed. They animate, as living figures, a whole class of literature which they were largely instrumental in creating, and upon which they have left the stamp of their own vivid personality. They appear later in the pages of Cousin and of Sainte-Beuve, with their radiant features softened and spiritualized by the touch of time. We rise from a perusal of these chronicles of a society long passed away with the feeling that we have left a company of old friends. We like to recall their pleasant talk of themselves, of their companions, of the lighter happenings, as well as the more serious side, of an age which they have illuminated. We seem to see their faces, note their manner, watch the play of intellect and feeling while they speak. The variety is infinite and full of charm.

Mme. de Sévigné talks upon paper of the trifling affairs of everyday life, adding here and there a sparkling anecdote, a bit of gossip, a delicate characterization, a trenchant criticism, a dash of wit, a touch of feeling, or a shadow of profound sadness. All this is lighted up by her passionate love of her daughter, and in this light we read the many-sided life of her time for twenty-five years. Mme. de La Fayette takes the world more seriously and replaces the playful fancy of her friend by a richer vein of imagination and sentiment. She sketches her portrait gracefully, with a shade of flattery, perhaps; she gives us a clear insight into the court of which Madame is the central figure — the unfortunate Princess Henrietta, whom she loved so tenderly, and who died so tragically in her arms. She writes novels, too; not profound studies of life, but fine and exquisite pictures of that side of the century which appealed most to her poetic sensibility. We follow the leading characters of the age through the ten-volume romances of Mlle. de Scudéry, which mostly have long since fallen into oblivion. Doubtless the portraits are a trifle rose-colored, but they accord, in the main, with more veracious history. The Grande Mademoiselle describes herself and her friends with the curious naïveté of a spoiled child who thinks its smallest experiences of interest to all the world. Mme. de Maintenon gives us another picture, more serious, more thoughtful, but illuminated with flashes of profound thought.

Most of these women wrote simply to amuse themselves and their friends. It was only another mode of their versatile expression. With rare exceptions, they were not authors consciously or by intention. They wrote spontaneously, and often with reckless disregard of grammar and orthography. But the people who move across their gossiping pages are alive. The century passes in review before us as we read. The men and women who made its literature so brilliant and its salons so famous become vivid realities. Prominent among the fair faces that look out upon us at every turn, from court and salon, is that of the Duchesse de Longueville, sister of the Great Condé, and heroine of the Fronde. Her lovely blue eyes, with their dreamy languor and "luminous awakenings," turn the heads alike of men and women, of poet and critic, of statesman and priest. We trace her brief career through her pure and ardent youth, her loveless marriage, her fatal passion for La Rochefoucauld, the final shattering of all her illusions; and when at last, tired of the world, she bows her beautiful head in penitent prayer, we too love and forgive her, as others have done. Were not twenty-five years of suffering and penance an ample expiation? She was one of the three women of whom Cardinal Mazarin said that they were "capable of governing and overturning three kingdoms." The others were the intriguing Duchesse de Chevreuse, who dazzled the age by her beauty and her daring escapades, and the spirituelle Princess Palatine. A striking figure, too, is a sister of the latter, the beautiful and gifted Princess Gonzague-Clèves, one of the Jansenist converts, and afterwards Queen of Poland. We catch pleasant glimpses of Mme. Deshoulières, beautiful and a poet; of Mme. Cornuel, of whom it was said that "every sin she confessed was an epigram"; of Mme. de Choisy, witty and piquante; of Mme. de Coulanges, also a wit and *femme d'esprit*.

Linked with these by a thousand ties of sympathy and affection were the worthy counterparts of Pascal and Arnauld, of Bossuet and Fénelon, the devoted women who poured out their passionate souls at the foot of the cross and laid their earthly hopes upon the altar of divine love. We follow the devout Jacqueline Pascal to the cloister in which she buries her brilliant youth, to die at thirty-five of a wounded conscience and a broken heart. Many a bruised

spirit, as it turns from the gay world which has palled upon it, to the mystic devotion which touches a new chord in its jaded sensibilities, finds support and inspiration in the strong and fervid sympathy of Jacqueline Arnauld, better known as Mère Angélique of Port Royal. This profound spiritual passion was a part of the intense life of the century, which gravitated from love and ambition to the extremes of penitence and asceticism.

A multitude of minor figures, graceful and poetic, brilliant and spirituelle, flit across the canvas, leaving the fragrance of an exquisite individuality, and tempting one to linger among the versatile women who toned and colored the society of the period. But we have to do, at present, especially with those who gathered and blended this fresh intelligence, delicate fancy, emotional wealth, and religious fervor, in a society which included such men as Corneille, Balzac, Bossuet, Richelieu, Condé, Pascal, Arnauld, and La Rochefoucauld — those who are known as leaders of more or less celebrated salons. Of these, Mme. de Rambouillet and Mme. de Sablé were among the best representative types of their time, and the first of the long line of social queens who held so potent a sway for two centuries through this special gift. The salons of Mlle. de Scudéry and the Grande Mademoiselle had a very distinctive character and influence which give them a place here, but these women are known to the world also through other channels.

II.

The Hôtel de Rambouillet has been called the "cradle of polished society," but the personality of its hostess is less familiar than that of many who followed in her train. This may be partly due to the fact that she left no record of herself on paper. She aptly embodied the kind advice of Le Brun. It was her special talent to inspire others and to combine the various elements of a brilliant and complex social life. The rare tact which enabled her to do this lay largely in a certain self-effacement and the peculiar harmony of a nature which presented few salient points. She is best represented by the salon of which she was the architect and the animating spirit. But even this is better known to-day through its faults than its virtues. It is but just to clear off a little dust from its memorials and to paint in fresh colors one who played so important a rôle in the history of literature and manners.

Catherine de Vivonne was born at Rome in 1588. Her father, the Marquis de Pisani, was French ambassador, and her mother belonged to the old Roman family of Savelli. Married at sixteen to the Count d'Angennes, afterwards Marquis de Rambouillet, she was introduced to the world at the gay court of Henry IV. But the coarse and depraved manners which ruled there were altogether distasteful to her delicate and fastidious nature. At twenty she retired from these brilliant scenes of gilded vice and began to gather round her the coterie of choice spirits which, later, became so famous.

Filled with the poetic ideals and artistic tastes which had been nourished in a thoughtful and elegant seclusion, it seems to have been the aim of her life to give them outward expression. Her mind, which inherited the subtle refinement of the land of her birth, had taken its color from the best Italian and Spanish literature, but she was in no sense a learned woman. She was going to study Latin once, in order to read Virgil, but was prevented by ill-health. It is clear, however, that she had a great diversity of gifts, with a basis of rare good sense and moral elevation. "She was revered, adored," writes Mme. de Motteville; "a model of courtesy, wisdom, knowledge, and sweetness." She is always spoken of in the chronicles of her time as a loyal wife, a devoted mother; the benefactor of the suffering, and the sympathetic adviser of authors and artists. Segrais says that she was "agreeable and entertaining, a good friend, and gracious to every one." We are told that she was beautiful, but we only know that her face was fair and delicate, her figure tall and graceful, and her manner stately and dignified. Her Greek love of beauty expressed itself in all her appointments. The unique and original architecture of her hotel,— which was modeled after her own designs,— the arrangement of her salon, the pursuits she chose, and the amusements she planned, were all a part of her own artistic nature. It was shown also, in her code of etiquette, which imposed a fine courtesy upon the members of her coterie and infused into life the spirit of politeness, which one of her countrymen has called the "flower of humanity." But this esthetic quality was tempered with a clear judgment, and a keen appreciation of merit and talent, which led her to gather there many not "to the manner born," who sometimes jarred upon the tastes and prejudices of her noble guests. In some cases she delicately aided a needy man of letters to present a respectable appearance in her salon.

Adding to this spirit of noble independence the prestige of rank, beauty, and fortune; a temper of mingled sweetness and strength; versatile gifts controlled by an admirable reason; a serene and tranquil character; a playful humor, free from the caprices of a too exacting sensibility; a perfect *savoir-faire*, and

we have the unusual combination which enabled her to hold her sway for so many years without a word of censure from even the most scandal-loving of chroniclers.

"We have sought in vain," writes Cousin, "for that which is rarely lacking in any life of equal or even less brilliancy, some calumny or scandal, an equivocal word, or the lightest epigram. We have found only a concert of warm eulogies which have run through many generations. She has disarmed Tallemant himself. This caricaturist of the seventeenth century has been pitiless towards the *habitués* of her illustrious house, but he praises her with a warmth which is very impressive from such a source."

The *salon bleu* has become historic. This "sanctuary of the Temple of Athené," as it was called in the stilted language of the day, has been illuminated for us by the rank, beauty, and talent of the Augustan age of France. We are more or less familiar with even the minute details of the spacious room, whose long windows opened into the little garden and let in a flood of golden sunlight. We picture to ourselves its draperies of blue and gold, its curious cabinets, its choice works of art, its Venetian lamps, and its crystal vases always filled with flowers that scattered the perfume of spring.

It was here that Mme. de Rambouillet held her court for nearly thirty years, beginning about 1620. She sought to gather all that was most distinguished, whether for wit, beauty, talent, or birth, into an atmosphere of refinement and simple elegance which should tone down all discordant elements and raise life to the level of a fine art. There was a strongly intellectual flavor in the amusements, as well as in the discussions of this salon, and the place of honor was given to genius, learning, and good manners, rather than to rank. But it was by no means purely literary. The exclusive spirit of the old aristocracy, with its *hauteur* and its lofty patronage, found itself face to face with fresh ideals. The position of the hostess enabled her to break the traditional barriers and form a society upon a new basis, but, in spite of the mingling of classes hitherto separated, the dominant life was that of the noblesse. Women of rank gave the tone and made the laws. Their code of etiquette was severe. They aimed to combine the graces of Italy with the chivalry of Spain. The model man must have a keen sense of honor and wit without pedantry; he must be brave, heroic, generous, gallant, but he must also possess good breeding and gentle courtesy. The coarse passions which had disgraced the court were refined into subtle sentiments, and women were raised upon a pedestal to be respectfully and platonically adored. In this reaction from extreme license familiarity was forbidden, and language was subjected to a critical censorship.

"Do you remember," said Fléchier, many years later, in his funeral oration on the death of the Duchesse de Montausier, "the salons which are still regarded with so much veneration, where the spirit was purified, where virtue was revered under the name of the incomparable Arthénice; where people of merit and quality assembled who composed a select court, numerous without confusion, modest without constraint, learned without pride, polished without affectation?"

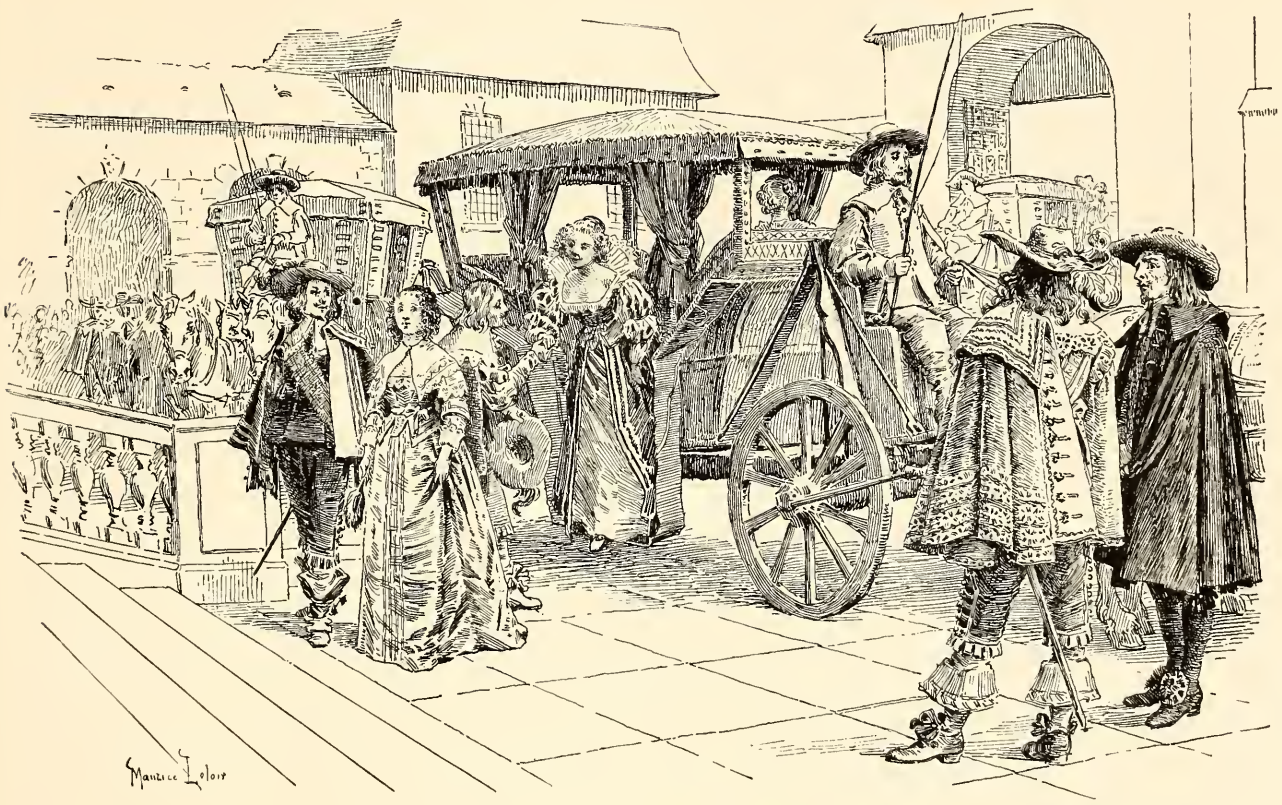
Whatever allowance we may be disposed to make for the friendship of the eminent Abbé, he spoke with the authority of personal knowledge, and at a time when the memories of the Hôtel de Rambouillet were still fresh. It is true that some of those who belonged to the professed school of morals were not free from grave errors. But we cannot judge by the Anglo-Saxon standards of the nineteenth century the faults of an age in which a Ninon de L'Enclos lives on terms of veiled intimacy with a strait-laced Mme. de Maintenon, and receives in her salon women of as spotless reputation as Mme. de La Fayette and the much-forgiving Mme. de Sévigné. Measured from the level of their time, the lives of the Rambouillet coterie stand out white and shining. The pure character of the Marquise and her daughters was above reproach, and they were quoted as "models whom all the world cited, all the world admired, and every one tried to imitate." To be a *précieuse* was in itself an evidence of good conduct.

"This salon was a resort not only for all the fine wits, but for every one who frequented the court," writes Mme. de Motteville. One is tempted to wonder if some of these noble cavaliers and high-born women did not yawn over the learned discourse of Corneille and Balzac about the Romans, the endless disputes about rival sonnets, and the long discussions about the value of a word. "Doubtless it is a very beautiful poem, but also very tiresome," says Mme. de Longueville, after listening to the scholarly Chapelain's dreary "Pucelle." It is before the Fronde, and she is yet content with the rôle of a reigning beauty, though not at all averse to the clever and refined entertainments of this favorite salon, where she is a frequent and honored guest.

But its diversions are by no means always grave or literary. Life is represented on many sides, and perhaps this is one secret of its wide influence. If at one time Corneille reads his last drama, or Bossuet, then a boy of seventeen, gives them an impromptu sermon, at an-

other time they improvise sonnets and madrigals, or enjoy a song from the beautiful Angélique Paulet, who has a marvelous voice and plays the lute skillfully. She has also a special talent for the little comedies with which they often amuse themselves. They read the "Astrée" of D'Urfé, the romances of Calprenède, and the sentimental "Bergeries" of Racan, who sighs at a distance over the fascinations of the dignified Marquise. Charmed with these Arcadian pictures, they try to reproduce the Strephons and Florimels making love in pastoral fashion with pipe and lute. The versatile hostess has a taste, too, for mythologic fêtes, in which they drape themselves as antique gods and goddesses. Her amiable and spirituelle daughter Julie is an able assistant, and wins the love alike of men and women. Malherbe has given to Mme. de Rambouillet the romantic name of Arthénice, and forthwith the other members of her coterie assume some *nom de Parnasse* by which they are familiarly known. Sometimes they amuse their idle hours with practical jokes and surprises which are more laughable than dignified. The manners of the time are illustrated by a curious anecdote of Voiture. They were playing a game one day, in which he was condemned to pay a forfeit by saying something to make them all laugh. If he failed to do so at once, he was to be tossed in a counterpane as many minutes as he made them wait. He evidently failed, and wrote to Mlle. de Bourbon an account of the affair which was witty enough to have had the desired effect.

This famous *bel esprit* played a very prominent part here. His rôle was to amuse, but his small vanities strike one much more vividly, at this distance, than the wit which flashed out with the moment, or the *vers de société* upon which his fame rests. He owed his social success to a rather high-flown love-letter which he evidently thought too good to be lost to the world. He sent it to a friend, who had it printed and circulated. What the lady thought of it does not appear, but it made the fortune of the poet. "If he were one of us, he would be unbearable," said the Great Condé. But his caprices were tolerated, and he was petted and spoiled to the end.



COURTYARD OF THE HÔTEL RAMBOUILLET.

There is a warm human side to this daily intercourse, with its sweet and gracious courtesies. The women who discuss grave questions and make or unmake literary reputations in the salon are capable of rare sacrifices and friendships that seem quixotic in their devotion. Cousin, who has studied them so carefully and so sympathetically, has saved from oblivion many private letters which give us pleasant glimpses of their everyday life. As we listen to their quiet exchange of confidences we catch the smile that plays over the light badinage, or the tear that lurks in the tender words.

A little son of Mme. de Rambouillet has the small-pox, and his sister Julie shares the

care of him with her mother when every one else has fled. At his death she devotes herself to her friend Mme. de Longueville, who, soon after her marriage, is attacked with the same dreaded malady. Mme. de Sablé is afraid of contagion and refuses to see Mlle. de Rambouillet, who writes her a characteristic letter.

ANGÉLIQUE PAULET. (FROM AN ENGRAVING ON STEEL.)

Mlle. de Chalais [*dame de compagnie* to the Marquise] will please read this letter to Mme. la Marquise out of a draught.

Madame, I cannot begin my treaty with you too early, for I am sure that, between the first proposition made to me to see you and the conclusion, you will have so many reflections to make, so many physicians to consult, and so many fears to surmount, that I shall have full leisure to air myself. The conditions which I offer are, not to visit you until I have been three days absent from the Hôtel de Condé [where Mme. de Longueville was ill], to change all of my garments, to choose a cold day, not to approach you within four paces, not to sit down upon more than one seat. You may also have a great fire in your room, burn juniper in the four corners, surround yourself with imperial vinegar, with rue and wormwood. If you can feel safe under these conditions without my cutting off my hair, I swear to you to execute them religiously; and if you want examples to fortify you, I can tell you that the Queen saw M. Chaudebonne when he came from Mme. de Longueville's room, and that Mme. d'Aiguillon, who has good taste and is free from reproach on such points, has just sent me word that if I did not go to see her, she would come to see me.

Mme. de Sablé retorts, in a satirical vein, that she is too well instructed in the needed precautions to be quite free from the charge of timidity, adding the hope that, since she understands the danger, she will take better care of herself in the future.

This calls forth another letter, in which Mlle. de Rambouillet says that "one never fears to see those whom one loves," adding, "I would have given much, for your sake, if this had not occurred." She closes this spicy correspondence, however, with a very affectionate letter which calms the ruffled temper of her sensitive companion.

Mme. de Sablé has another friend, Mlle. d'Attichy, who figures quite prominently in the social life of a later period as the Comtesse de Maure. This lady was just leaving Paris to visit her in the country, when she learned that Mme. de Sablé had written to Mme. de Rambouillet that she could conceive of no greater happiness than to pass her life alone with her daughter, Julie d'Angennes. This touches her sensibilities so keenly that she changes her plans and refuses to visit one who could find her pleasure away from her. Mme. de Sablé tries to appease her; with what result may be seen in the reply, which I am tempted to give in full.

I have seen this letter in which you tell me there is so much *galimatias*, and I assure you I have not found any at all. On the contrary, I find everything very clearly expressed, and among others one which is too plain for my satisfaction. You have said to Mme. de Rambouillet that, if you tried to imagine a perfectly happy life for yourself, it would be to pass it all alone with Mlle. de Rambouillet. You know that no one can be better convinced than I am of her merit, but I confess that it has not prevented me from being surprised that you could have a thought which did so great an injury to our friendship. As to believing that you said this to one, and wrote it to the other, simply to pay them an agreeable compliment, I have too high an esteem for your courage to imagine that complaisance would lead you thus to betray the sentiments of your heart, especially on a subject in which, as they were unfavorable to me, I think you would have the more reason concealing them; the affection which I have for you being so well known to every one, and above all to Mlle. de Rambouillet, so that I doubt whether she will not be more sensible of the wrong you have done me than of the advantage you have given her. The accident of this letter falling into my hands has forcibly reminded me of those lines of Bertaut:

Malheureuse est l'ignorance,
Et plus malheureux le savoir.

Having thus lost a confidence which alone rendered life supportable to me, I cannot think of taking the journey so much anticipated; for there would be no propriety in traveling sixty leagues at this season, in order to burden you with a person so little suited to you, that after years of a passion without parallel, you cannot help thinking that the greatest pleasure would consist in passing life without her. I return then into my solitude to examine the defects which cause me so much unhappiness, and unless I can correct them, I should have less joy than confusion in seeing you.

How this affair was adjusted does not appear, but as they remained devoted friends through life, unable to live apart, or pass a day

CORNEILLE READING "POLYEUCTE" AT THE HÔTEL RAMBOUILLET.

JACQUELINE ARNAULD — MÈRE ANGÉLIQUE. (FROM AN OIL PORTRAIT.)

happily without seeing each other, it evidently did not end in a serious alienation. It suggests, however, a delicacy and exaltation of feeling which we are apt to accord only to love, and which go far towards disproving the verdict of Montaigne, that "the soul of a woman is not firm enough for so durable a tie as friendship."

We like to dwell upon these inner phases of a famous and powerful coterie, not only because they bring before us so vividly the living, moving, thinking, loving women who composed it, letting us into their intimate life with its quiet shadings, its fantastic humors, and its wayward caprices, but because they lead us to the fountain-head of a new form of literary expression. The formal letters of Balzac had been among the early entertainments of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and Voiture had a witty or sentimental note for every occasion. Mlle. de Scudéry held a ready pen, and was in the habit of noting down, in her letters to absent friends, the conversation, which ran over a great variety of topics, from the gossip of the moment to the gravest questions. There was no morning journal with its columns of daily news, no magazine with its sketches of contemporary life, and these private letters were passed from one to another to be read and discussed. The craze for clever letters spread. Conversations literally overflowed upon paper. A romantic adventure, a bit of scandal, a drawing-room incident, or a personal pique was a fruitful theme. Everybody aimed to excel in an art which brought a certain prestige. These letters, which had their brief day, were often gathered into little volumes, most of which have long since disappeared, or found burial in the dust of old libraries, from which they are occasionally exhumed to throw fresh light upon some forgotten nook and byway of an age whose habits and manners, virtues and follies, are so faithfully recorded. A few still survive, and sometimes an old portfolio reveals a piquant private correspondence. The finest outcome of this prevailing taste was Mme. de Sévigné, who still reigns as the queen of graceful letter-writers. Although her maturity belongs to a later period, she was familiar with the Rambouillet circle in her youth, and inherited its best spirit.

The charm of this literature is its spontaneity. It has no ulterior aim, but delights in simple expression. These people write because they like to write. They are original because they sketch from life. There is something naïve and fresh in their vivid pictures. They give us all the accessories. They tell us how they lived, how they dressed, how they thought, how they acted. They talk of their plans, their loves, and their private piques, with the same easy grace. They condense for us their worldly philosophy, their sentiments, and their experience. All this is done with a lightness of touch that is as fascinating as it is inimitable.

The Hôtel de Rambouillet was the social power of the first half of the century. "It was a rendezvous," writes Saint-Simon, "of all that was most distinguished in condition and in merit; a tribunal with which it was necessary to count, and whose decisions upon the conduct and reputation of people of the court and the world have great weight." It sustained Corneille against the persecutions of Richelieu, and numbered among its *habitués* the founders of the Académie Française, who continued the critical reforms in language which were begun there. In an age of political espionage it maintained its position and its dignity. Cardinal Richelieu feared its influence, and sent to the Marquise a request to report what was said of him in her salon. She replied, with consummate tact, that they were so strongly persuaded of the consideration and friendship she had for his Eminence, that no one would have the temerity to speak ill of him in her presence.

In 1648 the troubles of the Fronde, which grew out of petty social rivalries, scattered its most noted guests. Voiture was dead. The only remaining son of Mme. de Rambouillet had fallen in battle. Of her five daughters, three were abbesses of convents. One of these was the source of great trouble to her family through her eccentricities and violent temper. Julie, whose talent and amiability made her a conspicuous figure in her day, was at last the wife of the Duc de Montausier, who had been her devoted lover for thirteen years. Ill-health, as well as sorrow, had laid its hand upon the Marquise. She still received her friends in her *ruelle*, but the brilliant company was dispersed, and the glory of the *salon bleu* was gone. Its freshness had faded with its draperies of blue and gold. She lived until 1665, but successive griefs darkened her closing years. Her husband, of whom we know little save that he was sent on various foreign missions and "loved his wife always as a lover," died in 1652. She also lost her youngest daughter, Angélique, wife of the Comte de Grignan, who was afterwards the son-in-law of Mme. de Sévigné.

There is something infinitely pathetic in the epitaph this much-loved and successful woman wrote for herself when she felt that the end was near:

Ici-gît Arthénice, exempte des rigueurs
Dont la rigueur du sort l'a toujours poursuivie.
Et, si tu veux, passant, compter tous ses malheurs,
Tu n'auras qu'à compter les moments de sa vie.

The spirit of unrest is there beneath the calm exterior. It may be some hidden wound, it may be only the old, old weariness, the inevitable burden of the race. "My God," wrote Mme. de Maintenon in the height of her worldly success, "how sad life is; I pass my days without other consolation than the thought that death will end it all."

But Mme. de Rambouillet had done her work, and it was left for others to continue. She found a language crude and inelegant, manners coarse and licentious, morals dissolute and vicious. Her influence was at its height in the age of Corneille and Descartes, and she lived almost to the culmination of the era of Racine and Molière, of Boileau and La Bruyère, of Bossuet and Fénelon, the era of simple and purified language, of refined and stately manners, and of at least outward respect for morality.

JULIE D'ANGENNES, DUCHESSE DE MONTAUSIER. (FROM AN ETCHING IN THE "GUIRLANDE DE JULIE" OF OCTAVE UZANNE.)

ANTOINETTE DE LIGIER DE LA GARDE — MME. DESHOULIÈRES. (FROM THE OIL PORTRAIT BY PIERRE MIGNARD.)

To these results she very largely contributed. She was a woman of fine ideals and exalted standards, possessing in an eminent degree the purity of character, delicacy of thought, and urbanity of manner which she exacted of others. But all her gifts were merged into that of holding a salon. Here she was without a rival.

It is true there was a reverse side to the picture. Traditions are strong, and people do not readily adapt themselves to new models. Character and manners are a growth. That which is put on and not ingrained is apt to lack the true balance and proportion. Hence it is not strange that this new order of things resulted in many crudities and exaggerations. Spanish chivalry doubtless degenerated into a thousand absurdities — from which the Hôtel de Rambouillet was not quite free. It was the fashion to talk in the language of hyperbole. Sighing lovers were consumed with artificial fires, and ready to die with affected languors. Like the old poets of Provence, whose spirit they caught and whose phrases they repeated, they were dying of love they did not feel. The eyes of Phyllis extinguished the sun. The very

nightingales expired of jealousy on hearing the voice of Angélique.

It is not worth while to criticize too severely the plumed knights who took the heroes of Corneille as models, played the harmless lover, and paid the tribute of chivalric deference to women. The strained politeness may have been artificial, and the forms of chivalry very likely outran the feeling, but they served at least to keep it alive, while the false platonism and ultra-refined sentiment were simply moral protests against the coarse vices of the time. The prudery which reached a satirical climax in the *Madelon* and *Cathos* of Molière was a natural reaction from the sensuality of a Marguerite and a Gabrielle. Mme. de Rambouillet saw and enjoyed the first performance of "Les Précieuses Ridicules," nor does it appear that she was at all disturbed by the keen satire which has fallen so unjustly upon her salon. Molière himself disclaims all intention of attacking the true *précieuse*, but the world is not given to fine discrimination, and the true suffers from the blow that is aimed at the false. As he belonged to the lax and Epicurean circles of Ninon and Saint-Évremond, Mme. de la Sablière and La Fontaine, it is not unlikely that he shared their well-known prejudices against the powerful and fastidious coterie whose very virtues furnished many salient points for his scathing wit.

But whatever affectations may have grown out of the new code of manners, it had a more lasting result in the fine and stately courtesy which pervaded the later social life of the century. We owe, too, a profound gratitude to those women who exacted and were able to command a consideration which, with many shades and variations, has been left as a permanent heritage to their sex. We may smile at some of their follies. Have we not our own, which some nineteenth-century Molière may serve up for the delight and possible misleading of future generations?

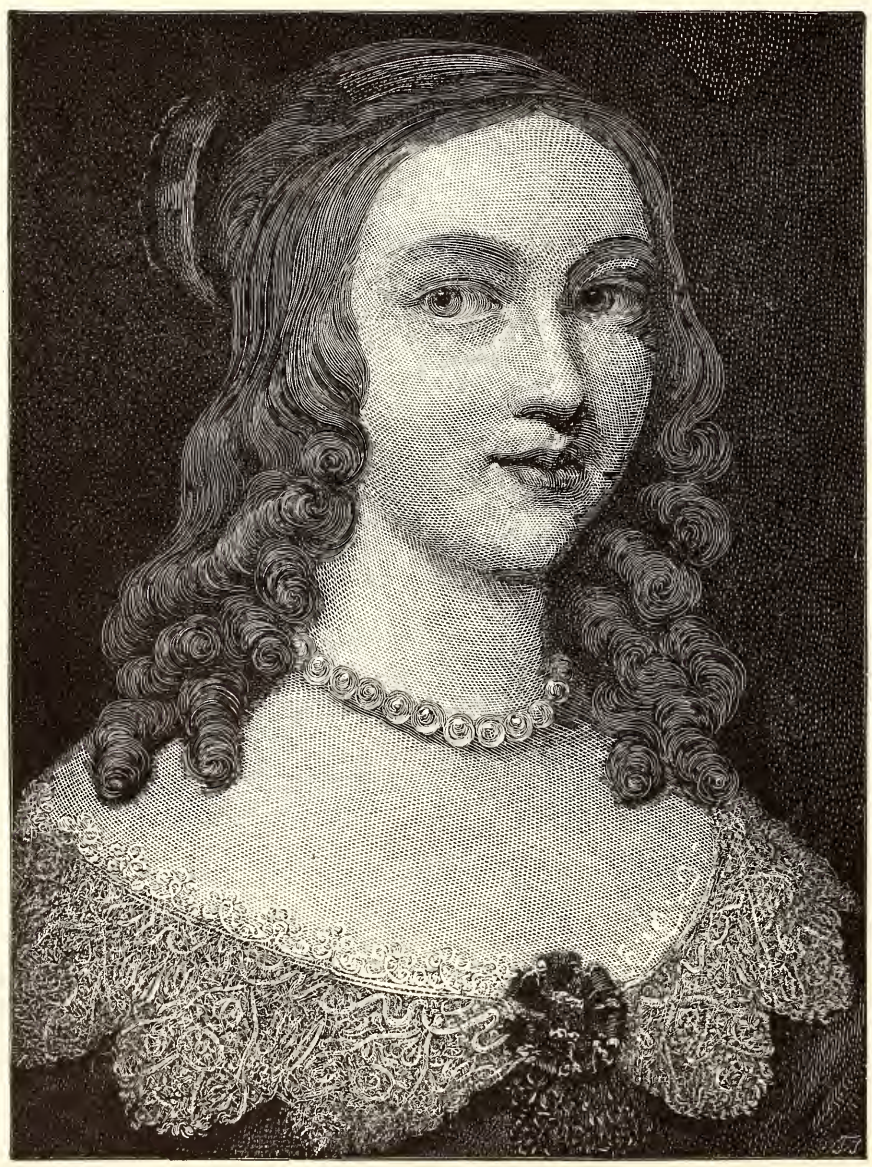
It is difficult to estimate the impulse given to intelligence and literary taste by this breaking up of old social crystallizations. What the savant had learned in his closet passed more or less into current coin. Conversation gave point to thought, clearness to expression, simplicity to language. Women of rank and recognized ability imposed the laws of good taste, and their vivid imaginations changed lifeless abstractions into something concrete and artistic. Men of letters, who had held an inferior and dependent position, were penetrated with the spirit of a refined society, while men of the world, in a circle where wit and literary skill were distinctions, began to aspire to the rôle of a *bel esprit*, to pride themselves upon some intellectual gift, and the power to write without labor and without pedantry, as became their rank. Many of them lacked seriousness, dealing mainly with delicate fancies and trivial incidents, but pleasures of the intellect and taste became the fashion. Burlesques and chansons disputed the palm with madrigals and sonnets. A neatly turned epigram or a clever letter made a social success.

ANNE-GENEVIÈVE DE BOURBON, DUCHESSE DE LONGUEVILLE. (FROM AN ENGRAVING AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY MIGNARD.)

Perhaps it was not a school for genius of the first order. Society favors graces of form and expression rather than profound and serious thought. No Homer, nor Æschylus, nor

Milton, nor Dante, is the outgrowth of such a soil. The prophet, or seer, shines by the light of his own soul. He deals with problems and emotions that lie deep in the pulsing heart of humanity, but he does not best interpret his generation. It is the man living upon the level of his time, and finding his inspiration in the world of events, who reflects its life, marks its currents, and registers its changes. Matthew Arnold has aptly said that "the qualities of genius are less transferable than the qualities of intelligence, less can be immediately learned and appropriated from their product; they are less direct and stringent intellectual agencies, though they may be more beautiful and divine." It was this quality of intelligence that eminently characterized the literature of the seventeenth century. It was a mirror of social conditions, or their natural outcome. The spirit of its social life penetrated its thought, colored its language, and molded its forms. We trace it in the letters and *vers de société* which were the pastime of the Hôtel de Rambouillet and the *Samedis* of Mlle. de Scudéry, as well as in the romances which reflected their sentiments and pictured their manners. We trace it in the literary portraits which were the diversion of the coterie of Mademoiselle at the Luxembourg, and in the voluminous memoirs and chronicles which grew out of it. We trace it also in the "Maxims" and thoughts which were polished and perfected in the convent salon of Mme. de Sablé, and were the direct fruits of a wide experience and observation of the great world. It would be unfair to say that anything so complex as the growth of a new literature was wholly due to any single influence, but the intellectual drift of the time seems to have found its impulse in the salons. They were the alembics in which thought was fused and crystallized. They were the schools in which the French mind cultivated its extraordinary clearness and flexibility.

As the century advanced, the higher literature was tinged and modified by the same spirit. Society, with its follies and affectations, inspired the mocking laughter of Molière, but its unwritten laws tempered his language and refined his wit. Its fine urbanity was reflected in the harmony and delicacy of Racine, as well as in the critical decorum of Boileau. The artistic sentiment ruled in letters, as in social life. It was not only the thought that counted, but the setting of the thought. The majestic periods of Bossuet, the tender persuasiveness of Fénelon, gave even truth a double force. Doubtless the inevitable reaction came. The great literary wave of the seventeenth century reached its brilliant climax and broke upon the shores of a new era. But the seeds of thought had been scattered, to spring up in the great literature of humanity that marked the eighteenth century.



MARIE DE RABUTIN-CHANTAL — MARQUISE DE SÉVIGNÉ. (FROM THE OIL PORTRAIT BY HENRI BEAUBRUN.)

III.

THERE were other salons among the noblesse, modeled more or less after the parent one, but without the inspiration of its gifted

leader. Many of them had a slightly literary flavor, of a superficial sort, because it was the fashion, and the name of a well-known *littérateur* gave them a certain éclat. Richelieu had recognized the power of the Hôtel de Rambouillet and wished to transfer it to the salon of his niece Mme. d'Aiguillon, but the little court was always hampered by the suspicion of political intrigues and tainted with the questionable character of its hostess. Louis XIV. was jealous of the influence of the Rambouillet circle, and, with his usual shrewdness in appropriating everything that would add to his glory, gradually drew into the court the various talents which had made its success. Mme. de Maintenon has been called, by an eminent French critic, the true successor of Mme. de Rambouillet. As a patron of literature, a censor of morals, and an arbiter of manners, she followed closely in her footsteps. But she lacked her delicacy and indefinable charm. "A woman without sentiment, without imagination, without illusions," as Mme. du Deffand wrote of her a century later, she has always an air of posing, and one forgets to include her among those who have claims to consideration through conspicuous social gifts.

MLLE. DE SCUDÉRY. (FROM AN ENGRAVING.)

Manteuil, en faisant mon image,
A de son art divin signalé le pouvoir;
Je hais mes yeux dans mon miroir,
Je les aime dans son ouvrage.

There were smaller coteries, however, which inherited the spirit and continued the traditions of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. Prominent among these was that of Madeleine de Scudéry, who held her *Samedis* in modest fashion after its close. We miss a little of the fine tone and high breeding of the model, but it had a definite position. As the forerunner of Mme. de La Fayette and Mme. de Sévigné, and, after them, the most eminent literary woman of the century with which her life ran parallel, she has a distinct interest for us. She has left no uncertain traces of herself, and we are indebted to her keen observation and her facile pen for a very complete and vivid picture of the social life of the period.

The "illustrious Sappho," as she was pleased to be called, certainly did not possess the beauty popularly accorded to her namesake and prototype. She was tall and thin, with a long, dark, and not at all regular face; but, if we may credit her admirers, who were numerous, she had fine eyes, a pleasing expression, and an agreeable address. She evidently did not overestimate her personal attractions, as will be seen from the following quatrain, which she wrote upon a portrait made by one of her friends.

She had her share, however, of small but harmless vanities, and spoke of her impoverished family, says Tallemant, "as one might speak of the overthrow of the Greek empire." Her father belonged to an old and noble house of Provence, but removed to Normandy, where he married and died, leaving two children with a heritage of talent and poverty. A trace of the Provençal spirit always clung to Madeleine, who was born in 1607, and lived until the first year of the following century. After losing her mother, who is said to have been a woman of some distinction, she was carefully educated by an uncle in all the accomplishments of the age, as well as in the serious studies, which were then unusual. She went to Paris with her brother, who had some pretension as a poet and dramatic writer. He even posed as a rival of Corneille and was sustained by Richelieu, but time has long since relegated him to the oblivion he deserved. His gifted sister, who was a victim of his selfish tyranny, is credited with doing much of the prose work which appeared under his name; indeed, her first romances were thus disguised.

Of winning temper and pleasing address, with a full equipment of knowledge and imagination, versatility and ambition, she was at an early period domesticated in the family of Mme. de Rambouillet as the friend and com-

panion of her daughter Julie. Her graces of mind and her amiability made her a favorite with those who frequented the house, and she was thus brought into close contact with the best society of her time. She has painted it carefully and minutely in the "Grand Cyrus," a romantic allegory in which she transfers the French aristocracy and French manners of the seventeenth century to an oriental court. The Hôtel de Rambouillet plays an important part as the Hôtel Cléomire. When we consider that the central figures were the Prince de Condé and his lovely sister the Duchesse de Longueville, also that the most distinguished men and women of the age saw their own portraits, somewhat idealized but quite recognizable, through the thin disguise of Persians, Greeks, Armenians, or Egyptians, it is easy to imagine that the ten volumes of rather exalted sentiment were eagerly sought and read. She lacked incident and constructive power, but excelled in vivid portraits, subtle analysis, and fine conversations. Her machinery was cumbersome and anachronisms were not regarded. But her penetrating intellect was thoroughly tinged with the romantic spirit, and she had the art of throwing a certain glamour over everything she touched. Cousin, who has rescued the memory of Mlle. de Scudéry from many unjust aspersions, says that she was the "creator of the psychological romances." Unquestionably her skill in character-painting set the fashion for pen-portraits which became a mania a few years later.

FRANÇOISE D'AUBIGNÉ, MARQUISE DE MAINTENON, WIFE OF LOUIS XIV. (FROM A PAINTING BY MIGNARD.)

She depicts herself as Sappho, whose opinions may be supposed to reflect her own. In these days, when the position of women is discussed from every possible point of view, it may be rather interesting to know how it was regarded by one who represented the thoughtful side of the age in which their social power was first distinctly asserted. It is clear that the old types have not all died out. She classes her critics and enemies under several heads. Among them are "the light and coquettish women whose only occupation is to adorn their persons and pass their lives in fêtes and amusements — women who think that scrupulous virtue requires them to know nothing but to be the wife of a husband, the mother of children, and the mistress of a family; and men who regard women as upper servants, and forbid their daughters to read anything but their prayer-books."

"One does not wish women to be coquettes," she writes again, "but permits them to learn carefully all that fits them for gallantry, without teaching them anything which can fortify their virtue or occupy their minds. They devote ten or a dozen years to learning to appear well, to dress in good style, to dance and sing, for five or six; but this same person, who requires judgment all her life and must talk until her last sigh, learns nothing which can make her converse more agreeably, or act with more wisdom."

But she does not like a *femme savante*, and ridicules, under the name of Damophile, a character which might have been the model for Molière's *Philaminte*. This woman has five or six masters, of whom the least learned teaches astrology. She poses as a Muse, and is always surrounded with books, pencils, and mathematical instruments, while she uses large words in a grave and imperious tone, although she speaks only of little things. After many long conversations about her, Sappho concludes thus: "I wish it to be said of a woman that she knows a hundred things of which she does not boast, that she has a well-informed mind, is familiar with fine works, speaks well, writes correctly, and knows the world; but I do not wish it to be said of her that she is a *femme savante*. The two characters have no resemblance."

After some further discussion to the effect that

HENRIETTE ANNE D'ANGLETERRE, DUCHESSE D'ORLÉANS. (FROM A PAINTING ATTRIBUTED TO RIGAUD.)

the wise woman will conceal superfluous learning and especially avoid pedantry, she defines the limit to which a woman may safely go in knowledge without losing her right to be regarded as the "ornament of the world, made to be served and adored," according to the Rambouillet code.

> One can know some foreign languages and confess to reading Homer, Hesiod, and the works of the illustrious Aristée (Chapelain), without being too learned. One can express an opinion so modestly that, without offending the propriety of her sex, she may permit it to be seen that she has wit, knowledge, and judgment. That which I wish principally to teach women is not to speak too much of that which they know well; never to speak of that which they do not know at all, and to speak reasonably.

We note always a half-apologetic tone, a spirit of compromise between her conscious intelligence and the traditional prejudice which had in no wise diminished since Martial included, in his picture of a domestic *ménage*, a wife "not too learned." She is not willing to lose a woman's birthright of love and devotion, but is not quite sure how far it might be affected by her ability to detect a solecism. Hence, she offers a great deal of subtle flattery to masculine self-love. With curious naïveté she says:

> Whoever should write all that was said by fifteen or twenty women together would make the worst book in the world, even if some of them were women of intelligence. But if a man should enter, a single one, and not even a man of distinction, the same conversation would suddenly become more spirituelle and more agreeable. The conversation of men is, doubtless, less sprightly when there are no women present; but ordinarily, although it may be more serious, it is still rational, and they can do without us more easily than we can do without them.

She attaches great importance to conversation, as "the bond of society, the greatest pleasure of well-bred people, and the best means of introducing, not only politeness into the world, but a purer morality." She dwells always upon the necessity of "a spirit of urbanity, which banishes all bitter railleries, as well as everything that can offend the taste," also of a certain "*esprit de joie*."

We find here the code which ruled the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and the very well-defined character of the *précieuse*, who was originally an accomplished woman in the highest sense, with a perfect accord of intelligence and good taste. As pretension crept in, the word was used, later, to indicate a sort of intellectual parvenue, half prude and half pedant, who affected learning and paraded it, as she would fine clothes, for effect. But it may be noted that Mlle. de Scudéry, who was among the *avant-coureurs* of the modern movement for the

ÉLISABETH SOPHIE CHÉRON — MME. LE HAY. (FROM AN ENGRAVING.)

MARIE LOUISE GONZAGUE-CLÈVES. (FROM AN ENGRAVING.)

advancement of women, always preserved the forms of the old traditions, while violating their spirit. True to her Gallic instincts, she presented her innovations sugar-coated. Perhaps she recognized that when knowledge has penetrated the soul it does not need to be worn on the outside. It shines through the entire personality. At all events, she had the fine sense of fitness which is the conscience of her race, and which gave so much power to the women who really revolutionized society without antagonizing it.

Mme. de Sévigné writes to her daughter: "Mlle. de Scudéry has just sent me two little volumes of conversations; it is impossible that they should not be good, when they are not drowned in a great romance."

When the Hôtel de Rambouillet was closed, Mlle. de Scudéry tried to replace those pleasant reunions by receiving her friends on Saturdays. These informal receptions were frequented by a few men and women of rank, but the prevailing tone was literary and slightly *bourgeois*. We meet there Mme. de Longueville, Mme. de Sablé, the Duc and Duchesse de Montausier, and others of the old circle, who were her lifelong friends. La Rochefoucauld is there occasionally, also Mme. de La Fayette, Mme. de Sévigné, and the young Mme. Scarron, whose brilliant future is hardly yet in her dreams. The Comtesse de la Suze, a favorite writer of elegies, and the versatile Mlle. Chéron, who had some celebrity as poet, musician, and painter, are also among the guests. The poet Sarasin is the Voiture of this salon. Pellisson, the historian and one of the founders of the Académie Française, is its chronicler, and Conrart its secretary. Chapelain is quite at home there, and we find also a crowd of minor authors and artists whose names have long gone into oblivion. They converse upon all the topics of the day, from fashion to politics, from literature and the arts to the last item of gossip. They read their works and vie with one another in improvising verses. Pellisson takes notes and leaves us a multitude of madrigals, sonnets, chansons, and letters, of varied merit. He says there reigned a sort of epidemic of little poems. "The secret influence began to fall with the dew. Here, one recites four verses; there, one writes a dozen. All this is done gaily and without effort. No one bites his nails, or stops laughing and talking. There are challenges, responses, repetitions, attacks, repartees. The pen passes from hand to hand, and the hand does not keep pace with the mind. One makes verses for every lady present." Many of those verses were certainly not of the best quality, but it would be difficult, even in this advanced age, to find a company of people clever enough to divert themselves by throwing off such poetic trifles on the spur of the moment.

In the end, the *Samedis* very clearly illustrated the fact that no society can sustain itself above the average of its members. These reunions increased in size, but decreased in quality, with the inevitable result of affectation and pretension. Intelligence, taste, and politeness were in fashion. Those who did not possess them put on their semblance, and, affecting an intellectual tone, fell into the pedantry which is sure to grow out of the effort to speak above one's altitude. The fine-spun theories of Mlle. de Scudéry also reached a sentimental climax in "Clélie," which did not fail of its effect. Platonic love and the *ton galant* were the texts for a thousand absurdities which fi-

nally reacted upon the *Samedis*. After a few years they lost their prestige and were discontinued. But Mlle. de Scudéry retained her brilliant gifts in conversation, and received her friends until a short time before her death in 1701. Even Tallemant, writing of the decline of these reunions, says that "Mlle. de Scudéry is more considered than ever." At the age of sixty-four she received the first *Prix d'Eloquence* from the Académie Française for an essay on Glory. This prize was founded by Balzac and the subject was specified. Thus the long procession of laureates was led by a woman.

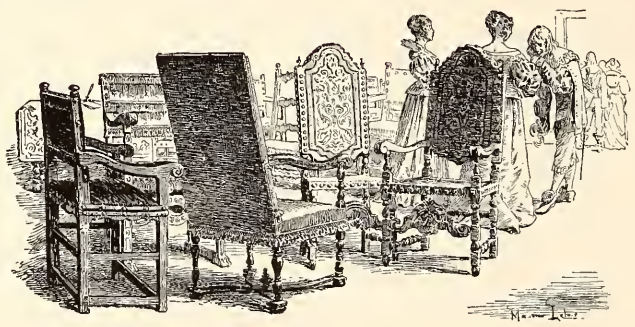
In spite of her subtle analysis of love, and her exact map of the Empire of Tenderness, her sentiment seems to have been rather ideal. She had numerous lovers, of whom Conrart and Pellisson were among the most devoted. During the long imprisonment of the latter for supposed complicity with Fouquet she was of great service to him, and the tender friendship ended only with his life, upon which she wrote a touching eulogy at its close. But she never married. She feared to lose her liberty. "I know," she writes, "that there are many estimable men who merit all my esteem and who can retain a part of my friendship; but as soon as I regard them as husbands I regard them as masters, and so apt to become tyrants that I must hate them from that moment; and I thank the gods for giving me an inclination very much averse to marriage." No shadow, however, rested upon her character.

MARGUERITE DE VALOIS, QUEEN OF NAVARRE, AND OF FRANCE. (FROM AN OIL PORTRAIT.)

The Abbé de Pure, who was not friendly to the *précieuses* and made the first severe attack upon them, thus writes of her: "One may call Mlle. de Scudéry the muse of our age and the prodigy of her sex. It is not only her goodness and her sweetness, but her intellect shines with so much modesty, her sentiments are expressed with so much reserve, she speaks with so much discretion, and all that she says is so fit and reasonable, that one cannot help

both admiring and loving her. Comparing what one sees of her, and what one owes to her personally, with what she writes, one prefers, without hesitation, her conversation to her works. Although her mind is wonderfully great, her heart outweighs it. It is in the heart of this illustrious woman that one finds true and pure generosity, an immovable constancy, a sincere and solid friendship." She is especially interesting to us as marking a transition point in the history of women; as the author of the first romances of any note written by her sex; as a moral teacher in an age of laxity; and as a woman who combined high aspirations, fine ideals, and versatile talents with a pure and unselfish character. She aimed at universal accomplishments — from the distillation of a perfume to the writing of a novel, from the preparation of a rare dish to fine conversation, from playing the lute to the dissection of the human heart. In this versatility she has been likened to Mme. Genlis, whom she resembled also in her moral teaching and her factitious sensibility. But she was more genuine, more amiable, and far superior in true elevation of character. She was full of theories and loved to air them, hence the people who move across the pages of her novels are often lost in a cloud of moral speculation. But she gave a fresh impulse to literature, adding a fine quality of grace, tenderness, and pure, though often exaggerated, sentiment. Mme. de La Fayette, who had more clearness of mind, as well as a finer artistic sense, gave a better form to the novel and pruned it of superfluous matter. The sentiment, which casts so soft and delicate a coloring over her romances, was more subtle and refined. It may be questioned, however, if she wrote so much that could be incorporated in the thought of her time.

Amelia Gere Mason.



ANDREA DEL VERROCCHIO, 1435–1488.

(ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.)

ANDREA, son of Michele, the son of Francesco dei Cioni, was born in Florence in 1435, and, like his brother Thomas, received the surname "Verrocchio" from their first master, the goldsmith Giuliano Verrocchi. The father, Michele, lived, as it is recorded, in the Via S. Agnolo, in the parish of S. Ambrogio, and, according to Dohme, he was a stove builder and afterward a sculptor. There is a notice of him in 1456 as a seller in the Custom House. Cavalcaselle makes the father's name Domenico and Michele to be the grandfather, and says that Domenico's trade was that of a goldsmith. Both agree that Andrea's first steps in art were in the goldsmith's shop; and Vasari tells of some heads of bishops' staffs which he made for the Duomo of Florence (of which one is believed by Dohme to be in the National Museum), and of several pieces of repoussé gold and silver work, especially two cups, one decorated with animals and foliage considered so beautiful that other artists had casts of it as models, and another with a relief of dancing children. Baldinucci refers his readers to a rare manuscript which shows that Andrea was a pupil of Donatello, who we know passed the latter part of his life in Florence, where he had a number of pupils, among them Pollaiuolo and Andrea del Verrocchio. Verrocchio's first work of any importance of which we know was done while working with Donatello — the marble basin still existing in the sacristy of S. Lorenzo. Cellini tells us that Verrocchio continued the goldsmith's trade till he was thirty years old;

DETAIL FROM "THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST," BY ANDREA DEL VERROCCHIO, IN THE ACCADEMIA DI BELLE ARTI, FLORENCE.

and as Donatello died in 1466,—*i. e.*, when Verrocchio was thirty-one,—it is possible, as Dohme conjectures, that the latter finished the basin, in which two distinct styles of workmanship are evident. The archives show that in 1467 a certain sum was paid to Verrocchio for the casting of the bronze doors modeled by Luca della Robbia for S. Lorenzo; and it was he who cast the huge bronze ball which Brunelleschi designed for the crowning of the lantern of the dome of the cathedral of Florence. It was a colossal work for its time, weighing 4368 Florentine pounds of twelve ounces, including the cross which surmounted it, both being gilt. The order was given in 1467, and the casting was in place by 1472. This ball was struck by lightning in 1600 and demolished, and was replaced by one still larger.

Like some other works which are more noticeable for their magnitude than for any artistic quality in them, the casting of this ball brought Verrocchio more reputation than his sculptures. He received many orders from the Medici, the first being the commission for the tomb of Piero and Giovanni de' Medici, father and uncle of Lorenzo, in the sacristy of S. Lorenzo. This was completed in 1472. Cavalcaselle points with just discrimination to the ingenious way in which Andrea utilized a window-opening as a niche, and to the feeling for color shown in the arrangement of the colored materials, as well as to the delicacy of the execution of the ornamental work. The Medici then employed him in the decoration of their favorite residence, the Villa Careggi, which Cosimo had built in 1461. He made for them four marble lions' heads and three heads in bronze (of which two were those of Alexander and Darius, which Lorenzo sent to Matthias Corvinus of Hungary), according to Vasari, and the baby in bronze which Cosimo afterwards placed on the fountain in the cortile of the Palazzo Vecchio. It was also at the order of the Medici that he did the bronze David now in the Florentine Museum. He further undertook for Lorenzo the restoration of an antique Marsyas, which is lost.

In 1477 Francesca Pitti,[1] wife of Giovanni Tornabuoni (according to Vasari, though Bode questions the individuality of the husband), died in Rome in childbed, and Verrocchio was sent for to make her monument, which appears to have been his first important work in marble. The monument has perished, but the reliefs now in the museum of Florence, representing the death of the young mother and the grief of the assistants, show the artist's dramatic power to have been very great. From this on till 1484, the date of the death of Sixtus IV., Verrocchio divided his time between Rome and Florence. He executed some large silver statues of the Apostles for the Sistine Chapel. These have since been stolen and probably melted up, as no trace of them has ever been found. Hans Semper considers a number of reliefs and figures in the cellars of the Vatican to be the work of Verrocchio and his pupils, possibly done at this time, as it is known that he did some then for the Sistine. About 1480 he executed the silver bas-relief of the decollation of St. John for the altar of the Baptistery of Florence. This is the only example of his goldsmith's work remaining, and it is of its kind unrivaled in movement and in delicacy of finish. In 1483 he completed the group in bronze of the "Incredulity of St. Thomas" for the church of Or San Michele, which is considered to be his finest work in this kind. It is full of imaginative feeling: the criticism which Cavalcaselle makes, viz., that the Christ is old and pinched, is hypercritical; and my opinion is that it is rather the expression of the religious conception of the Saviour as "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief," wasted and prematurely old. The years from 1484 to 1488, the last of his life, he spent mostly at work on his great equestrian statue of Colleoni at Venice. Vasari tells us that he was twice in Venice for this work, having thrown up the commission at one time, and broken the head and the legs of the horse, because some of the senators insisted that a Venetian sculptor of slight ability, Vellano, should do the Colleoni, while Verrocchio was to do only the horse. The Senate was furious with him, and sentenced him to death by decapitation if he ever reappeared. He sent them word that under the circumstances he should never return, for they could not put his head on again as he could that of the horse. The reply is said to have so pleased the Senate that word was sent to him to come back and he should

[1] Milanesi says: "If here Vasari does not indicate Giovanfrancesco di Filippo Tornabuoni, married in 1470 to Elisabeth, daughter of Andrea Allemanni, he certainly was mistaken, as our friend Dr. L. Passerini points out to us, because neither the epoch nor the circumstances agree with the existence of the two members of the family Tornabuoni by the name of Francesco, of whom one died in 1436, when Verrocchio was still a child, and the other in Rome in 1484, leaving a widow whose name was Marietta Valori. Baron Reumont is of the opinion that this monument was raised by Giovanni Tornabuoni to his wife Francesca Pitti, and this is supported by the evidence of a letter from the said Giovanni to Lorenzo the Magnificent, written from Rome, September 24, 1477, in which he advises him of the death of his wife in childbed, with which both date and name agree. There does not, however, seem to be any reason for adopting the supposition of Reumont that there was a confusion with the tomb of Gianfrancesco, dead in 1480, as the data in both cases are sufficient to avoid any confusion. The removal of the monument to Florence in the changes which were always going on in Rome is most probable."

do as he desired about it, and at the same time they offered to double his pay. During the casting of the statue he caught a cold, from which he died, at the age of 53. By his will he left the completion of the group to his favorite pupil, Lorenzo di Credi, and asked to be buried in Sta. Maria del Orto; but the Senate paid no attention to either wish, as the statue was finished by Leopardi, a Venetian sculptor, whom the ungrateful Senate afterwards tried to pass off as the artist, and Verrocchio's bones were afterwards carried to Florence, where they were laid in the family vault in S. Ambrogio. On the tomb is the following inscription: *S. Michaelis de Cionis et suorum. Andrea Verocchii Dominici filii Michaelis, qui obiit Venetiis*, 1488.

Verrocchio's record is mainly that of a sculptor, yet he had more to do with the shaping of the art of painting for his immediate successors than any painter of his generation. Besides his school as a sculptor, which was very influential, he was the master in painting of Leonardo, Perugino, and Lorenzo di Credi. A poem by Verini compares him to a fountain from which all the great painters of Florence drank. In feeling he was a sculptor, and he caught from his master, Donatello, the sympathy with the historical ideal which was the splendid gift of that great artist. This runs through all his personifications, and gives them individuality. Like his master, he was a great portraitist. Vasari says that he was the first who used masks from the dead to obtain the likeness he required; but this is doubtful, for masks of the dead were certainly taken before his time, and they could hardly have served for any other purpose. When he drew it was with the aim of understanding the forms he was studying, and in the day when the technic of all the graphic arts was the common education of artists of all branches, the pencil, the modeling-tool, or the graver were used alike to express form, not to represent surfaces, and drawing meant everything in design. When the pupils of Donatello asked him how they should become good sculptors, he replied, "Draw." The thorough understanding of the forms to be represented was the end of study, and when this was attained the representation was equally easy in clay, wax, in simple black and white, or in color; for the color itself was not imitated from nature, but the result of long elaborated canons, holding to certain relations of the pigments, with a progressive development of intensity rather than a modification of system, from Giotto down until the effect of the revelations of the Venetian school began to be felt in the Florentine. Whether in the former or the latter, imitation of the absolute color of nature formed no part of the study of the artist. He drew to obtain the facility necessary to reproduce what forms he sought, and if a Venetian of the school of Bellini, he rendered these in color with attention solely to its orchestral relations; if a Florentine, with the purpose of giving their essential qualities of shape and character. The training of the sculptor was therefore the training of the painter. There is nothing to show that Verrocchio dissected the human body. This was an innovation which was far more likely to be made by a decidedly scientific student like Leonardo, and I believe we may safely refer it to him.

Of Verrocchio's pictures we can find authentic evidence only as to one, the "Baptism of Christ," in the Accademia of Florence, of which Vasari says that it was in part painted by Leonardo, and of which Mr. Cole has engraved a part; but there are several which are, by various critics, doubtfully attributed to him. It is known that many madonnas were sent out from his *bottega* — workshop, as it was called; for in the good days of art the artist was known purely and simply according to his workmanship, and from the O of Giotto to the bronze ball of Verrocchio the man took rank by the excellence of his handicraft. Where these madonnas have gone, or the other pictures he is known to have painted, we have no clue. Many of his drawings exist, and they are greatly confounded with those of Leonardo and Lorenzo di Credi. A madonna at Dresden ascribed to Leonardo is with great positiveness assigned to Verrocchio by Bode, as is an altarpiece at Pistoja, the "Virgin Enthroned with Sts. John and Zeno"; one in the Louvre from Sta. Maria Maddalena de' Pazzi, and a Nativity in the Accademia; an "Adoration of the Infant by the Madonna" in the National Gallery at London, otherwise attributed to Pollaiuolo; a "Madonna with the Child" in Berlin, and one in Frankfort. But these attributions, which are mostly due to Bode, are strongly impeached, in my opinion, by his very positive reference to Verrocchio of the "Tobias with the Three Archangels" in the Accademia (there attributed to Botticelli). There is absolutely no datum to sustain this attribution, and to lead to its rejection it is quite sufficient to compare the manner of finishing the extremities in this and in other pictures known to be by Botticelli, with the treatment of these features in the indubitable work of Verrocchio, as the "Baptism of Christ" in the same gallery. In the Baptism the finger-tips, and especially the insertions of the toe and finger nails, are done with a delicacy and fidelity never approached by Botticelli, while those in the Tobias are painted in precisely the manner observed in all the pictures of the latter painter. Nor is the color such as to sup-

port such an attribution. It is not altogether in the usual vein of Botticelli, and is heavy and feeble in execution; but the nude portions of the picture are quite in his manner, and it is to my mind clear that the Tobias is of Botticelli's design and painting, or, if not, of one of his followers,[1] so far as the flesh goes, and that the draperies were painted from Botticelli's cartoon by one of his pupils or by some follower later. Again, the landscape details are utterly unlike their treatment in the Baptism: the pebbles of the foreground of the Baptism are drawn on the gesso preparation with all the care and natural variety of form of a study of a modern pre-Raphaelite, while the foregrounds of Botticelli are purely conventional in details. The manner of painting was that of all painters of the school at this time; *i. e.*, the subject was carefully outlined on the gesso ground and laid in in tempera in all its masses, folds of drapery, drawing of the heads, etc., and on this the finishing was done in oil — not in the manner of Bellini's later work and all late Venetian work, with broad glazing, but with a small brush, carefully modeling it up as if with a point. The positiveness with which Bode assigns this Tobias to Verrocchio induces me, as I have said, to question his judgment in other cases.

The Baptism becomes, therefore, both from the strong individuality of its types and from the excellence of its workmanship, as well as from the high importance of the painter in relation to all subsequent and contemporary art, a picture of almost unique importance. The story which Vasari tells of Leonardo's having done a part of it with such success as to induce Verrocchio to abandon painting, is probably one of Vasari's fables. There is nothing in the picture to support it. The part supposed to have been put in by Leonardo, the nearer angel of the two, may well be from Leonardo's hand, but there is no such superiority as Vasari attributes to it. Let us consider the entire process of producing the picture, and then see if there is any room for the credulity of the writer, who is as often fabulist as historian. We know that in every case a picture was carefully designed, and the composition completely finished in the cartoon. This was then traced on a gesso ground, the lines of the cartoon being pricked through, and charcoal powder being dusted through the lines of punctures thus made, and by this the lines of the subject were carefully drawn. We have many cartoons which show this to have been the practice, and the tempera preparation of the drapery of the Baptist in this picture shows these lines throughout. The composition was therefore entirely that of Verrocchio; and if the story of Vasari is good, the painting of the Christ, St. John, and the second angel is that of the master, as well as the general effect. The drapery of St. John is in the tempera state, the oil-color not having been added, and the forms are faintly modeled in comparison with the others. The drawing, certainly, and probably the tempera preparation, of the angel of Leonardo were then by Verrocchio, the painting of the head and the drapery alone of this angel by Leonardo. The head of the second angel is by Verrocchio, and the drapery of the other figures. But there is nothing, I repeat, in the painting of the head of the first angel which indicates any such superiority as is implied: from its pose, a *profil perdu*, it is more simple and therefore broader in its mass than the second, which is seen in nearly full-face; but the design, and therefore the general effect in relation to the rest of the picture, must have been those of Verrocchio. The draperies do not any more bear out the claim of superiority for the pupil, for the bit of drapery around the loins of the Christ is by far the most masterly piece of painting, considered as execution and color, in the picture; and even if the color of the angel's head had been beyond the abilities of the master, it was so subordinate a quality at his time and in his school that such a difference as could, under the best hypothesis, have been shown under the circumstances would not have convicted Verrocchio of the discouraging inferiority which Vasari supposes. Moreover, as the picture is still unfinished, why did not Verrocchio, in this supposed generous recognition of his pupil's superiority, charge him with the finishing of it? I believe the whole story to be one of the popular fables growing possibly out of some incident connected with the abandonment of this single picture in its unfinished state, but exaggerated and transformed by Vasari so as to become substantially a fiction. Vasari, as I have often had occasion to note, is very fond of the marvelous and of stories of precocity; it was the fashion in his time to glorify Leonardo, and he followed it. The story is of great value as the means of identifying the picture; but as testimony to the early superiority of Leonardo to his master, I utterly discredit it. The manner of

[1] Mr. Charles Fairfax Murray, who in technical knowledge of the work of the early Italian schools is *facile princeps* in our generation, agrees with me as to the Verrocchio attribution, but he discredits the picture being in any part by Botticelli, and I am not disposed to contest his decision; but I think that any one who will compare closely, as I have compared, the painting of the extremities of the Tobias with work known to be of Botticelli, will be puzzled to determine by whom it can be if not by Botticelli. But as to its being by Verrocchio, there is no room for discussion.

treating the detail, even in the minor and less important parts of the picture, is very notable. The bit of stony foreground at the left is of a naturalistic verity of which I do not know another instance in the art of the Renaissance. It is clearly taken directly from nature, for the invention of such a collection of pebbles is not only very much more difficult than the invention of some orderly decoration, as every artist knows, but it would be labor entirely unappreciated in the day when this was done, when the greatest and most earnest of painters contemporary with Verrocchio were entirely indifferent to truthfulness in the details of their landscapes; and this seems to be more probably a freak on the part of the painter than an example of his manner of treating landscape generally, for the other parts of the background of the same picture are in the general conventional style of the day, indicating recollection of nature rather than direct working from her in the landscape studies they employed. This is an interesting item in the formation of an estimate of the artistic character of the master of so many great artists; for it is the first evidence we have in the history of Italian art of direct drawing of landscape matter from nature, and it is so in consonance with the general character of this particular picture that I need not apologize for insisting on so trivial a point.

Cavalcaselle, who seems to me the most sympathetic, and therefore the most highly gifted, of all the many commentators, with insight of a true critic in considering the early schools of his native land, very justly attaches great importance to this Baptism. He says:

> Verrocchio's is a higher nature, enriched by a more educated and general taste than that of the Pollaiuoli. His "Baptism of Christ," unfinished and injured though it be, offers to us a picture of calm and composure, of reverent and tender worship, which carries with it a special charm. The resigned consciousness of the Saviour receiving the water which St. John pours on his head; the questioning, tender air of the two beautiful angels who wait on the bank of the brook to minister to the Redeemer's wants; the brook itself running in its bed of pebbles round a projection of rock crowned with trees from a distance of lake and hills; the palm tree with the bird flying into it; the mixture of the mysteries of solitude and worship — are all calculated to affect the senses of the beholder.
>
> Descending to a more critical analysis, we find the type of the Saviour not absolutely select, somewhat imperfect in proportion and form, but bony and drawn and modeled with the searching study of anatomical reality. The Baptist is unfinished. He presents to us the stiff action and some of the vulgarity of a model. The curly-headed angel presenting his front face to the spectator is beautiful. His chiseled features, shadowed in light greenish-gray over the bright local tone, are fair to look upon; but he is surpassed in beauty and feeling by his fellow-angel, whose back is towards the beholder, whilst his head, gently bent and looking up to the Saviour, presents the rotary lines of brow, cheek, and mouth which illustrate the application of a law in rendering movement familiar to the great painters of the sixteenth century. So fresh and innocent, so tender and loving, is this angel, that it strikes one as the finest ever produced in the manner of Verrocchio. The soft gaiety and grace in the play of the exquisite features, the pure, silvery outlines and modeling of the parts, of the hair and lashes, the chaste ornaments which deck the collar of the bright green tunic damasked in brown at the sleeves, the edges of the lucid blue mantle, and the dress which is held ready for the Saviour — this all combines to form a total revealing the finish, the study, conspicuous in Leonardo. In type and in the expression of tender feeling the face and form of this figure are equal to those of the Virgin of the Rocks, whilst the draperies by their broken nature, the color by its impasto, recall the same examples to mind. The force of chiaroscuro alone is not so great, but everything confirms the statement of Vasari that Leonardo helped Verrocchio to paint the picture.

But in this general judgment of the eminent Italian critic there is much that seems to me the result of a predetermined admiration due to the tradition given us by Vasari. The objection to the type of the Saviour I have anticipated in treating the relief of Or San Michele, and in regard to it differ *in toto* from Cavalcaselle. It seems to me emphatically select — not the selection of the later painters who had a return to the Greek conception of the ideal, that it must be one of physical beauty, but the conception of the Saviour as bearing the impress of a painful existence and a more painful destiny, a thoughtful rendering of what was probably to the painter the noblest conception of art, the historical ideal, the shadowing forth of Him who was in this scene taking up his burden of the woes of all humanity. Criticism of this kind, both Cavalcaselle's and my own, is always in danger of attributing to the picture the feeling which is awakened in the critic by chains of association that the painter did not recognize; but nevertheless a work of art is always entitled to the credit of the ideas it awakens, and in this respect Verrocchio is in the vein of the early religious art of Italy and Byzantium — the ascetic was the noblest ideal they knew. Nor is Cavalcaselle's objection to the Baptist a better founded one, if we consider the work of contemporary painters. Ascetic as well as Christ, the Baptist must be in some measure inferior to the Saviour. Both show the *pose plastique* in the attitudes, as did all the work of the time; both show the almost painful conscientiousness of study which was more characteristic of Verrocchio than of any painter of his time — the thorough preparation of the cartoon, and extreme painstaking in all

the processes of the production of the picture: and these qualities make the "stiff action," and what the critic calls the "vulgarity," but which is in reality the fidelity to his models, in which Verrocchio makes the distinction between the Christ and the Baptist. And this very stiffness is visible in all the early and earnest schools of art down to the English pre-Raphaelite.

The comparison which the Italian critic draws between the two angels seems to me overdrawn in favor of Leonardo. I do not believe that any one would have suspected that two painters had worked on the picture, if Vasari had not told it. The decorative qualities which are pointed out in the angel assigned to Leonardo are just those which we have seen in all Verrocchio's work, embodying extreme delicacy in finish and design of ornament. The cast of the draperies and the general scheme of light and shade must have been qualities of the cartoon, as well as the pose of the angel, so much praised. Admitting that the talent and attainments of the pupil were such that he could carry out a part of his master's work so ably as to show no noteworthy deficiency in the comparison, I have allowed to Leonardo very high abilities; but it is not admissible to distinguish him for qualities which we have found to be the most distinctive traits of the work of the master. Take Verrocchio as we may, and considering that his sculpture is what we can best judge him by, he takes rank among the greatest of the artists of the Renaissance, and is probably the most highly gifted of the entire range from Giotto to Michael Angelo. Vasari was never more at fault than when he said of him that he showed "a certain hardness of manner, revealing patient study rather than natural gifts," for his genius showed itself eminently in this very power of taking pains. He was an admirable goldsmith; a sculptor in marble, wood, and bronze, as well as worker in terra cotta; a painter, musician, and mathematician; and no artist of the Renaissance showed a larger possession of the "natural gifts" of which Vasari would deny him the possession.

W. J. Stillman.

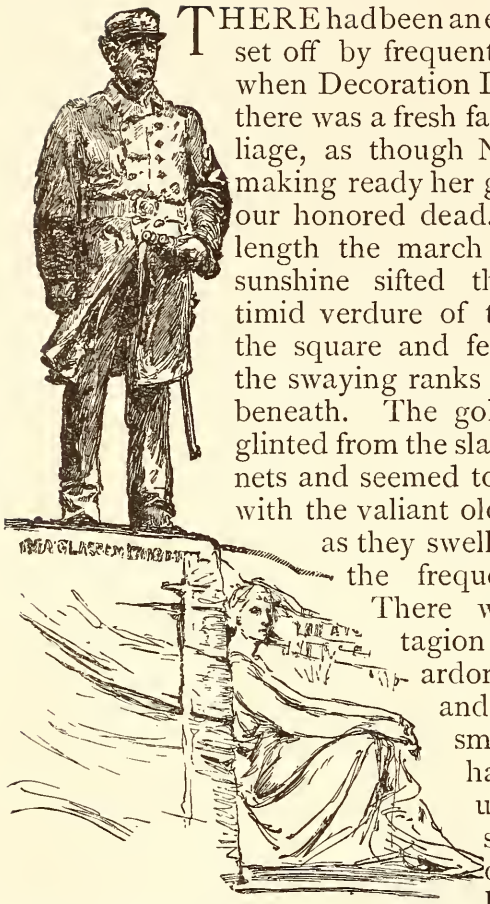
STATUE OF COLLEONI, BY VERROCCHIO.

FICKLE HOPE.

HOPE, is this thy hand
Lies warm as life in mine?
Is this thy sign
Of peace none understand?
I know not if I may
Believe thee, Hope, or doubt:
With pretty pout,
Wilt flee, or wilt thou stay?

Harrison S. Morris.

A DECORATION DAY REVERY.



THERE had been an early spring, set off by frequent rain; and when Decoration Day dawned there was a fresh fairness of foliage, as though Nature were making ready her garlands for our honored dead. When at length the march began, the sunshine sifted through the timid verdure of the trees in the square and fell softly on the swaying ranks that passed beneath. The golden beams glinted from the slanting bayonets and seemed to keep time with the valiant old war-tunes as they swelled up from the frequent bands. There was a contagion of military ardor in the air, and even the small boy who had climbed up into the safe aery of a dismantled lamp-post had within him inarticulate stirrings of warlike ambition. In the pauses of the music fifes shrilled out, and the roll and rattle of drums covered the rhythmic tramping of the soldiers. I lingered for a while near the noble statue of the great admiral, who stood there firm on his feet, with the sea-breeze blowing back the skirt of his coat, and so presented by the art of the sculptor that the motionless bronze seemed more alive than most of the ordinary men and women who clustered about its base. Here, I thought, was the fit memorial of the man who had done his duty in the long struggle to the heroes of which the day was sacred; and I was glad that the marching thousands should pass in review before that mute image of the best and bravest our country can bring forth. At that moment a detachment of sailors swung into view, and cheers of hearty greeting broke forth on all sides.

As I loitered musing, a battalion of our little army strode by us in turn, with soldierly bearing, clad in no gaudy garb, but ready for their bloody work; ready with cold steel to give a cold welcome to the invading foreigner, ready with a prompt volley to put an end to lawless strife at home. After an interval came the first ranks of the citizen soldiery, trim in their workmanlike uniforms, with stretchers, with ambulances, with Gatling guns. One after another advanced the regiments of the city militia, and no man need doubt that they would be as swift now to go forward to battle as were their former fellow-members whose deeds gave them the right to bear flags emblazoned with more than one battle as hard fought as Marathon or Philippi, Fontenoy or Waterloo. As they swept on down the avenue in the morning sunlight, with the strident music veiled now and again by ringing cheers, my thoughts went back to the many other thousands I had seen go down that avenue, now more than a quarter of a century ago, coming from the pine forests and the granite hills of New England, and going to the silent swamps and the dark bayous of the South. In those drear days of doubt I had watched the ceaseless tramp of the troops down that avenue, a thousand at a time, young, earnest, ardent; and I remembered that I had seen them return but a scant hundred or two, it may be, worn and ragged, foot-sore and heart-sick, but resolute yet and full of grit. Death, like the maddened peasants in the strife of the Jacquerie, fights with a scythe; and for four long years Time held a slow glass and Death mowed a broad swath. There is many a house now where an old woman cannot hear the trivial notes of "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching," without a sharp pain in the throat and a sudden vision of the prison-pen at Andersonville. No doubt there is many another woman south of that Mason and Dixon's line which was washed out in the blood of the war where the sentimental strains of "My Maryland" have an equal poignancy and an equal tenderness. Shiloh and Malvern Hill and Gettysburg are names made sacred forever by the deeds done there, and by the dead who lie there side by side in a common grave, where the gray cloth and the blue have faded into dust alike, and there is now naught to tell them apart. It is well that a spring day, fresh after rain, and fair with blossoms, should help to keep their memory sweet.

Down the avenue regiment after regiment went on briskly, with the easy pace of health and enjoyment. After the young men of the militia came the veterans, with flowers for their fallen comrades. Some of the older men were

in carriages, with here and there a crutch across the seat; but for the most part they walked, keeping time, no doubt, though with a shorter stride. As a handful of brave men filed before us, bearing aloft the tattered remnant of a battle-flag, I raised my hat with instinctive reverence. For a moment the gesture shielded my eyes from the rays of the sun, and I caught sight of a group in the window of a house opposite. A lady, tall and stately, wearing a widow's cap above her gray hair as though it were a crown, stood in the center with her hands on the shoulders of two young men,—her sons, beyond all question,—stalwart young fellows, with features at once fine and strong, bearing themselves with manly grace. I looked, and I recognized. When I lowered my eyes again to the procession I saw another set of faces that I knew by sight. In a carriage sat a man of some fifty years, stout, vulgar, with a cigar alight in the coarse hand which rested on the door of the vehicle. He had a shock of hair, once reddish and now grizzling to an unclean white. He wore in his buttonhole the button of the Grand Army of the Republic. In the open barouche with him were three youngish men, noisy in laughter — apparently professional politicians of the baser sort. The man bowed effusively, with a broad and unctuous smile, when he saw a friend on the sidewalk; and the crowd about me recognized him, and called him by name one to another; and a little knot of young fellows on the corner raised a cheer.

I knew both groups, the unclean creature in the carriage and the noble lady in the window above him. I knew that both were survivals of the war.

As the procession passed on, I could hear an occasional cheer run along the line of spectators when one or another recognized the politician. I was not surprised, for the man's popularity with a portion of the people is patent to all of us. He was a soldier who had never fired a shot, a colonel who had never seen the enemy. His tactical skill had been shown in the securing of a detail for himself where there was chance of profit with no risk of danger. His strategy had been to secure the good word of those who dispensed the good things of life.

While others were battling for the country he was looking out for himself. When the war was over he presented his claims for recognition, and he was sent as consul to the Orient. In due time there came across the ocean rumors of scandals, and an investigation was ordered; whereupon he resigned, and the matter was never probed. Then he went into politics: he was ready of speech and loud-mouthed; he flattered the mob, believing that in politics the Blarney-stone is the stepping-stone to success. He never paused to weigh his words when he assailed an opponent, believing that in politics billingsgate is the gate of success. He was prompt to set people by the ears that he might lead them by the nose the more readily. As though to make up for his delinquencies during the struggle, he was now untiring in his abuse of the Southern people, and his denunciation of them was always violent and virulent. In every election he besought his fellow-citizens to vote as they had shot. He was unfailingly bitter in his abuse of those who had fought for the cause of the South. He was, in short, a specimen of the scum which may float on the surface whenever there is an upheaval of the deep.

Brutal in political debate and brazen in political chicanery, he was a fit leader for the band of hirelings he had organized with no small skill. His position was not unlike that of the *condottieri* of the foreign mercenaries in the medieval quarrels of the Italian republics. Like them, he led a compact body, prompt to obey orders so long as it received the pay and had hopes of the plunder for which it was organized. Although he belonged nominally to one of the two great parties who contended for the control of the nation, he was always ready to turn his forces against it if his pay and his proportion of the spoils of office failed to satisfy himself and his men-at-arms; or even in revenge for a slight, and in hope of higher remuneration from the other side.

For me, as I stood on the corner under Farragut's statue and watched the veterans file past, the knowledge of this man's career, and the sight of his presence among those who had fought a good fight for a high motive, seemed to tarnish the sacred occasion and to stain the glory of the morning. Again I looked up at the window where I had seen the lady with her two sons. She was still there, leaning forward a little, as though in involuntary excitement, and one hand clenched the arm of the soldierly young fellow at her right. The sight of those three refreshed me, for I knew who they were, and what they stood for in the history of our country — a shining example in the past and a beacon of hope for the future. The widow's cap which crowns the brow of that mother brought up before me the memory of a deed as noble as it was simple.

A fife-and-drum corps of boys dressed as sailors preceded a model of a monitor mounted on wheels and artfully adorned with flowers and wreaths. Behind this came the scanty score of old sailors who had formed themselves into Post Rodman R. Hardy. When they came abreast of the window where the lady stood

with her two sons, they looked up and cheered. The eyes of Captain Hardy's widow had filled with tears when she caught sight of his old comrades; and when they cheered her and her boys her face flushed and the arm which rested on her son's trembled. She bowed, the two young men raised their hats, and the post passed on down the avenue to perform their sad office; though they might not deck with flowers the grave of their old commander, for he lies buried at the bottom of the sea, and great guns were firing many a salute with shot and shell when his body was lowered into its everlasting resting-place.

I have heard it said that a soldier's trade is learning how to kill and how to die, and that how he lives is little matter. Captain Hardy lived like a man, like a gentleman, like a Christian; and he died like a hero. He came of a generation of sailors. His great-grandfather had sailed with the fleet under Amherst when Louisburg was taken in 1758. His grandfather had been a midshipman with Paul Jones in the *Bonhomme Richard*. His father served on "Old Ironsides" when the *Constitution* captured the *Guerrière*. He himself had gone to sea in time to take part in the siege of Vera Cruz. When the war broke out he had been married but three years. He was on the *Cumberland* when the *Merrimac* sank her. While the new monitors were building he had a few brief weeks with his wife and his two baby boys. When the *Onteora* was finished he was a captain, and he was appointed to take command.

And there was no monitor which did better service or had more hard work than the *Onteora*. Just before the grand attack on Fort Davis he ran under the guns of a Confederate battery to shell a cruiser which had retreated up the river behind the strip of land on which the earthworks stood. Regardless of the fire from the battery, which bade fair to hammer his ship till it might become unmanageable, he trained his guns on the cruiser. He had no more than got the range when a fog settled down and hid the combatants from each other. The battery ceased firing or aimed wildly a few chance shots. The monitor, relying on the accuracy of its gunners, continued to send shell after shell through the thick wall of fog to the invisible place where the enemy's ship lay. When the fog lifted, the cruiser was on fire; and then the monitor fell back out of the range of the guns of the battery, having done the work Captain Hardy had set it to do.

The next day came the grand assault on Fort Davis. The admiral ordered the *Onteora* to follow the flagship in the attack. The channel was defended not only by the cannon of the fort itself and of its supporting earthworks and by a flotilla of gunboats, but also by hidden torpedoes, the position of which was wholly unknown even to the pilots, Union men of the port who had volunteered to guide our vessels through the tortuous windings of the entrance. The iron ship was made ready for battle; its deck was sunk level with the surface of the sea; and nothing projected but the revolving turret, with its two huge guns. In the little box of a pilot-house Captain Hardy took his place with the pilot. The admiral gave the signal to advance, and the *Onteora* followed in the wake of the flagship.

The first turning of the channel was made safely, and the monitor was at last full under the fire of the fort. The turret revolved slowly, and both guns were discharged against a pert gunboat which had ventured out beyond the protection of the fort. The second shot struck the steam-chest of the gunboat, and it blew up and drifted at the mercy of the current. Still the admiral advanced, and the *Onteora* followed. Then a sudden shock was felt, there was a dull roar, the monitor shivered from stem to stern, and began to settle. A torpedo had blown a hole in the bottom of the boat, and the *Onteora* was sinking. Almost at the same time a shot from Fort Davis struck the turret and a fragment smote Captain Hardy and tore off his right arm. In the scant seconds after the explosion of the torpedo, before the shuddering ship lurched down, half a score of men escaped from the turret and flung themselves into the river. The captain had barely time to climb into the open air when his ship went down beneath him. When he arose from the vortex of whirling waters his unwounded hand grasped a chance fragment of wood, which served to sustain him despite the weakness from his open wound. He found himself by the side of the pilot, who was struggling vainly with the waves, his strength almost spent.

"Can't you swim?" asked Captain Hardy.

"Only a little," answered the pilot; "and I am almost gone now, I fear."

"Take this bit of wood," said the sailor.

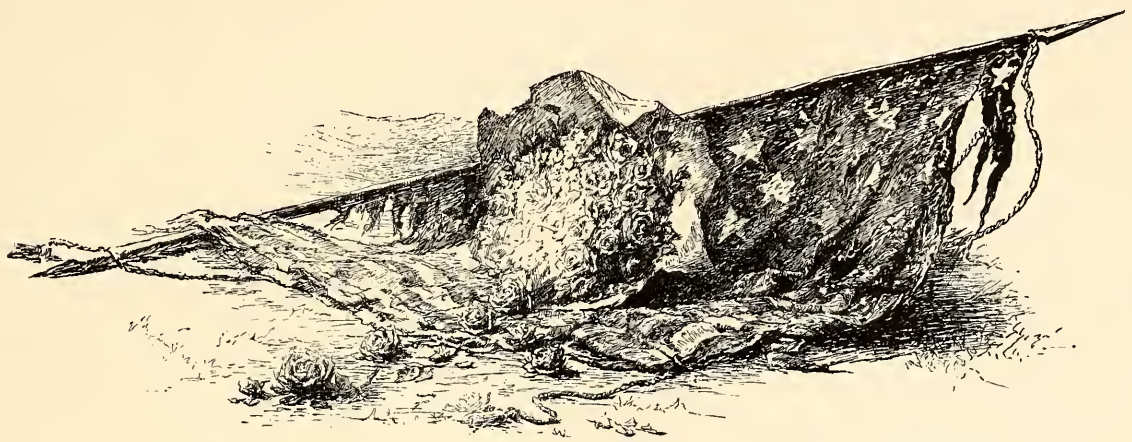
The pilot reached out his arm and with despairing fingers gripped the broken plank. It was too small to support two men, and Captain Hardy released his hold. He sought to sustain himself with one hand, and for a little he succeeded. Then his strength failed him, and at last he went under almost where the *Onteora* had sunk beneath him. The battle raged above; shell from ship after ship answered shell from the fort and the batteries; another ironclad took up the work of the *Onteora*; brave hearts and quick heads were at work on sea and on

shore; but Rodman Hardy was dead at the bottom of the river, leaving to his widow and his sons the heritage of a manly death.

The widow's cap which the young wife took that night she has never discarded to this day. His sons she has brought up to follow in their father's footsteps. One has already begun to made his mark in the navy, having been graduated from Annapolis, high up in his class. The other is a lawyer, who is solving for himself the problem of the scholar in politics. Although not yet thirty, he has spent two terms in the legislature of the State, where he has done yeoman service for the city.

The parade was over at last,— for the Rodman R. Hardy Post had been one of the latest in line,— and I turned away across the square. The sight of the widow with her two sons had cleansed the atmosphere from the miasma that trailed behind the politician as he rode by me in his vulgar barouche. The memory of a great deed is an oasis in the vista of life, and the recollection of Captain Hardy's death made the day seem fairer. The sunshine flooded the streets with molten gold. A pair of young sparrows flirted across the park before me and alighted on a bough above my head. From over the housetops came floating echoes of "John Brown's Body" and "Marching through Georgia."

Brander Matthews.



A NIGHT SCENE.

HOW I do love a wilding bank
Where no wind stirs,
So bravely hedged by rank on rank
Of junipers!

The glint of waters seen afar
Is eve's delight;
With dark a solitary star
Begins the night.

It cannot gaze on such a nook
For long alone,
But beckons up a host to look
And make it known.

These call the moon her toppling horn
Of light to bring.
She wakes the birds that think it morn
And time to sing.

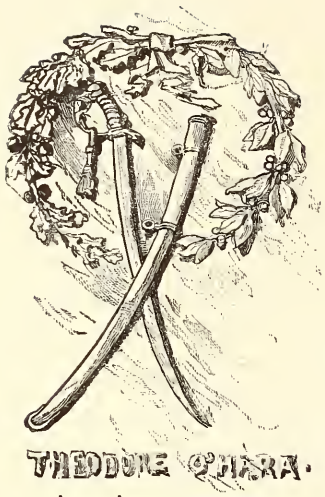
Though morn it is not, such a night
Yet bids arise
All wakeful souls to the delight
In those pure eyes.

All souls desire — rightly to see
A sight like this —
Some sweet accordant company
To share their bliss.

Who — who but thee shall on my breast
Lean lightly, love,
And let her wistful eyes still rest
On those above?

James Herbert Morse.

THEODORE O'HARA.



O'HARA'S GRAVESTONE.

IT is purposed here to sketch briefly the life of a Southern soldier who builded for himself an enduring fame as a poet, upon four lines.

These lines, together with other stanzas of the poem in which they occur, may be seen in the national cemeteries of the United States, cast in iron and placed along the silent ways which wander among the dead, to commemorate the sleeping brave of North and South alike; and these four immortal lines, which have sufficed to secure their author's name a place in the sacred annals, are inscribed also over the gateway of the National Cemetery at Washington. Though the man who wrote them fought upon the opposing side, even to the end, these lines seem no whit less fitting here than when we find them placed above the wearers of the gray who rest in the cemetery at New Orleans. Thus does the spirit of poesy triumph over material issues, appealing to something within us before which mere differences of political opinion, strong and abiding as they seem to be, sink out of sight and are lost forever. To forget the questions upon which they have been divided to their hurt, let men cherish those truths upon which they are one.

Theodore O'Hara, soldier, poet, and journalist, was born in Danville, Kentucky, February 11, 1820. He was the son of Kane O'Hara, an Irish gentleman who, after having left his own land on account of political oppression, became distinguished in Kentucky as an educator of great learning and ability. The family finally settled in the vicinity of Frankfort, Kentucky. After being prepared under the teaching of his father, Theodore was sent to St. Joseph's College at Bardstown, Kentucky, where he graduated with high honors. After this he practiced law for a time, but in 1845 he held a position in the Treasury Department at Washington, and the next year was appointed captain in the old United States Army.

He served through the Mexican War and was breveted major on the field for gallantry and meritorious conduct. He then practiced law in Washington for a time, but when Lopez attempted the liberation of Cuba, O'Hara joined the expedition and led a regiment at Cardenas, in which battle he was severely wounded. Subsequently he was concerned in Walker's adventurous expedition to Central America. He afterwards conducted several newspapers in the South with great ability and brilliancy—among them the "Mobile Register."

At the beginning of the War of the Rebellion he joined the service at once, and was put in command of the fort at the entrance of Mobile Bay, which he bravely defended until ordered to retire. After this he served on Albert Sidney Johnston's staff, and was beside that officer when he fell at Shiloh. Later on he was chief-of-staff to General John C. Breckinridge, and was in the famous charge at Stone River. He served as chief-of-staff until the end of the war. After the war he engaged in some commercial transactions in Columbus, Georgia, but finally retired to a plantation on the Alabama side of the Chattahoochee River, where he died of fever on the 7th of June, 1867. In 1873 the legislature of Kentucky provided for the bringing back of his body to his native State, and in 1874 he was buried with military honors in the State Cemetery at Frankfort. This is a brief record of O'Hara's life.

Fond of adventure, full of restless energy, and of a daring disposition, he was essentially the soldier of fortune, possessed of the impulsive spirit which induces one to stake all on the hazard of a die rather than to attain by painful and persistent effort. But rich as he seems to have been in the great and many gifts of mind and heart which distinguished him, I cannot see that O'Hara was ambitious—unless for military distinction. It may be that the Muses did haunt his every step, weaving about each scene the witchery of idealism and romance so enchanting to the poetic mind, but they certainly did not compel him to put into living verse the varied and picturesque experiences through which he must have passed. He wrote but little. What dreams and fancies he may have failed to transcribe one can only conjecture, and these conjectures must be entertained in silence. The age is impatient of

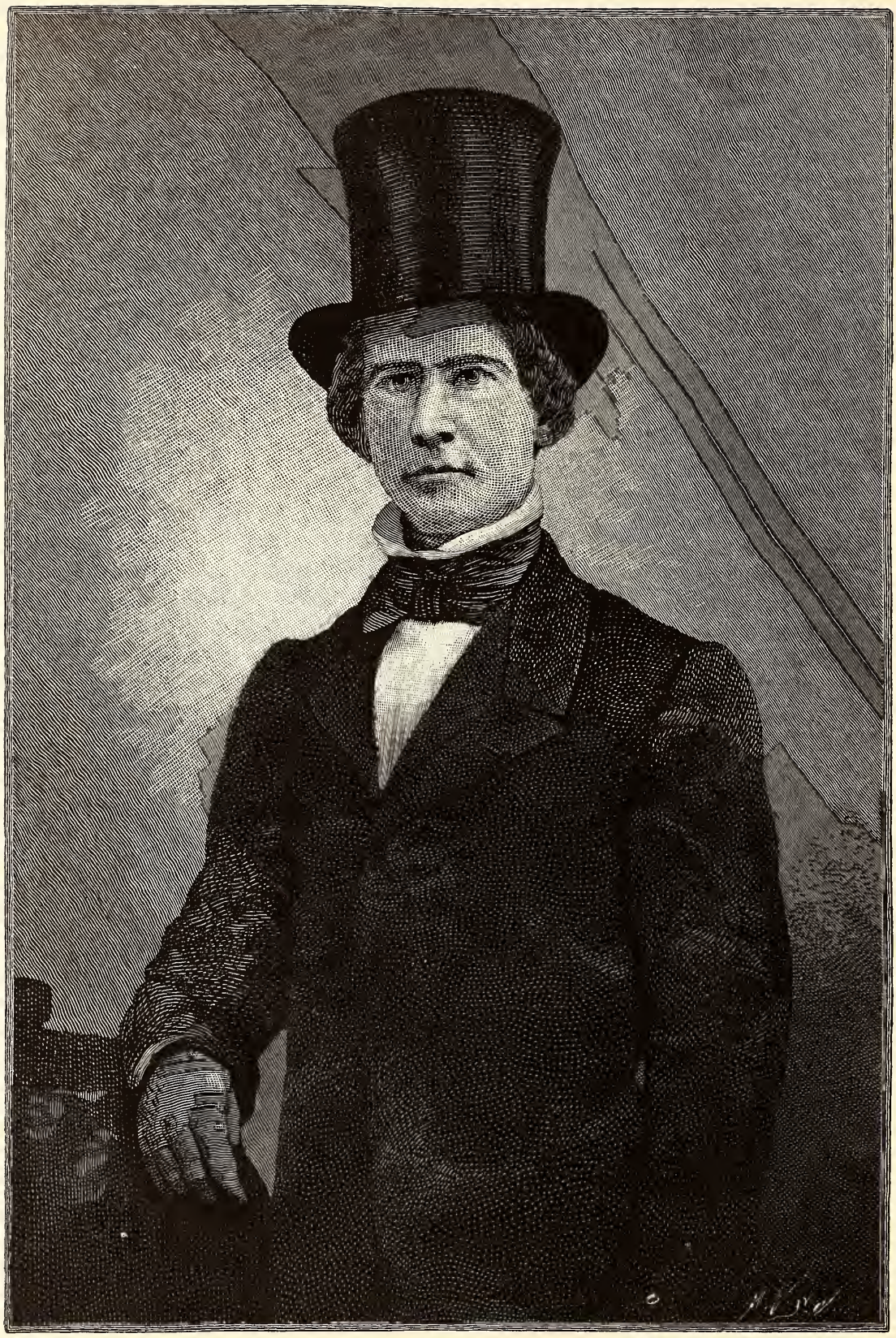
mysteries, and listens with an incredulous ear to speculations about unknown possibilities, or to intuitive guesses which it does not understand. The world is a stickler for the tangibility of actual performance. It is, therefore, with actual performance that one must deal here.

O'Hara wrote only two poems which have been preserved to history — one entitled "The Bivouac of the Dead," and one, "A Dirge for the Brave Old Pioneer." These are identical in the manner of their construction, and they are both elegiac and commemorative poems. He seems to have written only when special demand was made upon him, and then only in this one vein. It is upon this first-mentioned poem, "The Bivouac of the Dead," that O'Hara's claim for immortality must rest. It was written to commemorate the death of his comrades who fell in Mexico, and was read by him upon the occasion of their burial in the plot of ground set apart by the State for their reception in the cemetery at Frankfort. O'Hara now sleeps within the same ground, and may be said to have sung his own memorial, standing upon his unmade grave. The opening stanza of this poem, especially the second quatrain of it, remains unsurpassed in its own field.

The muffled drum's sad
roll has beat
The soldier's last tat-
too ;
No more on life's parade
shall meet
That brave and fallen
few.
On Fame's eternal
camping-ground
Their silent tents are
spread,
But Glory guards, with
solemn round,
The bivouac of the
dead.

In my opinion no amount of tinkering could improve these last four verses. They have been found fault with by some, who contend that there is no truth in the similes presented, that soldiers do not pitch their tents when they bivouac for the night; but as the first couplet plainly

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AND TOMB OF O'HARA.



ENGRAVED BY H. VELTEN. FROM A PRINT FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.

THEODORE O'HARA.

points the mind to an ideal and eternal camping-ground, the image of the "silent tents" follows naturally, while the second couplet refers to the sleeping bodies when they bivouac for the night of death, only until the reveille shall sound. The technical correctness of these similes is beyond question; and as to their higher poetic sense, their ideal beauty must be apparent to every appreciative mind. To one who cannot perceive this, arguments on the subject can mean nothing.

Some incidents of interest naturally attach themselves to the history of this poem. There is a peculiar completeness to the circle of events pertaining to it. O'Hara — himself a soldier — commemorates in it the death of his companions in battle, and reads it at their burial. After long years, when he had served through another war, he is himself gathered to rest beside them, and his poem, which consecrated the spot, has become a fitting and enduring monument for himself. It is not of equal merit throughout, but there are many lines only less stirring and impressive than those already given.

> The neighing troop, the flashing blade
> The bugle's stirring blast,
> The charge, the dreadful cannonade.

These lines suggest the onward, resistless rush of a mountain torrent; the images which appear before the mind are quickly replaced. The picture is fleeting but vivid, and the touch is broad and masterful. Note how the emphasis is thrown upon the word "charge": one can hear the command ringing along the expectant lines, and can well imagine how the thrill of battle must have shot through each heart within

> Those breasts that never more may feel
> The rapture of the fight.

The other poem contains nothing approaching the verses I have quoted.

The place of O'Hara's burial is worth transcribing. I will, however, attempt but a glimpse of it here. At the moment in which I write, the slanting sunlight of a waning November day comes across the marble-dotted slopes and mounds, which are as green as an April hill, and the soft south wind makes a low moaning in the needled branches of the pines, whose dark clusters are here and there relieved by the pale dead gold of the changing cypress and the deeper color of the shimmering beech, and at rarer intervals by leafless dogwood trees all aglow with scarlet berries. Out under the darkening masses, through the half-open barrier of tree trunks, one may catch glimpses of the far-off hills, above which burns the golden glory of the sinking sun. At times there comes the faint tinkling of distant bells from where the cattle return to the valley, in which sleeps the unseen city. Far up above the fine tracing of the naked elms, gold-tipped clouds of delicate purple drift through the gray green of the sky. Close by — beside the tomb of O'Hara, with its sculptured sword and scabbard and encircling wreath of oak and laurel — bends a rose-bush whose late blooms touch listlessly with their pale lips the cold and unresponsive marble. A little way off rises the great memorial shaft surmounted by marble cannons and flags, and above these by the winged figure of Victory; and here, among the graves of those who once listened to their angry roar, stand the blackened and silent guns which belched forth death and flame at Buena Vista and Chapultepec — grim guardians now of the quiet warriors who have met the last enemy. A soft radiance suffuses the scene, and the last rays of the sun just touch the wings of Victory where she seems to sway against the clouds. It is here that the full import and beauty of O'Hara's lines may be felt; for, as the hush of evening deepens, one can fancy he hears the slow and measured tread as the majestic figure of Glory keeps on her ceaseless round by this bivouac of the dead, and afar on the eternal camping-ground of Fame the imagination pictures the "silent tents" in which the departed souls rest forever upon the peaceful fields of the hereafter.

O'Hara is lovingly remembered by thousands who knew him personally. He was genial and generous in disposition, and possessing a mind well stored both from books and with the experiences of an adventurous life, he is said to have been exceedingly happy and brilliant in conversation, having a clear sense of humor, a nimble wit, and a quick tongue at repartee. He was the life and soul of many a camp-fire circle in the wars, and the many varied incidents of his life which cannot be given here, for lack of space, all show him to have been utterly fearless. His impulsive and daring nature made him thirst continually for the excitements of danger, and gave him relish for the chances of the fight. Sensitive and refined himself, his manner towards others, while characterized by an inherent, self-respecting pride, was sufficiently unreserved and hearty, and without the tinge of any belittling vanity or shadow of ostentation. He was something above the medium in stature, slender, graceful, and well proportioned in figure, very erect and military in his bearing, and quick, wiry, and decisive in his movements. His hair was black, jet black, and his eyes so nearly so that there was but a shade of difference. They were full of alert intelligence, indicating in every glance

the vital force and restlessness of his nature. His nose was straight and his mouth was somewhat small; the lips, seeming always close pressed together or slightly "pursed," were almost feminine in their clearness and delicacy of outline, but showed great firmness and determination as well as refinement. His head was nicely poised and well set on his shoulders, and his hands and feet were very small and well cared for. He died seemingly unconscious of his highest gifts, his greatest fault being his neglecting to follow steadily some definite aim — if that be a fault. Since then the hand of Time, grappling for hidden treasure amidst the ruins of lost and buried incident and circumstance, has saved from the wreck of this life a few lines only,— written when he was thinking more of others than of himself, — but lines of such transcendent merit that they have fixed the name of Theodore O'Hara in history.

Robert Burns Wilson.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

BY THEODORE O'HARA.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
But Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their pluméd heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past;
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or death."

Long has the doubtful conflict raged
O'er all that stricken plain,
For never fiercer fight had waged
The vengeful blood of Spain;
And still the storm of battle blew,
Still swelled the gory tide;
Not long our stout old chieftain knew,
Such odds his strength could bide.

'T was in that hour his stern command
Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of his belovéd land,
The nation's flag to save.
By rivers of their fathers' gore
His first-born laurels grew,
And well he deemed the sons would pour
Their lives for glory too.

Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain —
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above the moldering slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from War his richest spoil —
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield;
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulcher.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood ye gave,
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell
When many a vanquished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb.

INSTITUTIONS FOR THE ARID LANDS.

INDUSTRIAL civilization in America began with the building of log cabins. Where Piedmont plain merges into coastal plain, there rivers are transformed — dashing waters are changed to tidal waters and navigation heads, and there "powers" are found. Beside these transformed waters, in a narrow zone from north to south across the United States, the first real settlement of the country began by the building of log-cabin homes. This first cabin zone ultimately became the site of the great cities of the East — Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Charleston, and Augusta; and steadily, while the cities were growing, the log-cabin zone moved westward until it reached the border of the Great Plains, which it never crossed.

The arid region of the West was settled by gold and silver hunters aggregated in comparatively large bodies. Their shanties of logs, slabs, boards, and adobes were speedily replaced by the more costly structures of towns and cities, which suddenly sprang into existence where gold or silver was found. These towns and cities were thus scattered promiscuously through the mountain land. In them avenues of trees were planted and parks were laid out, and about them gardens, vineyards, and orchards were cultivated. From this horticulture sprang the agriculture of the region.

In the East the log cabin was the beginning of civilization; in the West, the miner's camp. In the East agriculture began with the settler's clearing; in the West, with the exploitation of wealthy men. In the log-cabin years a poor man in Ohio might clear an acre at a time and extend his potato-patch, his cornfield, and his meadow from year to year, and do all with his own hands and energy, and thus hew his way from poverty to plenty. At the same time his wife could plant hollyhocks, sweet-williams, marigolds, and roses in boxed beds of earth around the cabin door. So field and garden were all within the compass of a poor man's means, his own love of industry, and his wife's love of beauty. In western Europe, where our civilization was born, a farmer might carry on his work in his own way, on his own soil or on the land of his feudal lord, and in the higher phases of this industry he could himself enjoy the products of his labor, subject only to taxes and rents. Out of this grew the modern agriculture with which we are so familiar in America, where the farmer owns his land, cultivates the soil with his own hands, and reaps the reward of his own toil, subject only to the conditions necessary to the welfare of the body politic.

The farming of the arid region cannot be carried on in this manner. Individual farmers with small holdings cannot sustain themselves as individual men; for the little farm is, perchance, dependent upon the waters of some great river that can be turned out and controlled from year to year only by the combined labor of many men. And in modern times great machinery is used, and dams, reservoirs, canals, and many minor hydraulic appliances are necessary. These cost large sums of money, and in their construction and maintenance many men are employed. In the practice of agriculture by irrigation in high antiquity, men were organized as communal bodies or as slaves to carry on such operations by united labor. Thus the means of obtaining subsistence were of such a character as to give excuse and cogent argument for the establishment of despotism. The soil could be cultivated, great nations could be sustained, only by the organization of large bodies of men working together on the great enterprises of irrigation under despotic rulers. But such a system cannot obtain in the United States, where the love of liberty is universal.

What, then, shall be the organization of this new industry of agriculture by irrigation? Shall the farmers labor for themselves and own the agricultural properties severally? or shall the farmers be a few capitalists, employing labor on a large scale, as is done in the great mines and manufactories of the United States? The history of two decades of this industry exhibits this fact: that in part the irrigated lands are owned and cultivated by men having small holdings, but in larger part they are held in great tracts by capitalists, and the tendency to this is on the increase. When the springs and creeks are utilized small holdings are developed, but when the rivers are taken out upon the lands great holdings are acquired; and thus the farming industries of the West are falling into the hands of a wealthy few.

Various conditions have led to this. In some portions of the arid region, especially in California, the Spanish land grants were util-

ized for the purpose of aggregating large tracts for wholesale farming. Sometimes the lands granted to railroads were utilized for the same purpose. Then, to promote the irrigation of this desert land, an act was passed by Congress giving a section of land for a small price to any man who would irrigate it. Still other lands were acquired under the Homestead Act, the Preëmption Act, and the Timber-Culture Act. Through these privileges title could be secured to two square miles of land by one individual. Companies wishing to engage in irrigation followed, in the main, one of two plans: they either bought the lands and irrigated their own tracts, or they constructed irrigating works and supplied water to the farmers. Through the one system land monopoly is developed; through the other, water monopoly.

Such has been the general course of the development of irrigation. But there are three notable exceptions. The people of the Southwest came originally, by the way of Mexico, from Spain, where irrigation and the institutions necessary for its control had been developing from high antiquity, and these people well understood that their institutions must be adapted to their industries, and so they organized their settlements as pueblos, or "irrigating municipalities," by which the lands were held in severalty while the tenure of waters and works was communal or municipal. The Mormons, settling in Utah, borrowed the Mexican system. The lands in small tracts were held in severalty by the people, but the waters were controlled by bishops of the Church, who among the "Latter-Day Saints" are priests of the "Order of Aaron" and have secular functions. In southern California, also, many colonies were planted in which the lands were held in severalty and in small parcels. Gradually in these communities the waters are passing from the control of irrigating corporations into the control of the municipalities which the colonies have formed. Besides these three great exceptions there are some minor ones, which need not here be recounted. In general, farming by irrigation has been developed as wholesale farming in large tracts or as wholesale irrigating by large companies. Some of these water companies are foreign, others are capitalists of the Eastern cities, while a few are composed of capitalists of the West.

Where agriculture is dependent upon an artificial supply of water, and where there is more land than can be served by the water, values inhere in water, not in land; the land without the water is without value. A stream may be competent to irrigate 100,000 acres of land, and there may be 500,000 acres of land to which it is possible to carry the water. If one man holds that water he practically owns that land; whatever value is given to any portion of it is derived from the water owned by the one person. In the far West a man may turn a spring or a brook upon a little valley stretch and make him a home with his own resources, or a few neighbors may unite to turn a small creek from its natural channel and gradually make a cluster of farms. This has been done, and the available springs and brooks are almost exhausted. But the chief resource of irrigation is from the use of the rivers and from the storage of waters which run to waste during a greater part of the year; for the season of irrigation is short, and during most of the months the waters are lost unless held in reservoirs. In the development of these water companies there has been much conflict. In the main improvident franchises have been granted, and when found onerous the people have impaired or more or less destroyed them by unfriendly legislation and administration. The whole subject, however, is in its infancy, and the laws of the Western territory are inadequate to give security to capital invested in irrigating works on the one hand and protection to the farmer from extortion on the other. For this reason the tendency is to organize land companies. At present there is a large class of promoters who obtain options on lands and make contracts to supply water, and then enlist capital in the East and in Europe and organize and control construction companies, which, sometimes at least, make large profits. There seems to be little difficulty in interesting capitalists in these enterprises. The great increase in value given to land through its redemption by irrigation makes such investments exceedingly attractive. But at present investors and farmers are alike badly protected, and the lands and waters are falling into the hands of "middlemen." If the last few years' experience throws any light upon the future the people of the West are entering upon an era of unparalleled speculation, which will result in the aggregation of the lands and waters in the hands of a comparatively few persons. Let us hope that there is wisdom enough in the statesmen of America to avert the impending evil.

Whence, then, shall the capital come? and how shall the labor be organized by which these 100,000,000 acres of land are to be redeemed? This is the problem that to-day confronts our statesmen and financiers. Capital must come, for the work is demanded and will pay. Let us look at the statistics of this subject in round numbers, and always quite within probable limits. Let us speak of 100,000,000 acres of land to be redeemed by the

use of rivers and reservoirs. This will cost about ten dollars per acre, or $1,000,000,000. In the near future a demand for this amount will be made, and it will be forthcoming beyond a peradventure. The experience obtained by the redemption of 6,000,000 acres of land, already under cultivation, abundantly warrants the statement that an average of fifty dollars per acre is a small estimate to be placed upon the value of the lands yet to be redeemed as they come to be used. Thus there is a prize to be secured of $5,000,000,000 by the investment of $1,000,000,000. Such vast undertakings will not be overlooked by the enterprising men of America.

In a former article on "The Irrigable Lands of the Arid Region," in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for March, 1890, it was explained that the waters of the arid lands flowing in the great rivers must somehow be divided among the States, and that in two cases important international problems are involved. It was also shown that contests are arising between different districts of the same State. But the waters must be still further subdivided in order that they may be distributed to individual owners. How can this be done? Lands can be staked out, corner-posts can be established, dividing lines can be run, and titles to tracts in terms of metes and bounds can be recorded. But who can establish the corner-posts of flowing waters? When the waters are gathered into streams they rush on to the desert sands or to the sea; and how shall we describe the metes and bounds of a wave? The farmer may brand his horses, but who can brand the clouds or put a mark of ownership on the current of a river? The waters of to-day have values and must be divided; the waters of the morrow have values, and the waters of all coming time, and these values must be distributed among the people. How shall it be done?

It is proposed to present a plan for the solution of these problems, and others connected therewith, in an outline of institutions necessary for the arid lands. Some of these problems have been discussed in former articles, and it may be well to summarize them all once more, as follows:

First. The capital to redeem by irrigation 100,000,000 acres of land is to be obtained, and $1,000,000,000 is necessary.

Second. The lands are to be distributed to the people, and as yet we have no proper system of land laws by which it can be done.

Third. The waters must be divided among the States, and as yet there is no law for it, and the States are now in conflict.

Fourth. The waters are to be divided among the people, so that each man may have the amount necessary to fertilize his farm, each hamlet, town, and city the amount necessary for domestic purposes, and that every thirsty garden may quaff from the crystal waters that come from the mountains.

Fifth. The great forests that clothe the hills, plateaus, and mountains with verdure must be saved from devastation by fire and preserved for the use of man, that the sources of water may be protected, that farms may be fenced and homes built, and that all this wealth of forest may be distributed among the people.

Sixth. The grasses that are to feed the flocks and herds must be protected and utilized.

Seventh. The great mineral deposits — the fuel of the future, the iron for the railroads, and the gold and silver for our money — must be kept ready to the hand of industry and the brain of enterprise.

Eighth. The powers of the factories of that great land are to be created and utilized, that the hum of busy machinery may echo among the mountains — the symphonic music of industry.

A thousand millions of money must be used; who shall furnish it? Great and many industries are to be established; who shall control them? Millions of men are to labor; who shall employ them? This is a great nation, the Government is powerful; shall it engage in this work? So dreamers may dream, and so ambition may dictate, but in the name of the men who labor I demand that the laborers shall employ themselves; that the enterprise shall be controlled by the men who have the genius to organize, and whose homes are in the lands developed, and that the money shall be furnished by the people; and I say to the Government: Hands off! Furnish the people with institutions of justice, and let them do the work for themselves. The solution to be propounded, then, is one of institutions to be organized for the establishment of justice, not of appropriations to be made and offices created by the Government.

In a group of mountains a small river has its source. A dozen or a score of creeks unite to form the trunk. The creeks higher up divide into brooks. All these streams combined form the drainage system of a hydrographic basin, a unit of country well defined in nature, for it is bounded above and on each side by heights of land that rise as crests to part the waters. Thus hydraulic basin is segregated from hydraulic basin by nature herself, and the landmarks are practically perpetual. In such a basin of the arid region the irrigable lands lie below; not chiefly by the river's side, but on the mesas and low plains that stretch back on each side. Above these lands the pasturage hills and mountains stand, and there the forests and sources of water supply are found. Such a district of

country is a commonwealth by itself. The people who live therein are interdependent in all their industries. Every man is interested in the conservation and management of the water supply, for all the waters are needed within the district. The men who control the farming below must also control the upper regions where the waters are gathered from the heavens and stored in the reservoirs. Every farm and garden in the valley below is dependent upon each fountain above.

All of the lands that lie within the basin above the farming districts are the catchment areas for all the waters poured upon the fields below. The waters that control these works all constitute one system, are dependent one upon another, and are independent of all other systems. Not a spring or a creek can be touched without affecting the interests of every man who cultivates the soil in the region. All the waters are common property until they reach the main canal, where they are to be distributed among the people. How these waters are to be caught and the common source of wealth utilized by the individual settlers interested therein is a problem for the men of the district to solve, and for them alone.

But these same people are interested in the forests that crown the heights of the hydrographic basin. If they permit the forests to be destroyed, the source of their water supply is injured and the timber values are wiped out. If the forests are to be guarded, the people directly interested should perform the task. An army of aliens set to watch the forests would need another army of aliens to watch them, and a forestry organization under the hands of the General Government would become a hotbed of corruption; for it would be impossible to fix responsibility and difficult to secure integrity of administration, because ill-defined values in great quantities are involved.

Then the pasturage is to be protected. The men who protect these lands for the water they supply to agriculture can best protect the grasses for the summer pasturage of the cattle and horses and sheep that are to be fed on their farms during the months of winter. Again, the men who create water powers by constructing dams and digging canals should be permitted to utilize these powers for themselves, or to use the income from these powers which they themselves create, for the purpose of constructing and maintaining the works necessary to their agriculture.

Thus it is that there is a body of interdependent and unified interests and values, all collected in one hydrographic basin, and all segregated by well-defined boundary lines from the rest of the world. The people in such a district have common interests, common rights, and common duties, and must necessarily work together for common purposes. Let such a people organize, under national and State laws, a great irrigation district, including an entire hydrographic basin, and let them make their own laws for the division of the waters, for the protection and use of the forests, for the protection of the pasturage on the hills, and for the use of the powers. This, then, is the proposition I make: that the entire arid region be organized into natural hydrographic districts, each one to be a commonwealth within itself for the purpose of controlling and using the great values which have been pointed out. There are some great rivers where the larger trunks would have to be divided into two or more districts, but the majority would be of the character described. Each such community should possess its own irrigation works; it would have to erect diverting dams, dig canals, and construct reservoirs; and such works would have to be maintained from year to year. The plan is to establish local self-government by hydrographic basins.

Let us consider next the part which should be taken by the local governments, the State governments, and the General Government in the establishment and maintenance of these institutions. Let there be established in each district a court to adjudicate questions of water rights, timber rights, pasturage rights, and power rights, in compliance with the special laws of the community and the more general laws of the State and the nation. Let there be appeal from these lower courts to the higher courts. Let the people of the district provide their own officers for the management and control of the waters, for the protection and utilization of the forests, for the protection and management of the pasturage, and for the use of the powers; and with district courts, water masters, foresters, and herders they would be equipped with the local officers necessary for the protection of their own property and the maintenance of individual rights. The interests are theirs, the rights are theirs, the duties are theirs; let them control their own actions. To some extent this can be accomplished by coöperative labor; but ultimately and gradually great capital must be employed in each district. Let them obtain this capital by their own enterprise as a community. Constituting a body corporate, they can tax themselves and they can borrow moneys. They have a basis of land titles, water rights, pasturage rights, forest rights, and power rights; all of these will furnish ample security for the necessary investments; and these district communities, having it in their power to obtain a vast increment by the development of the lands, and to distribute it among the people

in severalty, will speedily understand how to attract capital by learning that honesty is the best policy.

Each State should provide courts for the adjudication of litigation between people of different districts, and courts of appeal from the irrigation district courts. It should also establish a general inspection system, and provide that the irrigation reservoirs shall not be constructed in such a manner as to menace the people below and place them in peril from floods. And finally, it should provide general statutes regulating water rights.

But the General Government must bear its part in the establishment of the institutions for the arid region. It is now the owner of most of the lands, and it must provide for the distribution of these lands to the people in part, and in part it must retain possession of them and hold them in trust for the districts. It must also divide the waters of the great rivers among the States. All this can be accomplished in the following manner. Let the General Government make a survey of the lands, segregating and designating the irrigable lands, the timber lands, the pasturage lands, and the mining lands; let the General Government retain possession of all except the irrigable lands, but give these to the people in severalty as homesteads. Then let the General Government declare and provide by statute that the people of each district may control and use the timber, the pasturage, and the water powers, under specific laws enacted by themselves and by the States to which they belong. Then let the General Government further declare and establish by statute how the waters are to be divided among the districts and used on the lands segregated as irrigable lands, and then provide that the waters of each district may be distributed among the people by the authorities of each district under State and national laws. By these means the water would be relegated to the several districts in proper manner, interstate problems would be solved, and the national courts could settle all interstate litigation.

But the mining industries of the country must be considered. Undeveloped mining lands should remain in the possession of the General Government, and titles thereto should pass to individuals, under provisions of statutes already existing, only where such lands are obtained by actual occupation and development, and then in quantities sufficient for mining purposes only. Then mining regions must have mining towns. For these the townsite laws already enacted provide ample resource.

It is thus proposed to divide responsibility for these institutions between the General Government, the State governments, and the local governments. Having done this, it is proposed to allow the people to regulate their own affairs in their own way — borrow money, levy taxes, issue bonds, as they themselves shall determine; construct reservoirs, dig canals, when and how they please; make their own laws and choose their own officers; protect their own forests, utilize their own pasturage, and do as they please with their own powers; and to say to them that "with wisdom you may prosper, but with folly you must fail."

It should be remembered that the far West is no longer an uninhabited region. Towns and cities are planted on the mountain sides, and stupendous mining enterprises are in operation. On the streams saw-mills have been erected, and the woodsman's ax echoes through every forest. In many a valley and by many a stream may be found a field, a vineyard, an orchard, and a garden; and the hills are covered with flocks and herds. In almost every hydrographic basin there is already found a population sufficient for the organization of the necessary irrigation districts. The people are intelligent, industrious, enterprising, and wide awake to their interests. Their hearts beat high with hope, and their aspirations are for industrial empire. On this round globe and in all the centuries of human history there has never before been such a people. Their love of liberty is unbounded, their obedience to law unparalleled, and their reverence for justice profound; every man is a freeman king with power to rule himself, and they may be trusted with their own interests.

Many of the great industrial undertakings of mankind require organized labor, and this demand grows with the development of inventions and the use of machinery. The transfer of toil from the muscles of men to the sinews of nature has a double result — social solidarity is increased, and mind is developed. In the past, civilization has combined the labor of men through the agency of despotism; and this was possible when the chief powers were muscular. But when the physical powers of nature are employed and human powers engaged in their control men cannot be enslaved; they assert their liberty and despotism falls. Under free governments the tendency is to transfer power from hereditary and chosen rulers to money kings, as the integration of society in industrial operations is accomplished through the agency of capital. This organization of physical power with human industry for great ends by the employment of capital is accomplished by instituting corporations. Corporations furnish money and machinery, and employ men organized under superintendents, to accomplish the works necessary to our mod-

ern civilization. Gradually society is being organized into a congeries of such corporations to control the leading industries of the land.

Hitherto agriculture in this country has not come under the domination of these modern rulers. Throughout all the humid regions the farmer is an independent man, but in the arid regions corporations have sought to take control of agriculture. This is rendered possible by the physical conditions under which the industry is carried on. Sometimes the corporations have attempted to own the lands and the water, and to construct the great works and operate them as part and parcel of wholesale farming. In other cases the corporations have sought to construct the works and sell the water to individual farmers with small holdings. By neither of these methods has more than partial success been achieved. There is a sentiment in the land that the farmer must be free, that the laborer in the field should be the owner of the field. Hence by unfriendly legislation and by judicial decision — which ultimately reflect the sentiment of the people — these farming corporations and water corporations of the West have often failed to secure brilliant financial results, and many have been almost destroyed. Thus there is a war in the West between capital and labor — a bitter, relentless war, disastrous to both parties. The effort has been made to present a plan by which the agriculture of the arid lands may be held as a vast field of exploitation for individual farmers who cultivate the soil with their own hands; and at the same time and by the same institutions to open to capital a field for safe investment and remunerative return, and yet to secure to the toiling farmers the natural increment of profit which comes from the land with the progress of industrial civilization.

The great enterprises of mining, manufacturing, transporting, exchanging, and financiering in which the business kings of America are engaged challenge admiration, and I rejoice at their prosperity and am glad that blessings thus shower upon the people; but the brilliancy of great industrial operations does not daze my vision. I love the cradle more than the bank counter. The cottage home is more beautiful to me than the palace. I believe that the school-house is primal, the university secondary; and I believe that the justice's court in the hamlet is the only permanent foundation for the Supreme Court at the capital. Such are the interests which I advocate. Without occult powers of prophecy, the man of common sense sees a wonderful future for this land. Hard is the heart, dull is the mind, and weak is the will of the man who does not strive to secure wise institutions for the developing world of America.

The lofty peaks of the arid land are silvered with eternal rime; the slopes of the mountains and the great plateaus are covered with forest groves; the hills billow in beauty, the valleys are parks of delight, and the deep cañons thrill with the music of laughing waters. Over them all a clear sky is spread, through which the light of heaven freely shines. Clouds rarely mask the skies, but come at times like hosts of winged beauty floating past, as they change from gray to gold, to crimson, and to gorgeous purple. The soul must worship these glories, yet with the old Scotch poet I can exclaim:

> It 's rare to see the morning bleeze,
> Like a bonfire frae the sea;
> It 's fair to see the burnie kiss
> The lip o' the flow'ry lea;
> An' fine it is on green hillside,
> Where hums the bonnie bee,
> But rarer, fairer, finer far
> Is the ingleside for me.

J. W. Powell.

THE ROMANCE OF TWO CAMERAS.

IT was in the old Spanish town of Toledo that Eleanor's matter-of-fact detective camera first played her false and led her into the byways of romance.

All through their tour the camera had been a source of delight to her and of annoyance to her father. He was proud of his daughter's skill, and glad to have the incidents of the trip recorded, but the mysterious little box was continually getting them into trouble with the custom-house officials and with people who objected to being photographed.

Eleanor had provided herself for the tour with two rolls of sensitized paper instead of the ordinary glass plates. Each roll was capable of containing one hundred negatives. The makers boasted the advantages of light weight and compactness for transportation, and Eleanor recognized the further convenience of not being obliged to develop her own negatives, the contrivance allowing her to take view after view, and when the roll was filled to lay it aside for development and printing at some future day by a professional photographer.

It was through no fault of the makers, or of Eleanor's, that her anticipations of an abundant harvest of photographs were not realized. A suspicious officer on the frontier had insisted on examining the roll-holders, asserting that he suspected that they contained nitro-glycerine, and that the camera was a neat little infernal machine. As exposing the rolls to the light would have utterly ruined them, Mr. Thurston labored long in his daughter's behalf with the obstinate official, and finally, with the assistance of a generous fee, succeeded in allaying his suspicions.

Later, a Moorish peddler of curiosities in southern Spain, on comprehending that he had been photographed, insisted that the portrait should be destroyed. He was a most picturesque figure, in his white turban and flowing robe, and Eleanor was loath to part with her trophy. Her father made use of the same arguments which had proved so convincing in the case of the guardian of customs, but this time money was powerless. The fanatic believed that the portrait might craftily present itself before Allah and demand the soul laid up for him, and that when he died he would find himself defrauded of his immortality. His trouble was genuine, and Eleanor attempted to explain to him that as yet the portrait did not exist, and that it should never be developed. But his apprehensions and suspicions increased with every word, and he angrily snatched the plate-holder from her hands and deliberately unrolled the contents, destroying, in his search for his portrait, all of the photographs hitherto taken, the treasures of their experiences impossible to be replaced. Even then the Moor was only half satisfied; he seemed to think that the portrait, which he had not found, must be concealed in the camera, and Eleanor trembled for the instrument as he insisted on examining it thoroughly. She felt that it had escaped a great peril, and as the second roll remained, having been packed in her trunk, she was inclined to congratulate herself on coming out of the adventure so easily.

"I fear I shall have to confine myself to architecture," she remarked a few days later to her father. They were seated with their courier Antonio on the balcony of the inn at Toledo, and it happened by a strange coincidence that Thomas Winter, a young American journalist and magazinist, who was also an amateur photographer, was stopping at the same hotel. As he intended remaining some time in Toledo, he had rented a story in a neighboring tower to serve as his workshop, but as Eleanor spoke he was finishing off a newspaper letter in a room whose blinds opened on the balcony where the party were gathered.

"Can you tell me, Antonio, of any picturesque building in Toledo, or near it, which I could photograph?"

The question interested Winter, and he looked up from his article. Antonio promptly recommended the old cloister of San Juan de los Reyes as having been photographed by a Madrid professional.

"Yes, I bought a photograph of it in Madrid," Eleanor replied. "We will go there, certainly; but is there not some other less-known edifice which has not been taken by any one else?"

Antonio thought a moment. "Would the Señorita like a view of the Tower of the Magians, a relic of the School of Magic for which Toledo was noted in the tenth century?"

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Mr. Thurston.

"The Señor is incredulous," said the courier

coolly; "nevertheless it is quite true. When the Moors owned this part of Spain, long before Queen Isabella of blessed memory drove them into Africa, there was in this city a university for the study of the black art, and I have no doubt that Satan was one of the doctors. They played famous tricks in those days. Has the Señor never heard of them?"

"Young man," replied Mr. Thurston impressively, "reserve such flights of your imagination for English tourists; we are Americans."

"Antonio is right, Father," Eleanor remarked gently. "There was a school of alchemy here, though it was probably only chemistry; the prefix *al*, you know, means 'the.' I have been struck with the number of terms we have in chemistry which are derived from the Arabic. There are alcohol, alembic, aludel, alkali, and others; and almanac came to us, I presume, from the astronomer-magicians of the Giralda. I have a very deep respect for the learning of those old Saracens. I wish I knew just what experiments they tried in the old Tower of the Magians."

"I 'll warrant it was only a good deal of hocus-pocus to mystify the unlearned," replied her father; "Greek fire for the Saracen army, love philters, elixirs of life, and the gold-transmuting philosopher's stone, and that sort of humbug."

"It was not all imposture," Eleanor asserted confidently. "Greek fire was gunpowder, and they could dissolve gold with mercury and pierce red-hot iron with sulphur. I do not wonder that they believed in their own magical powers."

Thomas Winter, who had involuntarily overheard the conversation thus far, began to query what the personal appearance of the speaker might be. He was certain that she was far too learned to be young, and, as he thought her rather entertaining, he argued that Providence must have compensated for this good gift by denying her other attractions. Still, as the voice was a pleasant one, he admitted that she might be amiable. He felt grateful to her for having suggested to him a subject which he felt sure he could turn to account in a magazine article, "A University for the study of Magic; or, the Alchemists of Toledo." What a taking title that would be! He would study up the records, and his imagination could supply the rest.

Her next remark interested him still more, for she touched upon his own hobby with an enthusiasm which he shared, but could not so well have expressed.

"What could the old magians have thought of photographic chemistry?" she asked, evidently talking half to herself. "There is something positively uncanny and suggestive of the black art in the way that the image comes out upon a negative in the developing tray. Nothing which the alchemists did could have been more like the work of genii. By the way, what an excellent 'dark room' the tower we passed to-day would make. There is not a single window in its massive walls.

"Do you know I believe it *was* a developing room! The enchanter Geber may have worked there. We get our word *algebra* from a treatise on mathematics which he translated from the Greek, but he was more noted as a chemist, and wrote the oldest existing work on chemistry, entitled, 'The Summit of Perfection.'"

"Was there anything in it on photography?" asked Mr. Thurston.

"I am not sure," Eleanor replied; "but even if it has not come down to us, there is no proof that such a chapter did not exist. It may have been destroyed by the Inquisition."

"Thank you," thought Winter, as he made several rapid notes in his memorandum book. "There are some Arabian books of that period in the library of the Escurial which escaped the fires of the Inquisition on account of the beauty of their illumination. I 'll look up 'The Summit of Perfection.'"

"Perhaps they called Geber's science the 'black art' from this very dark room," Eleanor suggested, unconscious of her auditor. "I can fancy it hung with black velvet, a faint spark glimmering in a ruby glass suspended in one of those beautiful Oriental lamps."

Thomas Winter choked a laugh. "If she could see the interior of that tower now," he thought, "the velvet hangings replaced by dirt and grime, and the red lantern I rigged from a penny candle and a broken Bohemian glass cologne-bottle."

Eleanor, ignorant of the mirth which she was exciting, continued, "Then, of course, there must have been apparatus of strange shape, and phials filled with potent elixirs, graduating-glasses of purest crystal, a trickling fountain, and tanks filled with the wonder-working fluids."

"The Señorita has then visited the Tower of the Magians?" It was the courier Antonio who asked the question.

"No, Antonio. Why do you ask?"

"Because the Señorita has described so precisely the interior. A stranger lives there now who holds no intercourse with the people of Toledo. No, I have not seen the room; but the little Candida, daughter of the muleteer who keeps his beasts below, climbed into the tower one day when the stranger was absent, and tells me it is fitted up as the Señorita has said, even to the ruby lamp and the strange bottles, which were not of the apothecary. If

the Señorita would like to see the room, Candida will show it to her some time when the stranger is absent."

"The little Candida is very obliging," thought Winter. "I wonder whether the Señorita will accept the offer."

Eleanor, however, disclaimed all curiosity. "The man is very probably an innocent photographer," she said; "and at all events, I have no desire to pry into his affairs."

"Ah, no!" Antonio replied quickly. "I have been in a photographer's shop in Madrid. It was a great, sunny room, with a glass roof; not a dark tower like this. A room without windows! Surely those must be evil deeds which hide themselves from the light of heaven."

"What is the man's nationality?" asked Mr. Thurston.

"Some say that he is a Moor from Africa, who has come back after hidden treasures. When they fled away they took with them maps of their estates and the keys to their dwellings, intending to come again. So I say that this man is a descendant of one of the old magicians who has returned in search of some charm left walled up in the tower."

"Perhaps," suggested Mr. Thurston ironically, "this is the old magician Geber himself, who has been walled up all these years, and has at last hopped out as fresh as ever, like a toad from a block of sandstone."

"Perhaps," Antonio assented. "He is dark enough for a Moor, and the little Candida says he is no Christian; while he may have the power of the evil eye, for his glance is fierce and wicked."

"Indeed it is!" Winter almost uttered the ejaculation aloud, and it struck him that the possible cause for this adverse opinion lay in the fact that he had declined Antonio's offer to show him the cathedral for a piaster, and had neglected to chuck the little Candida under the chin, an omission which was all the more marked as he was the only traveler that season who had not bestowed some such token of appreciation upon the little beauty. The party on the balcony now set out for the cloister of San Juan de los Reyes, and Winter repaired to his magian's tower. "I wish I could have had a glimpse at the lady," he said to himself. "She is a remarkably suggestive young person. It was n't exactly that what she said was so brilliant, but she has started me on a train of thought that I am sure I can make something of. Now, if I ever marry, that is just what I should like in a wife, a woman who would be an inspiration. I think I can make something, too, of that idea of an exhumed Geber come to life again in his laboratory and finding all his enchantments surpassed by modern science. I wonder what the girl looks like. I believe I will take my camera and casually stroll down to the convent of San Juan. Something may come of it."

And something did, but not what Winter had expected. Entering the chapel of this little jewel-box, built in the exuberant style of the later Gothic by the great Cardinal Ximenes, Winter heard voices in the adjoining cloisters. Shielded by the ivy which screened the window, he could see Eleanor flitting about the cloister garden, absorbed in admiration of the series of fine effects rendered by the luxuriant semi-tropical foliage in its setting of arches carven in all the exquisite caprice and richness of the Spanish flamboyant architecture.

It was a rare spot, and Eleanor was presently busy with her camera, rapt in a fine ecstasy of enthusiasm, and unconscious of the beautiful poses into which she threw herself as she moved from shady corridor to sunny garden, now pausing to scent a rose, to catch a few drops from the fountain, to place a camellia on the breast of the image of the Virgin under one of the canopied niches, or to bestow a little caress on her father as he rested on one of the stone benches once used by the Franciscan friars. Winter thought that he had never seen so graceful or so beautiful a girl, and mentally compared her rapid and agile movements with those of a humming-bird.

The photographer's instinct was too strong for him to resist, and instead of presenting himself openly in the cloister, he had his camera in order in a moment, and from his point of vantage behind the ivy had soon filled all his plate-holders with different views of the same lovely subject.

With all his triumph he had an uneasy feeling that the proceeding was not quite an honorable one; but he quieted his conscience with the mental vow that he would lock these plates from mortal eye until he could make this young lady's acquaintance, and then, if she objected to his possessing them, would place them at her disposal. Fate hastened this transfer in a way which was not at all to his liking. The fair enthusiast, having taken as many views as she desired, gathered a few flowers and strolled towards the chapel door. Though he had determined that some day he would surely know her, Winter was shy of meeting Eleanor face to face under the present circumstances, and he incontinently mounted a little flight of stairs leading to the belfry, leaving his camera, which happened to be at a little distance from him.

Eleanor glanced at the pictures with which the chapel was hung, and, finding them all deplorable, passed out of the building. She paused at the door, exclaiming, "I have left

my detective!" and Antonio returned in search of it.

It chanced that Winter's camera, so far as regarded its exterior, greatly resembled Eleanor's, and the courier, chancing upon it first, bore it away in triumph. Winter finding Eleanor's, and in his confusion not remembering exactly where he had left his own, presto! there was an unwitting exchange of instruments.

The mistake was not discovered by Eleanor for several days. The Thurstons left Toledo for Seville that afternoon on their first visit to the alcazar. Eleanor, in preparing to photograph some of the Moorish arches, first discovered that the internal construction of the camera in her possession was quite different from her own. There was no roll of sensitized paper, and instead the available space was packed with plate-holders filled with glass negatives. It was apparent that in some mysterious way an exchange had been effected. It seemed probable to the Thurstons that it had occurred somewhere en route from Toledo to Seville. Antonio was certain that he had carried Eleanor's camera directly from the convent of San Juan to the diligence which had conveyed them to the railroad station, and there had been no other travelers in the diligence and no other baggage. The train, however, had been crowded with tourists from Madrid, among others an English party with numerous portmanteaus, gun-cases, hat-boxes, and other baggage. These persons had gone on to Granada, and Eleanor had hopes that the mystery would be explained there.

Winter discovered the exchange sooner than Eleanor, and was much chagrined. "She will never believe," he thought, "that I intended to submit them to her. Her very reticence and her delicacy of feeling will suggest a thousand unworthy uses which I might have made of them. It was a piece of impertinence — what mischief-making demon tempted me to it?"

He presented himself at the hotel soon after the departure of the Thurstons. The landlord understood from his description who was meant, but it chanced that his pronunciation was faulty, and Mr. Thurston's chirography not of the plainest, so that Winter understood the name to be Thompson, and as he could gain no information as to their destination, the comedy of errors seemed no nearer its end.

Eleanor was deeply disappointed at the loss of her second roll of photographs. She had nothing to show for all her pains but a set of plate-holders containing she knew not what.

Feeling that these negatives might afford a clue to their owner, she decided after her return to New York to have them developed, and ordered one photograph to be printed from each. She was transfixed with astonishment, on the return of the set from the photographer's, to recognize in every view her own figure.

As a closer scrutiny revealed the ornate architecture of the cloister of San Juan in the background, the truth became evident: some unknown person, in all probability the mysterious occupant of the Magian's Tower, must have photographed her that afternoon. The discovery, though disturbing, was not altogether unpleasant. She told herself that the stranger's interest was only that of an expert in his profession; and yet, as she studied the negatives, she could not but recognize that the subject was very pretty, and that here was a series of bewitching pictures. "They are the best photographs I ever had taken," she said to herself. "How fortunate that they fell into my hands. I wonder if he cared very much"; and a momentary pang of pity touched her for the unfortunate artist. "I will keep the negatives for him," she decided; "but I think that under the circumstances I am justified in reserving these prints for myself."

And here the romance of two cameras might have ended but for the intervention of the hero's sister, Miss Josie Winter, who chanced to have been Eleanor's room-mate at boarding-school, and who had long cherished the romantic project of a match between her brother and her dearest friend. Owing to the young man's frequent absences from home, on long tours connected with his profession, she had not been able to bring about a meeting.

"It is really odd that you did not run across Tom in Europe," Josie remarked, after greeting her friend. "He must have been in Spain while you were there. Are you quite sure you did not meet him?"

"Spain is a large country," Eleanor replied, "and we met a great many tourists first and last, but no Mr. Winter. I would have remembered the name for your sake."

"Indeed, if you ever met Tom you would remember him for his own sake," Josie replied, with a little sisterly pique. "He 's the handsomest fellow you ever saw, and no end clever. Have you seen his last story, 'The Magian's Tower; or, Geber the Enchanter'?"

"No, dear; but the title interests me. We saw Geber's Tower when we were in Toledo."

"I will send you the magazine. It 's a delightful story. The critics all say it 's the most original thing. You 'll be sure to like it. How did you succeed with your photography? I want you to show some of your work to Tom. I 've told him what an artist you are."

"Unfortunately," Eleanor replied, "I lost all my Spanish photographs. It is no small disappointment, for I had taken a great many."

"What a shame! And I counted so much on those photographs. You see, Tom is raving

about the wonderful work of some lady amateur that he met abroad. They must have become uncommonly well acquainted, for she gave him stacks and stacks of photographs which she had made. Ordinary things enough, too, but he says that they are works of genius. I told him to wait till he had seen yours; and now you have n't a thing to show him. It 's just too provoking." Josie's glance roamed about the room and fell on the cloister photographs.

"What lovely portraits!" she exclaimed. "Why, Eleanor, you 've been photographing yourself. I did n't know you were so vain. You must let me have one to show to Tom. They are too sweet for anything."

"They are not mine; that is, I have no right to give them away," Eleanor replied, in some confusion. "Indeed, I did not take them. How could you think me so foolish?"

"Oh! I see," Josie replied coldly and with a slightly ironical intonation, "poor Tom has n't the shadow of a chance. Well, you will come to us all the same on Tuesday and see the military parade from our front windows; we have invited only a few friends. Be sure to bring your camera."

Josie hurried home with indignation against her brother's supposed rival raging in her intense little heart. "She 's lovelier than ever, Tom," she said to her brother; "lovelier than ever, but somebody else has found it out. You are just too late. You always were like the impotent man in the Scripture; while you are coming, another steps in before you. He 's a photographer, too, Tom, and Eleanor has posed for him in the most bewitching attitudes. I never thought she was self-conscious enough to do that for any one. He has presented her with the pictures, and she will not give me one, or even lend them to me, and acted so embarrassed about them that I knew in a moment that all my planning for you was in vain."

"Thank you, little sister; but I am rather glad at the turn affairs have taken," Thomas Winter replied seriously. "I don't know how far you may have compromised me with your friend, but you know it 's ten to one that I would n't have liked her. I have very high ideals in reference to marriage. A man ought to choose a wife who will be a helpmate to him; not alone a woman of congenial tastes, but one who appreciates his aims and is an inspiration to him." With this remark Thomas Winter shut himself in his own room and for the hundredth time turned over the photographs which he had printed from Eleanor's roll.

"How such a record as this lets you see into the life of the girl," he said to himself. "It is not alone a journal of her tour, telling you what cities she has visited, but her favorite haunts in each. I can guess what her taste is as much by what she did not choose to take as by the scenes which she thought worthy of reproduction. Now there is n't a single photograph of a bull-fight, whereas I have a dozen. What opinion would any one form of me, I wonder, from the photographs which I have brought back? First, that it has been my ambition to secure feats in instantaneous work. There is the winner of the Derby on the home stretch, and Lord Strathmore's pack of hounds in full cry. I caught the banderilla in the act of fixing the barbs in the neck of the infuriated bull, and I have been duck-shooting and hit my bird on the wing with my detective when a crack sportsman at my side failed with his gun. I have been rather proud of my success in getting a sharp, clear negative under difficulties. The overcoming of difficulties I flatter myself has always been a rather distinguishing trait of mine. But this girl does more. In the first place she is an artist by nature. She has fine taste and feeling as well as critical judgment. She has the perceptive faculty to choose the auspicious moment when the shadows lie effectively, when the reflections in still water, the curve of surf, or the lines of mountain, road, or roof, tree masses and cloud masses, all compose harmoniously. There is not one of these views which is not a picture. She also knows how best to introduce a human interest. That group of gipsy children has all the charm of a *genre* painting. Here, too, is a moonlight effect, and a misty morning in the Pyrenees, which shows that she feels the fascination of mystery and has caught the poetic charm which a photographer who works only for clearly defined, positive black and white results never finds. It is the witchery which Whistler describes — "When the evening mist clothes the river-side with poetry as with a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campaniles, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, or the whole city hangs in the heavens and fairy-land is before us."

It will be understood that Winter's appreciation of the poetic in Eleanor's nature argued the same vein in his own; but, as often happens, this self-revelation had come late. He had fancied himself a materialist, and the knowledge that he possessed the poetic instinct was like a new birth. Nor did he greatly overestimate Eleanor's gifts. She was almost an artist, possessing in full the artist's keen love for nature but lacking in creative power, her head going far beyond her hand and always dissatisfied with her attempts in painting. She had therefore thrown away her palette and had seized the camera with delight, finding here

a magical artist who did her bidding with perfect skill and ease.

It will be at once foreseen by the judicious reader that fate intended these two young persons, already united by a common interest and similar tastes, as lovers. Opportunity alone was lacking for them to become acquainted with their own and each other's hearts, and opportunity came during the late centennial celebration, when New York sent forth the command to —

> Let statue, picture, park, and hall,
> Ballad, flag, and festival
> The past restore, the day adorn.

Amid the splendor of bunting and the pandemonium of military music, in the most modern and realistic manner, all their surroundings a complete contrast to the atmosphere of mystery and romance which lent its glamour to their first meeting in the old Arab Spanish town, their paths in life crossed again.

Eleanor had received an invitation to view the naval display, on the first of the three gala days, from the steamer *Philadelphia*, chartered by the New York Society of Amateur Photographers. This society had obtained permission from the admiral to cruise at will up and down the bay, in order to give the fleet broadsides from its two hundred cameras from all possible points of vantage. Eleanor had gladly availed herself of this opportunity to pursue her favorite occupation in the company of so many like-minded spirits, and from her place on the after-deck she watched the embarkation with amused interest. Each enthusiastic amateur was laden with his working gear — great cameras and small, cameras on tripods and disguised in traveling cases, Kodaks and Scovills, Lilliputs, Blairs, and Clarks, cameras with revolving backs and reversible backs, cameras that extended like an accordion and that shut up like a gibbous hat, vest cameras and pocket cameras, clamped with silver and inlaid with precious woods, hard hacked by hard experience of roughing it, or crazy with long usage.

There was a still greater variety to be observed in the owners. Some were nervous little men who realized the definition of the word "amateur" as given by a bright child: "'Amateur,' what does that mean, I wonder?" and receiving no reply, "Well, I guess it 's some one who is n't very mature." These worthies were perpetually rushing about and snapping their shutters before the desired ship was on the field, making two exposures on one plate, or fidgeting or talking those about them into a state of similar frenzy. There were experts too, who manned their cameras with the coolness of a veteran artilleryman, firing telling but harmless broadsides at the men-of-war *Chicago*, *Brooklyn*, *Essex*, *Yantic*, and others, and preserving their nonchalance even when the *Despatch* approached with the Presidential party, and the war-ships and steamers filled the air with the clamor of booming guns and shrieking whistles.

Thomas Winter was one of these. He was just focusing his instrument on the manning of the yards as the *Despatch* approached, when he noticed with some annoyance that a lady had stepped between him and his subject. Her face was turned towards the *Despatch* and he could not see her features; but there was something strangely familiar in her alert poise and the willowy grace of her figure as she bent to her work or leaned eagerly forward, intent on catching the most propitious moment. "Another humming-bird girl," was his first thought, instantly corrected by the conviction, "No, it 's the same — the little photographer of the cloister in Toledo."

As the thought passed through his mind Eleanor turned and met his stare, for it could hardly be called anything else.

His hat was off in an instant. "I beg your pardon," he exclaimed impulsively; "but I feel certain that you are the young lady with whom I exchanged cameras in Spain. Is not this your instrument?"

Eleanor acknowledged that it was. "I have used it ever since," he admitted, "but I don't think I have injured it"; and he proceeded to explain several little attachments and improvements which he had added. "You are quite welcome to them. I never would have taken the liberty to tinker with your camera," he continued frankly, "if I had had the most remote idea of ever meeting you again; but I had n't the least clue, and while I was in Spain I could not supply myself with another camera. I argued, too, that as you had my detective, and as my lens was really a better one than yours, it did n't so much matter. After I reached home I found that I was much attached to the little machine, and so it happens that I have it with me to-day."

"If you are so fond of it, pray keep it," Eleanor replied lightly. Winter, however, insisted on restoring her property, and Eleanor accepted it gracefully, asking him to name an address to which his own camera might be sent, as she had kept it boxed and ready for expressage since the day on which she had discovered the mistake.

"You see," she said pleasantly, "that I did not share your feeling that we should never meet again."

Winter's heart bounded. "Pray, do not trouble yourself to return my detective, but allow me to call for it. I have your photographs

to return. I must confess that I could not resist the temptation to print your roll. I believe that I have now made a clean breast of all my transgressions. The photographs came out remarkably well. May I be forgiven?"

"Certainly," replied Eleanor, with slight embarrassment, "since I must cry *peccavi* as well, for I had your negatives printed."

Winter suddenly remembered what those negatives were. "Then you have discovered another crime, and one, I fear, which you will not so easily pardon."

But Eleanor did not look in the least offended, only quizzical and tantalizing, as she said, "Really, there is nothing to pardon. There is no harm done, since I have the photographs, and you can't expect me to give them up under the circumstances."

"Surely, if you knew how highly I value them you could not refuse—" But at that instant Mr. Thurston approached, and Eleanor interrupted the plea with the exclamation, "Papa, this is the gentleman with whom I exchanged cameras in Toledo. He has just given me mine and kindly offers to call for his own."

"Delighted, my dear sir," said Mr. Thurston, cordially. "We are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and shall be glad to see you any evening."

The steamer struck the wharf with a gentle shock, and with a smile and a nod Eleanor took her father's arm and was gone. It was not until the elation occasioned by this meeting had subsided that Winter realized that the lady, with all her apparent cordiality, had not given him her name. He fancied that he had discovered it in Toledo and that it was Thompson, but the suspicion that her neglect might be intentional threw a wet blanket on his triumph. "There may be half a dozen Thompsons at the Fifth Avenue," he argued, "and I may not find her again until I am a gray-haired man."

Fate was better to him than he feared. When he reached home, wearied and out of sorts, he was met by his sister Josie, who led him gaily to his supper and talked of her plans for the next day. "You surely have n't forgotten, Tom, that Eleanor Thurston is to spend the day with us. She is going to bring her camera; for, though they are at the Fifth Avenue, they have inside rooms, and their windows give no view of the procession."

Winter was about to reply that if Miss Thurston was coming he should make it a point to spend the day at the office, but the mention of the hotel caused him to alter his intention. Perhaps through his sister's friend he might gain a clue to her fellow-lodger, the maiden he had just found and lost.

Morning came, and crowds surged to Fifth Avenue to obtain places from which to view the military parade. Every doorstep swarmed with the lucky early-comers, and the sidewalks were soon solid banks of human beings. Enterprising men and boys brought barrels and boxes, which they stationed close to the walls, renting them to people in the rear of the crowd that they might be able to see over the heads of those in front. Others, intent on making a penny, peddled cushions to those in the first rank, enabling them to sit upon the curbstones. As the crowd became more and more solid, and the mounted policemen found it impossible to keep the multitude to the sidewalks even by backing their horses against the front ranks, Josie grew more and more impatient.

"Eleanor will never be able to get across the street," she exclaimed. "She ought to have started earlier. The side streets are blocked with carts, and there are fifteen rows of people between the procession and those houses across the way. See how those behind push forward and the policemen beat them back. The people in the middle are simply wedged fast. Oh, where is Eleanor?"

"She has probably discovered the impossibility of reaching us, and has returned to the hotel," said Winter, as he arranged a tripod camera in the bay-window. He missed the little detective which he had carried so long, and this instrument, an old one, needed what he denominated "considerable tinkering to bring it up to the modern requirements."

"Why don't you use your other camera?" Josie asked; but she did not notice that her brother failed to reply, for at that instant a marshal galloped up the avenue, and the gallant 7th Regiment made way with alacrity, not caring that its punctilious exactitude of line was broken or that a parade was thrown into disorder which had hitherto proceeded like clockwork, and whose marvelous precision was watched by the admiring eyes of thousands of fair women bending over the cornices and crowding the windows and balconies. Personal vanity and *esprit de corps* were alike forgotten, for behind the marshal, rushing like a knight of old to the succor of the helpless and the distressed, came the ambulance of one of our large hospitals. There was no one in that vast crowd but felt a thrill of sympathy and pressed a little back to make way as the hatless driver clanged his gong and lashed the horse that was already exerting his utmost speed. The surgeon on the step was coolly examining a little case of instruments and bottles, and exactly opposite the Winters' house strangers were carrying to the front a young girl who had fainted in the press. The scene was an inspiring one as well as characteristic of the

day, and Thomas Winter seized upon it with avidity. He focused on the ambulance just as the litter was lifted to its place, and the white face of the unconscious girl was clearly silhouetted against the black mass of the crowd. He did not recognize the face, however, until the next morning when developing his negatives. Even then it was so tiny that he was in doubt. To be quite certain, he made a magic-lantern slide from the negative and threw it, enlarged to life-size, upon the wall of his room. There was no possibility of mistaking the profile; it was that of the lady of the camera.

All scruples as to the propriety of inquiring for her vanished at once. He hurried to the Fifth Avenue Hotel and asked for Miss Thompson.

"Which one?" was the inevitable question.

"The one who fainted yesterday while witnessing the parade."

"You are a little mixed, I fear," was the icy reply. "However, I 'll send up your card."

Winter's card was returned by three Misses Thompson with the reiterated statement that they had not the pleasure of the gentleman's acquaintance.

One clue remained. He knew the hospital served by the ambulance which he had photographed, and he presented himself at its door without delay. A surgeon here was more communicative. "Yesterday was a busy day for us," he replied to Winter's inquiries, "but let me see. A young lady living at the Fifth Avenue Hotel was brought here by us at about noon. You have the wrong name. It must have been Miss Arkwright, who died of heart disease. You start — yes, we could do nothing for her. Life was extinct before she reached the hospital."

This, then, was the end. Stunned and inexpressibly shocked, Winter returned to his home. There were merry voices in the parlor, but he went directly to his own room, and, sitting down with his head between his hands, tried to think. It was absurd to suppose that he loved this girl, whom he had seen but three times, and had spoken to but once. And yet he knew that here was a woman who had influenced him more strongly than any he had ever known; one whom, under other circumstances, he might have loved. As he thought gravely and sadly of the irony of fate which had suffered him to know her so well in so short a time and then to lose her, Josie fluttered into the room.

"Why are you moping here all the morning, Tom?" she exclaimed. "The civic parade is nearly over. The last floats are tottering past. Do come and photograph them. Eleanor is here. She had the greatest adventure yesterday. Started too late, and could n't get to us on account of the crowd. Could n't get home either, and fainted from exhaustion, the poor dear. She has read your story about the Magian's Tower and is dying to see you. Says that by the most mysterious coincidence you have had the same ideas on the subject that occurred to her when she was in Spain. But you don't seem to hear a word I say. You act as if you had lost your last friend."

"I have, Josie," Winter replied impressively. "Darken the room, and I will show you a lantern slide that I have made. You will understand then why it is that I cannot go down to meet Miss Thurston to-day. That is the face of the only woman that I could have loved, and I have just received the news that she is dead, Josie. She died yesterday in front of this house before my very eyes and I did not know it."

Josie, awed and sympathetic, threw her arm around her brother and watched the image come out upon the screen. Suddenly she gave a little cry. "Why, Tom dear, that is Eleanor, and she is n't the least bit dead. She only fainted, and recovered as soon as she felt the motion of the ambulance. They did not even take her to the hospital."

"Are you certain of this?" Winter asked, a great light shining in his face.

"Certain. Of course I am. There is no possibility of mistake. Come down-stairs and judge for yourself. But, Tom, dear," she cried, checking his impetuous start, "don't be too hopeful. I 'm afraid you have n't the ghost of a chance. I taxed her with it, and I 'm just about certain that she loves that other fellow — the one who photographed her in Toledo."

Elizabeth W. Champney.

TRAVIS AND MAJOR JONATHAN WILBY.

. . . Manhood is called foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric.—CORIOLANUS.

I.

BEFORE the war between the States, although I was not personally acquainted with Mr. Jonathan Wilby, I had heard of him through our common acquaintances. A bachelor, educated at the State (Georgia) University, owning a good plantation and several slaves on the farther side of the Oconee, hospitable, a free liver, he had contracted debts that amounted to two or three thousand dollars. Taking into account the natural increase in the value of his property, there was no cause for much anxiety; and so he persisted in keeping his hounds and his pointer, in entertaining his friends, and in traveling about, not unfrequently out of his county, in visits to Macon, Augusta, sometimes as far as Savannah or Atlanta, the while leaving, with general directions, his plantation affairs to Travis, his foreman. Travis, some ten years older than he, had been his nurse for two or three years after he had become old enough to be not in need of constant female care, and ever since then a strong affection had subsisted between them. But for Travis, his master's debts would have been larger than they were. His expensive habits would have been much more injurious but for the industry, economy, and constant watchfulness of Travis. Planters in that part of middle Georgia, besides gardens, usually allowed to their slaves small patches for cultivation at odd times for their own use. Availing himself of this privilege, Travis by the beginning of the war had saved as much as four hundred dollars. Dressing himself and his family plainly, like the rest of the servants on the place, yet his cabin had a good supply in nice appointments, which, although cheap, were not very common in their class.

Mr. Wilby had voted against secession, yet when his State had solemnly declared itself out of the Union, and the war came on, he became a stanch Confederate, and, being only thirty years old, felt himself bound to take his part in all the dangers which were to ensue. Joining one of the first military companies raised in his county, he was made one of its lieutenants, and leaving his business in the hands of Travis, under the direction of one of his neighbors, he went forward, if not very cheerfully, at least with a genuine purpose to perform the duties which were to come in his career. Only once he came home on furlough, and returned to his command before the time of his leave expired. Before the end of the war he had risen to the rank of major.

This is about all that I had known of him previously to a meeting which, by accident, I had with him at his own residence some years ago. I knew well enough that the people in his county, like those in mine, had been making hard struggles to repair some of the losses incurred by four years' resistance to the Government of the United States, during which many had failed, some had become desperate, and not a few had died poor and broken-hearted.

I once had occasion to visit a gentleman named Bass who dwelt in that county. His residence was situate five or six miles from the public road leading from our county-seat to his. I had crossed the ferry and gone some distance on the byway that I had been directed to take, hoping to get to my destination by nightfall. But the road, long unworked, was so rough beneath the buggy wheels, that, finding I must be disappointed in this hope, I determined at near sunset to seek shelter for the night at the first house to which I should come. The dusk had begun to set in, when, after ascending a steep, rocky hill, I came within view of a nice, white, square, two-story mansion in the midst of a grove of red oaks. A gentleman was sitting on the piazza with a book in his lap. Over his other garments he wore a short summer coat of light material, and he seemed to be reflecting, as, with the forefinger of his right hand in the volume he had been reading, his left lay upon it. At my call he looked up, rose immediately, went into the house, from which he almost momentarily emerged, having exchanged the coat he had worn for a black broadcloth, and, readjusting his cravat, came out to the gate. When I told him the object of my call, he answered politely:

"Certainly, sir. Alight, if you please."

Calling to a negro boy, who just then was coming from the horse-lot across the road, he said:

"Here, William, take this gentleman's horse, and, after putting the buggy under the shelter,

"'YOU THINK TRAVIS DID N'T CRY WHEN I TOLD HIM GOOD-BY?'"

water him, and tell your daddy to see that he 's well taken care of. Then you run to the kitchen and tell your mammy that I want to see her in the dining-room, right away. Hear, William ? "

" Yes, sir, Marse Jon'th'n," answered the boy, and went briskly to the execution of his orders.

Having escorted me in, and disposed of my hat, umbrella, and satchel, he said :

" Perhaps it may not suit your habit to sit on the piazza after sunset. If not, we will go inside the house."

I answered that usually I sat all evenings outside unless driven in by stress of cold or other inclement weather. When we were seated, he said :

" My name is Jonathan Wilby."

I gave my own name, and added that I had long known of Major Wilby, although I had not had the pleasure of meeting him before.

" Oh, yes, yes," he replied cordially ; " we have many common acquaintances. I am really very glad to know you personally, and that right here, in this house."

Just then a portly, neat-looking black woman appeared in the doorway of the hall, and, courtesying, said :

" Marse Jonathan, William told me you wanted to see me."

" Yes, that 's right, Ritter. I 'll see you." Saying to me, " Please excuse me for a moment," he went in. After a few minutes he returned, resumed his seat, and, smiling, said :

" Being nothing but an old bachelor, my table, especially at supper, is lightly loaded usually, and I sent for my cook to let her know that I expected two plates on it to-night, and enough to fill both."

Bachelor or not, it was an excellent supper, and well served by the same woman and her daughter, a girl some thirteen years old. The table furniture was finer than one often sees in country houses, except those belonging to the richest. My host was pleased to see me eat with a good appetite. After supper we repaired to the parlor, as the air had grown cool since the coming on of night. A walnut round table, several old-fashioned mahogany chairs which had been repaired lately, a sofa, and a very high family clock were what the room contained.

" You smoke ? "

" Yes."

" I 'm sorry I 've nothing but a pipe to offer you. We planters since the war find it necessary to be economical in our luxuries ; but this pipe is a clean one and the tobacco is good. I wish I *did* have a cigar for you."

I assured him that I was more than content with the pipe.

When we had fired up, he grew more and more in cordial mood.

" I declare I am as glad as I can be that you were benighted and had to stop over with me — of course, I should add, unless your business is to be hurt by the delay. I do not often see anybody outside of my servants, being not at all given to visiting and not much to being visited. I walk about the plantation, and I sit and read much of my time, mainly about the war, which is far more interesting to me to look back to than during its continuance I thought it ever would be. I used to hunt a good deal, and to travel about the country, and was fond of being in society. But everything is so changed and people have gotten to be so poor that I stay here, trying to economize as well as I can, so as to help a little the poorest about me, including a few of my old negroes who can't get along without working harder than I think they ought."

" You don't get lonesome sometimes, living in this big house by yourself ? "

" Not much," he answered, indifferently. " I have first-rate health, sleep well, and generally I can get out of books as much entertainment as I need. I am fortunate in having about me the same servants I had before the war, who are entirely reliable. My main man-servant, especially, is one of unusually good judgment, and, under my directions, makes a living for us all, and a little over. They were his wife and his daughter whom you saw waiting upon the supper-table. The field-hands also were all raised on the place, some before my time, the most after. So you see that I have a family, such as it is, and there is much the same feeling between us as always heretofore. I have to be careful about their disposition to make me spend on myself more money than I should ; especially Travis and his wife. They, like most old negroes, have a good deal of family pride. Travis thinks I might keep hounds, as I once did, and have a finer buggy ; and Ritter, his wife, almost scolds sometimes at my persistence in wearing old clothes longer than she thinks becoming. Indeed, from what I hear,— I don't go about myself, as I said,— negroes generally do not seem to realize all the seriousness of changed conditions. However, however," he added, moving his hand, as if in rather humorous admission of the fact, " perhaps the same can be said, and with justice, of us white people."

" I think, Major Wilby," I said, " that I remember to have heard that in one of the battles around Richmond you were seriously wounded."

" Yes, my head was scraped by a minie-ball one day, rather too deep to make a joke of. They thought for a while that I was go-

"'WHOM DO YOU SUPPOSE I SAW? TRAVIS.'"

ing to make a die of it, or lose my reason. *That* would have been hard, considering everything. I often think what a mercy it was to my old negroes that I did n't do either."

Stooping to relight his pipe from the embers on the hearth, he said:

"Oh, no; I 'm seldom lonesome. Still, I am always glad when any one falls in on me like you have to-night. Have you any news?"

"None except such as you have seen in the newspapers."

"I take only the Milledgeville 'Recorder'; sometimes," he added smiling, "getting two at once, when we happen not to send into town but once in a fortnight. Travis says I ought to take a daily paper, so that, even if I can't get it every day, I can keep up more with current news. But I tell him no; I don't take interest in politics now, and not much in news, beyond what happens in the neighborhood and among people I know. But I delight in reading about the war, especially General Lee. Was n't he a splendid fellow! Good man, too. When I saw him after the surrender looking so calm, when I knew his heart was broken, I could have cried. I have read everything I could pick up on both sides. Big thing, was n't it? I did n't feel like going into it; but I thought if anybody ought, it was just such as myself. We gave them a good tussle, but they were too many for us. I 've come to believe that it was all God's will; and, to tell you the truth, I 'm not sure but that everything about it will turn out for

the best, in time. Yet, my! have n't we had a time of it!"

"Most of us have had it, indeed," I said; "but you seem to be in about as comfortable conditions as any planter I know, in your native home, and surrounded by your old family servants, who are faithful, and, from what you say of them, still affectionate."

"Yes, indeed. Now, thank God, I am comfortably situated; but I went through a siege like the rest, and worse than most of the rest, for a year or two after I got back."

He looked at me as if interrogating if I cared to hear of his experience. After brief mention of a few of my own trials, I intimated that I would be entertained by a recital of some of his.

"Well, sir," he answered, "when I got back the question was, what to do next. Negroes free, a man owing more money than his plantation and stock would pay for if put upon the market, I just told people I owed to take what I had and I 'd go off to some town or other and clerk or get some sort of work, and send back what I could make over a decent support. Travis was against such a movement, for freedom did n't seem to make any difference in the feeling he had for me. Travis argued: stay right here and we 'd work out; that nearly all of my negroes would remain with me on moderate wages; and that, by close economy, with the price of cotton keeping up or near to what it was then, I could get through the difficulties in two or three years. Mr. Bass (the gentleman you are on your way to see) rather thought with Travis; but feeling confident that cotton would fall as soon as one good crop would be made, I persisted. I gave Mr. Bass a power of attorney to sell, or to do whatever might seem best with the whole property, and then I cut out afoot. You think Travis did n't cry when I told him good-by? Bitter, too. But there 's much more affectionateness among negroes than some persons suspect. However, that 's parenthetical. I left with a few dollars in my pocket, and walked to Augusta, where I got a place in a hardware store, and I never wrote to a soul to tell them where I was. Meanwhile, Mr. Bass (I can never be thankful enough to him, and, as to that, to Travis also) let the plantation to Travis, hoping cotton would not fall. Travis hired hands and made what he called a 'bully crop,' and Mr. Bass paid off a considerable portion of my debts. If he had known where I was, he would have written urging me to come back, believing then that I might feel secure in keeping possession of the property. But he did n't know, and so he and Travis set in for another crop. That was a first-rate one, and he squared me off except a few hundred dollars. As for my experience as a merchant's clerk, that was without results of consequence from beginning to end. At the hardware store they soon found out that I knew too little of trade to be of service to them, and after a little while they got rid of me; very politely, however. I tried several other places, where I was taken in on my agreeing to work for nothing except board until I had learned the business well enough to warrant a salary. In this way I lived first at one and then at another place in Augusta, until at last I became rather disgusted with myself, making nothing above expenses, and feeling that my services were hardly worth even them. I got rather homesick, too; but the thought of coming back into this neighborhood, seeing another man in possession of my native homestead, and being a pauper, and perhaps a sponge upon Travis and my other old negroes, I said to myself, 'I 'll die first.' And, indeed, I came near doing that very thing. One morning I walked out to a planter a few miles below Augusta and hired myself to work for him. There I was doing finely until I got sick. They told me, after I got up again, that I had been down for over a month, and that while the fever was on me nobody, they verily believed, had ever done so much talking. Well, one morning when I waked up, and I found myself better, whom do you suppose I saw? Travis. Yes, sir; my being sick got somehow into the Augusta papers, and Travis, hearing of it, came to me just as I was getting over it. To my astonishment, he informed me of what I have told you of the operations here and their results, and, in spite of the gratification afforded me by the news, I could not but reproach myself for not having done a single thing towards the extrication which had come so happily. However, I reflected that I had done honestly what I believed to be for the best, and I decided to cast every thought except gratitude behind me. In this while Travis also made something for himself; enough to purchase a small piece of land, which he rents to some of his people. He thinks, however, that it is more to his advantage to stay here with his wife and his younger children and to work on wages. Then you know many negroes are, like white people, fond of the places where they were born and where they have always lived. I am glad on both of our accounts that he prefers that course. He does for himself, I doubt not, better than if he were on his own place, and, under my directions, manages very well for me."

At this period the man Travis, tall, black, firmly built, came to the door, and, dropping his hat upon the floor, saluted me with humble respect, and said:

"Well, Marse Jon'than."

"Yes," the master answered in kindly tone;

"Travis, you no doubt saw that this gentleman's horse was attended to properly."

"Yes, sir, marster."

"Did the plow hands get through with that field this evening?"

"Not quite, sir; be thoo by a' hour-by-sun in de mawnin'."

"I hardly thought they would quite finish it to-day, as the ground is hard from the drought, and I don't want the mules pushed."

"No, sir, I know dat; en I told de plowers dee must be keerful wid 'em."

"That was right. How was the cotton-picking to-night, Travis?"

"Right good, Marse Jon'than. I has to be right strenious wid dem drap-shot gang o' pickers 'bout de bottom bolls. Some on 'em makes out like it hurt dey back to git down to dem bottom bolls more 'n grown folks. I speck I 'll haf to git holt o' some on 'em, ef dee ain' mo' partic'lar."

"Now, now, Travis; don't be too hard on them. You 've been a boy yourself, you know."

"Oh, yes, Marse Jon'than," he retorted, in good humor, "I know dat, en I found out dem ve'y time what de hick'ry was made fer; but I ain' gwine be too servigous wid 'em."

"That 's right; talking goes a great way with children, if people will be prudent and not too impatient."

After other questionings and giving of directions for the morrow, he said:

"One thing more, Travis. This gentleman wishes to go to Mr. Henry Bass's early to-morrow morning. As the road is rough, and not easy for a stranger to follow, I want you to go with him."

"Yes, sir."

I protested against the trouble I was giving, but Mr. Wilby cut me short.

"No trouble at all. There are several by-forks by which you would be in danger of being misled. Travis, you can ride your plow mule, unless you prefer to walk."

"I ruther take it afoot, Marse Jon'than."

"If the man must go," I said, "let him take a seat with me in the buggy."

"That is best perhaps, as he would know better how to avoid the stumps and straddle the ruts. Be ready, Travis, soon as breakfast is over. You can go now."

When Travis had gone, Mr. Wilby said: "I have to watch that man in his aptness to be rather too hard upon those under him, as I 've no doubt you 've observed was often the case with negro foremen. He is so thoroughly industrious and upright himself that he cannot well understand how any, even boys, can be otherwise, and he is a firm believer in the whip as the most efficient punisher and reformer of all shortcomings."

We talked to a late hour. Several times he apologized for taking more than a fair portion of the conversation.

"Living here by myself, as it were, when I do have an opportunity to talk, it sometimes seems difficult for me to stop. I suppose a man's tongue, like his legs, is in need of occasional exercise; if so, mine cannot complain to-night, eh?"

I answered that I had been very much entertained. Indeed, I had been. Much of his conversation, especially about battle and hospital scenes, was at times extremely graphic. Then I was touched by the sadness, mixed with what seemed to be meant for a bit of humor, with which he spoke of the temporary dereliction of his manhood at the close of the war. It was near midnight when, lighting a candle, and conducting me to bed, he said:

"You may sleep without anxiety about waking in good time for breakfast. I will call you. Sleep well. Good-night."

I could not but lie awake for some time, thinking of this man, so gentle, almost child-like, yet cultured, firm, and apparently with much business capacity; and I made up my mind that, as far as I could do so with propriety, I would get Travis to tell me more about him the while he was conducting me to the person whom I sought.

II.

When I rose next morning a few minutes before it was time to call me, and unexpectedly appeared before Major Wilby sitting on his piazza, holding in one hand his watch, and reading in a large octavo volume that lay in his lap, he looked up quickly, and, shutting the book, said:

"Ah, ha! Up already? Good-morning. I should have called you in ten minutes more. I hope you slept enough, at least as near so as possible after being kept up by me so late last night. I felt rather remorseful about it when I got back to myself. However," without waiting for me to remonstrate, "it 's only once. If your time would allow you to give me another night, I 'd agree to have supper by sunset and let you go to bed with the chickens. I 've just been reading Stephens's account of Lee's last fight. I think I 've read the book at least a dozen times."

Shortly afterwards we sat down to breakfast. With polite insistence he often asked me to partake again of the several nicely cooked dishes. I noticed, as at supper, that he ate quite temperately, though dallying long with apparently choicest appetite on what was upon his plate. My equipage and Travis in his best clothes were waiting at the gate when breakfast was

over. After I was seated in the buggy, my host, giving me his hand, said:

"I 'm sorry you cannot give me another night. I don't remember when I have enjoyed anything more than your visit. Please never pass this way without giving me a call. Good-by. God bless you! Be careful, Travis."

Rugged as the way was, I enjoyed much the travel on that sweet autumnal morning. Almost throughout the drive of three miles the primeval forest was yet standing, and the great oaks and lesser trees that rose as if in waiting around them showed the generous fecundity of the dark soil in contrast with the rich, deep red on our side of the Oconee. Upon the cotton fields the light frost that had fallen was ripening fast the upper bolls, and the varying red and purple on the sassafras, sweet-gum, black-gum, and maple along the small streams, in relief with the brown and yellow of the uncut woods, made the landscape pleasant to look upon. Travis spoke not except in answer to my questionings, which at first were touching the conditions of things in general within that region.

"I doubt, Travis," said I, "if these black lands over here are not as good as the red lands of our county. I had n't been thinking so; but the cotton and corn I have seen yesterday evening and this morning are equal to any that our people have to show."

"Hit 's tough land, marster; hit 's mons'ous pow'ful tough. But yit, if people take pains wid her, en doan' over-crop deyse'f, en keep up wid her, she gwine pay back de wuk put on her; dat is, ef de seasons doan' come too onreg'lar."

"You find the colored people and the whites in this neighborhood likely to get along well together?"

"Oh, yes, sir, mos'ly. At de fuss offstart, some o' de white folks en some o' de colored people, dee got kinder 'spicious o' one 'nother, which you know yourse'f, marster, de colored people is natchul' skeary o' white folks, dee not havin' de eddication ner not de sense o' white folks; en when dee found out dee all could vote, en some de white folks could n't, it tuck pains, I tell you, now, to keep things on livin' ways. En den all de white folks, like Marse Jon'than, en Mr. Bass, whar we gwine now, dee was n't all like dem two, in 'lowin' colored people a fa'r livin' chance; but things is rig'lated now tol'ble well over here. Colored people, des like po' white folks, dee found out dee have to wuk fur deyse'f en dey famblies, en votin' war n't gwine feed none o' 'em; en den white folks en colored begin, seem-like, to have some peace in dey mind, like befo' de waw."

"You all at Mr. Wilby's seem to get along very easily. I have n't seen a household that so reminded me of old times."

"Oh, yes, sir. We all gits 'long fuss-rate wid Marse Jon'than. He never bodders to hurt; not nobody, Marse Jon'than don't. He set in de house, en read his book, en he nuver interrup' nobody, en nobody doan' interrup' him."

"But I notice that he takes a strong interest in the business of his plantation. He told me that he has a talk with you every night, giving directions for next day's work."

He was silent for a brief while, then answered:

"Den you ain' know what ail po' Marse Jon'than."

"Why, no; is n't he all right?"

"Oh, yes, sir; oh, yes, marster," he said quickly. "Marse Jon'than 's all right, exception in his head, which it ain' de same like befo' de waw. People 'bout here dee all knows 'bout it, else I would n' let on."

"I am greatly surprised to hear that, Travis. I had been thinking that Mr. Wilby was one of the most intelligent men that I 've met in a long time."

"De Laud bless your soul, marster! Marse Jon'than ain' lackin' in sensible; he know more 'n ary 'nother white man in dis whole settlement. All de white folks 'll tell you de same. Why, sir, Marse Jon'than ken tell people all 'bout things long befo' dee or dey parrens er gran'parrens was born. He even ken go back en tell 'bout de Injins, en how dee collupsed people wid dey tomberhawks en dey wigwoms, atter dee shoot 'em wid dey bo' 'n' arrers; en he ken p'int out de very tree whar his pappy's grandpappy en some un 'em hung up a Tory t' other side de 'Conee River. Yes, sir, dat he ken. But de trouble wid Marse Jon'than, his head ain' right, en hain' be'n not sence he got waounded in de waw, en he come home, en he see ev'ybody so to' up, he jes drap ev'ythin', en went off, en he staid whell we found out whar he war thar not fur from A'gusty, en I went atter him, en I fotch him back atter he got so he could trabble. Did n' he tell you nothin' 'bout all dat las' night? He love to tell 'bout hisse'f en whut he be'n thoo, when he ketch up wid a man he see dey doan' know 'bout it. But dat 's mons'ous sildom; beca'se he doan' go nowhar, en people 'bout here dee all knows 'bout it."

"Yes, indeed, he did tell me a good many things about himself that were very interesting; but I did not suspect that his mind had been affected at all by his wound. Does he know, or has he any suspicion, that such is the case?"

"Oh, no, so, dat he don't. Ef he knowed dat, nobody could keep him dar nary single day, not dee could n'."

"Why? Is n't that his home?"

"Oh, yes, sir; yes, sir. Right dar whar you see him las' night, dar he was born en raised."

"Well, I can't understand why he could wish to leave it, unless it were to go for treatment to the lunatic asylum at Milledgeville."

"De good Laud he'p my soul en body agin Marse Jon'than nuver gwine to Mil'geville, en him locked up wid dem po' 'stracted people in dat gweat big house! No, sir, Marse Jon'than could n' stan' sech as dat, not for one blessed munt; dat he could n', raised like he be'n raised. En dat whut ev'ybody dat know him want to hender by not a-'sputin' wid him en let him have his own way 'bout ev'ythin', en him not findin' out dey anythin' de marter wid his head. Make my fresh crawl, idee Marse Jon'than gwine 'way f'om here, en special' to take up wid dem po' creeturs in Mil'geville!"

"Was there thought to be any difficulty in his mind before receiving his wound?"

"Well, now, marster, I be'n a 'spicion 'n my mind, en so have Ritter. She 's my wife, en it was her you see in de dinin'-room 'long her little gal — me en Ritter, we 'spicions de trouble beginned wid Marse Jon'than befo' he got waounded, en dat dat made him wusser. You see, Marse Henry Bass, whar we gwine dis very mawnin', he have a little gal name Miss Lizy. I ain' talkin' 'bout now, but befo' de waw. She war always a mons'ous putty child, en Marse Jon'than be'n sayin, ev'y sence she war a leetle bit o' thing, runnin' 'bout in pant'lets, en wadin' in de spring branch, dat when she got to be a 'oman, he war gwine have her for his wife. En so when she war 'bout fifteen year old, en Marse Jon'than 'gin to make up to her, sho 'nough, lo en behole, here come 'long de waw. En Marse Jon'than, he war agin de waw hisse'f; but he say, he bein' a bach'lor, he think he ought to go right 'long, 'mong de fust; but he tell Ritter, befo' he lef', dat he have ax Miss Lizy to wait for him, en Miss Lizy say she war gwine do it. But when Marse Jon'than be'n gone 'bout a year er sich a marter, dey come 'long a colonel wid gold things on his clo's, en he overpersuade Miss Lizy, en her pa he war strong agin it; but dee runned away, dee did, en de man, en which dee all say he war n' no colonel, but he have runned away f'om de waw, en people was atter him to fetch him back en shoot him. En he war n' good to Miss Lizy, en atter a while she come back home, she did, en she have a little baby dat it come dead, en den Miss Lizy, *she* died. En when Marse Jon'than come home wid a furler not long atterwards, look like all dat was too much for him, en he did n' eat nothin' 't all hardly, en he git up en walk 'bout of a night when he ought to stay in bed en git well o' de sickness he come home wid; en befo' his time war up, he went back to de waw, en he say to me he doan' keer ef de Yankees kill him, only ef he ken come up one time wid de man dat do Miss Lizy so. En sho 'nough de news come dat Marse Jon'than done got shot in de head, en was in de 'orspit'l; en I want to go to him, but Marse Henry Bass say no, better not yit awhile; mought be I could n' git to him, en do no good ef I did. En den de waw, it stop at las' atter it be'n seemin' like it nuver was gwine stop whell ev'ybody was kill er gone to payishin'. En den Marse Jon'than, he come home ag'in, en look like he nuver took no intruss in nothin'. En he owe some o' de neighbors, en he owe a man in Macon, en de neighbors dee all say, pay when you ken, as much as you ken; but de Macon man he say he want all his'n now, dollar for dollar. En ef Marse Jon'than be'n right in his head, he 'd a knowed he could squar' off wid all 'em in time; but he say no, let people take what he got; en bless your soul, befo' I knowed it, he have done lef' en gone, nobody know whar. En sho 'nough, dat Macon man, when he sue Marse Jon'than, en level on de plantation en de res' o' de prop'ty, en Marse Henry bought it in, den de trouble was to find Marse Jon'than. En at las' de A'gusty paper let out whar he was, en I went on down dar soon I heerd de news, en I nussed him night en day one whole solid munt; en Ritter she got oneasy, she did, en she declar', 't war n' for her younges' child, en she war n' feared a-gittin' los', she 'd 'a' come atter me, like I went atter Marse Jon'than. I speck you know how women is. En it look like ev'ythin' people could do wid him he gwine die. Tell de truth, marster, I got down on my knees ev'y day en ev'y night, en I pray de Laud to spar' him dis one time, en not let him die 'ceptin' whell I could git him back whar he was born en whar his pa and his ma died. En, sho 'nough, one mawnin',— en he ain' be'n knowin' me all dat time,— but one mawnin', atter he have one good long sleep, he wake up, en he look at me, en he say, 'Hello, Travis!' En den I des cried en I laughed. Be'n I gwine be hung, I could n' he'p nary one. En den, even atter all dat, he would n' say he were comin' back wid me whell I tell him de debts mos' done all paid en de plantation a-runnin' same like befo'; en dar he be'n ev'y sence des like you see him."

I felt deeply interested in this story, and I said to the negro:

"Travis, from this account I take you to be as good a pattern of faithfulness as I have ever seen. You and your former master's friend managed very well. You and he, besides making good crops, I suppose made compromises with the creditors?"

"No, sir," he answered quickly; "we nuver made no comp'mise. Marse Jon'than say he doan' wan' nothin' he owe to be dock down, like a heap o' people had to do; en so I make whut I could, en I gin it to Marse Henry, en he scattered it round 'mong dem Marse Jon'than owe, en when de lan' was put up, dat en de crop dat year 'bout squar' him out."

"Then he owes yet the purchase money for which the plantation was bid off?"

He was silent for a moment or so, then answered:

"No, sir. Marse Jon'than doan' owe for de lan' ner nothin' on it. It was all bid in for him."

"Who bid it in?"

"Marse Henry Bass; he de one bid on it."

"Then he must owe Mr. Bass?"

"No, sir; no, sir," he answered promptly. "I tell you how 't was, marster. De money Marse Henry paid, I gin him myse'f, which I be'n makin' en savin' for dis long time. You see, marster, lan' so plenty, en money so hard to git, Marse Henry wid de fifteen hundred dollars I gin him he got de lan', en I was dat glad I mos' holler out dar at de cote-'ouse."

"But Travis, it seems to me that in the circumstances the land belongs to you instead of Mr. Wilby."

"Dat whut Marse Henry say, but it doan' 'pear like dat to me, for beca'se I tell you why, marster. Ev'y dollar I make, it war made out dat same plantation which hit belong to Marse Jon'than, he got it by his own pa, en him buried right dar behine de gyarden 'longside o' his own ma; en seem like to me dat lan' belong to Marse Jon'than, 'ceptin' whut he may 'low to me when he come right in his head, en he see he ken spar'."

"And Mr. Wilby understands none of these transactions?"

"No, sir; dat he doan'."

"And he believes now that he is entirely square with the world?"

"Yes, marster. You see nobody doan' tell him 'bout de way de lan' was bought in, beca'se dee know he 'd come dissat'fied. En den, he *is* squar' wid de world, de way I look at it."

"And what becomes of the money made yearly by the crops?"

"Well, now, marster, sence cotton done come down dey ain' be'n so mighty much tuck in bersides o' payin' o' han's, en keepin' up de plantation en de stock, en he'pin' some our own colored folks en po' white folks round here. Yit dey is some, en Christmas come, Marse Jon'than he take out 'bout fifty dollars, en he say he wan' Marse Henry Bass save de balance, atter payin' de expenses, en givin' away whut he think he ken spar', he wan' Marse Henry to save for hard times for all of us. He mighty feared, 'casion'ly, hard times gwine come on him ag'in, po' Marse Jon'than!"

"Does he go often among the hands when at work?"

"No, sir; he mos' hardly nuver do dat, en when he do, doan' bodder wid de workin'. I goes in de big 'ouse ev'y night en he talk wid me a while, en dat sat'fy him."

"One more question I 'll ask you, Travis, as I suppose the house we are approaching is Mr. Bass's residence."

"Yes, sir; dar whar Marse Henry live; en bless your soul, marster, Marse Jon'than ain' never be'n dar sence Miss Lizy she died."

"Ay! The question I wish to ask is, do the colored people on the place understand how things are?"

"No, no, sir; 'ceptin' o' Ritter, en I nuver told *her* more 'n I could he'p. She love Marse Jon'than same like me, beca'se she nussed him too. But den you know, marster, f'om your own expeunce, ef you married, a man need n't be tellin' his wife ev'ythin' he know."

When we had reached our destination, and the man, having dismounted, was about to turn back, I took off my hat, involuntarily, as it were, and, giving him my hand, said:

"Travis, I am glad I met your Marse Jonathan, as you call Major Wilby, and more so that I have seen and held this conversation with you. Well as I thought I knew your people, this has surprised me. Give my thanks to the major for all his kindness. I thank you also for yours. Good-by. I have not a doubt that God will bless you, in this world, and in the next.

"Thanky, marster; you 're mighty welcome. Far'well."

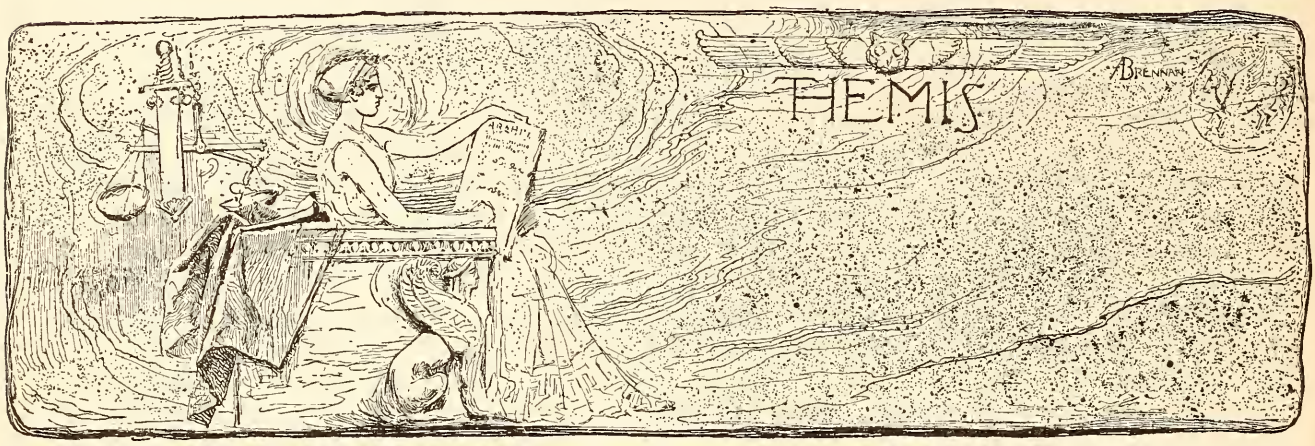
He turned and went his way. After my business with Mr. Bass was finished, on my mention of the conversation I had had with the man, he confirmed every statement made except that relating to his own daughter, to whom neither he nor I made allusion.

"The case," he said, "is well understood throughout the neighborhood, and, indeed, in the county generally. The plantation and everything appertaining to it belong to Travis, and the records are in his name. Such is the well-known delicacy of Major Wilby, amounting to extreme sensitiveness of every appearance of wrongdoing on his own part, that people never think of disabusing his mind of the illusion under which he lives, and so strong is the affection for him had by this old slave, that I believe he sometimes tries to persuade himself that the property rightfully belongs to his former master. I am glad you made the major's acquaintance and spent a night there

with him. Such companionship does him good. He 'll be referring to your visit for a long time. He is very fond of the society of thoughtful, cultured people, although he never makes visits himself. I don't wonder you did not discover, in so limited a visit, his infirmity. He is, and always has been, a thorough gentleman in his instincts and deportment. No misfortune could befall him so unhappy as for him to find out his true relation to Travis, whom he never takes to be other than a servant working for wages. Indeed, the negro himself prefers to feel as if such were really the case."

Shortly afterwards, having taken leave of Mr. Bass, I drove on. I had been witness, even a recipient, of the old affectionateness of slaves continuing unhurt by the war and emancipation; but now, reflecting on what I had seen lately, somehow I felt that I had been in the presence of a majesty, in its kind, higher than I had believed possible to humanity in any condition.

Richard Malcolm Johnston.



"I VEX ME NOT WITH BROODING ON THE YEARS."

I VEX me not with brooding on the years
That were ere I drew breath: why should I then
Distrust the darkness that may fall again
When life is done? Perchance in other spheres—
Dead planets—I once tasted mortal tears,
And walked as now among a throng of men,
Pondering things that lay beyond my ken,
Questioning death, and solacing my fears.
Who knows? Ofttimes strange sense have I of this,
Vague memories that hold me with a spell,
Touches of unseen lips upon my brow,
Breathing some incommunicable bliss!
In years foregone, O Soul, was all not well?
Still lovelier life awaits thee. Fear not thou!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON.[1]

AUSTRALIA.

ON the 10th of September, 1861, I sailed from San Francisco in the fine ship *Nimrod*, bound for Port Phillip and the harbor of Sydney. I had only my son, my agent, and my agent's mother with me. There were two or three other passengers besides ourselves, one of whom I must make special mention of: he was a Catholic priest, a cheerful, pleasant man, named Father O'Grady.

From California to Australia is what the sailors call a fair-weather passage, most of it being made through the trade-winds. Our present voyage was what might be called a pleasant, uneventful trip of sixty-four days. I passed most of the time in reading, sketching, and trying to divert Father O'Grady from celibacy; I told him he was altogether too good a fellow for a single man, and assured him that he would never know what true happiness was till he got a wife by his side and had half a dozen children on his knee. Our theological arguments on the quarter-deck were a source of great amusement to ourselves and the passengers. O'Grady when he got excited would walk up and down the deck, tossing his long arms wildly about as if he were making signals of distress.

We passed to the south, and just in sight of Norfolk Island, which is said to be the loveliest spot in the Pacific Ocean. It was formerly a convict station, but the prisoners had been removed for many years, and the place was then, and I believe is now, occupied by a colony called the Pitcairn Islanders. The "mutiny of the *Bounty*," it will be remembered, occurred during the latter part of the last century, and the people now living on Norfolk Island are the descendants of the mutineers.

On the 4th of November the coast of Australia loomed up before us. A great wall of rocks rises almost perpendicularly from the ocean, and the narrow opening directly in front of us is called Sydney Heads. When a ship arrives in sight of this formidable place it is customary for the sailors to inform the passengers that this is the most dangerous spot in the world. A thrilling story at this point of the voyage seems to be in order, and one of the crew is generally called upon to relate an awful catastrophe that once occurred in the very sight of the spot where the ship is sailing. We stood out well to sea that night, as the weather had a threatening aspect, and at daylight, the wind being fair, made again for the land. The pilot sighted us, and brought the ship safely over the treacherous shoals into the beautiful harbor of Sydney. Once inside, if the day be fine, what perfect fairyland is here: the rocks are of a beautiful siena tint, surmounted with rich foliage in every shade of green; numerous little crescent bays edged with white sand curve in and out, meeting the deep blue water; islands crowned with tall and graceful trees; parrots in the gaudiest coats of plumage fly in flocks chattering and screaming through the air; and the whole harbor is dotted with white sails and gaily painted streamers. In the middle distance is the beautiful city of Sydney: a long, low line of shipping stretches in front, and as the high bluff rises behind the tapering masts, the town, with its tall, white stone buildings and church spires, finishes the picture. As our ship sailed into this dreamland of beauty there was a rich purple haze veiling the scene; the sun shone like gold in the far-off horizon, and as it sank behind the city the purple deepened into blue. We reached the town and dropped our anchor, the night came slowly on, the new constellations of stars (not seen in our firmament) sparkled over our heads, myriads of lights in the city and the surrounding shipping were reflected in the water, and all these glittering gems twinkled and flickered like fireflies about us.

The next morning I rose early, and rejoiced after sixty-four days' rolling about to get my feet once more upon land. As I stepped ashore I had that curious sensation which all must feel when for the first time they find themselves in a new country where, though they speak the same language, not a soul knows or has ever heard of them. I walked through the busy streets holding my son by the hand, and tightly too, for it was comfort to feel that there was some one near who knew and felt an interest in me. I seemed to regret that I had come so far from home, and wondered whether I should ever be able to raise any interest among the vast crowd of strangers that surrounded me.

I met my agent by appointment at the little hotel where we stopped, and he handed me the money he had gone in quest of. The

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first thing to do now was to purchase new clothes, something that would at least faintly resemble the costumes of the people, which mine certainly did not in any degree. The hat is always the first thing to change; everybody looks at your hat as soon as you arrive in a strange country. These little matters were soon amended, and in a short hour I looked quite like the people, but not a bit like myself. My agent had been a manager in Australia some years before, so he knew everybody. We went to the theater, where he introduced me to the manager; and as I shall have some little business relations with this gentleman of an interesting sort, perhaps it will be as well to describe him, he being almost an historical character. He was an under-sized, round-shouldered little cockney, named Rolamo. Where he got this remarkably Italian appellation I cannot say, but if his ancestors belonged to the "land of song" they must have strayed into the very heart of Whitechapel just previous to the birth of their son and heir, as his dialect was strongly impregnated with the drawling twang of that locality. It is recorded of him that he never was known to put an *h* in the right place, and his talent for reversing the *w* and *v* almost amounted to genius. He had originally been lamplighter in the theater, but by his industry and intelligence he rose to be its manager, and he was in the zenith of his fame when I arrived in Australia. After my introduction by my agent to Mr. Rolamo as the coming man who was to make his (the manager's) fortune, that worthy cast a patronizing eye over me, but did not seem at all overwhelmed, taking my arrival with provoking coolness. This chilling atmosphere pervaded the office until my agent unrolled some highly inflammable printed matter, the novel character of which seemed to attract the great man's attention, and condescending to address me, he said, "You see, Mr. Jeffries,—oh, beg pardon; Jimmison, I mean,—with all due respect to you, there 'as been so many blawsted Yankee comics over 'ere that we are kind o' sick on 'em. You may be a hextra good lot for all I know, but lately the queerest mummers we 've 'ad 'ave come from Amerikee. This printed stuff you 've got looks spicy,—in fact I don't know as I ever see spicier,—but it don't prove nothink, does it?"

My agent here broke in with the assurance that I was a legitimate actor and not a mummer.

"Legitimate!" said the manager. "Well, that 's the worst rot of all. The legitimate would wentilate my theeater on the first night; and as for that dismal old guy '*Amlet*, I would n't 'ave 'im at no price."

I told him that *Hamlet* was not upon my bill of characters, and that so far as I was concerned the reputation of his theater would be in no way desecrated by any Shaksperean productions. Besides, I admitted his perfect right to protect himself against fraud, and that, as I was a stranger, I proposed first to show him what my material consisted of, and wound up by offering to rent his theater and company, paying him a good bonus to relinquish the management into our hands for a month, and that if we could agree upon terms his money should be paid in advance. At this proposal the hard features of Mr. Rolamo softened into an oily sweetness that was lovely to behold; he gently put out both hands to grasp mine, his eyes fairly beamed on me with affection, and his heart seemed so touched that it quite choked his utterance.

"My dear lad," said he, "that 's the way I likes to hear a cove talk; for I always believes in a cove wot believes in hisself."

Terms were soon agreed upon, and it was settled that the contract should be signed that evening and the first advance paid. In due time our printing was posted on the walls, and the lithographs—a novel feature in those days—were placed in the shop windows. I passed my time in wandering about the streets, observing the startled inhabitants as they scanned the pictures, stopping from time to time to listen to their remarks.

Of course my first night in Sydney was spent at the theater, always an attractive point to the actor. It is said that few men are in love with their vocation, but this remark cannot be applied with justice to members of the theatrical profession; some actors will play without salary rather than not act at all. On this occasion, however, it was more a matter of business than pleasure that took me to the play. I was anxious to see the kind of acting that was most effective here, and also to examine the qualities of the company in reference to their fitness for the characters in my list of plays. I found the acting much better than I expected; in fact, throughout the colonies I was invariably impressed by this dramatic excellence. The actors had originally come from England to Australia to star. Afterwards in many instances they had settled here, making it their home, and as their novelty wore off had dropped into the different stock companies, and so had become admirable supporters to the stars that followed. I sat in front of the theater on the night referred to, and, as the actors came upon the stage one by one, I plainly saw that I had my work cut out if I expected to stand prominently forward amidst such surroundings. It was also quite evident that the delicate sensibilities of Mr. Rolamo had failed to appreciate the fine legitimate qualities of his company, and had moreover underrated the taste of his

patrons. In a few days it was settled that the company should assemble in the green-room, where I was to be formally introduced previous to reading my opening play to them. The introduction was given under the "auspices" of the manager, who performed the ceremony after the following manner. Ushering me into the presence of the company, he made an awkward bow, forgetting to take off his hat,—a tall, black, semi-spiral-shaped article with a large dent in it,—and announced me as "Mr. Jimminson from Amerikee."

I found the company obliging, and, as I expected, thoroughly competent. Matters progressed favorably, the pieces for the first week were rehearsed, and all things were duly prepared for the opening. The house was quite good on that night, and the audience generous and sympathetic; they seemed to appreciate what a thorough stranger I was, "and as a stranger gave me welcome."

When the curtain fell, I was congratulated by the company and Mr. Rolamo, who I fancied was a little annoyed to think that he had not made other terms with me, as his compliments were couched in the following remark: "I say, mister, I took you for a green un when I first see you; you got a kind o' innocent look about you, but you're sharp, do you know that?" I told him that I did not think I was particularly sagacious, but thanked him for the delicacy of his compliment, and hoped that I might live to deserve it.

I was fortunate in bringing with me to Australia a large amount of new material in the matter of plays. "Rip Van Winkle," "Our American Cousin," and "The Octoroon" were all novel, and their reception was most satisfactory.

MELBOURNE.

At the expiration of my Sydney engagement we took the steamer to Melbourne. Fawcett Rowe was the manager here of the Princess Theater, and the same arrangements were entered into with him that had been made at Sydney. Our success in Melbourne was even more flattering than it had been in Sydney, and it was quite evident from the impression made that we were likely to continue our season for some time. The audiences were numerous and fashionable, and the articles in the daily papers referring to our plays and acting were of the highest literary character; those in "The Argus," written by the accomplished critic James Smith, were models in style and strength.

My engagement at the Princess extended to one hundred and sixty-four consecutive nights. At its conclusion my agent and I dissolved our temporary partnership, he assuming the management of the new Haymarket Theater, and I going into the small mining and provincial towns to reap the benefit of the reputation I had acquired in the two larger cities. Ballarat, Bendigo, and Adelaide had all good stock companies, and were visited in their turn, generally with pleasant and profitable results.

During this provincial tour I was acting in one of the mining towns called Castlemaine, and after tea as I was strolling leisurely towards the theater my ears were suddenly saluted by the violent ringing of a bell, and a sonorous bass voice roaring out my name in full. I looked in the direction of this unaccountable noise and saw a little fat man, in a high white hat and a seedy suit of black, standing on a barrel in front of the theater and surrounded by a crowd of boys. Gesticulating violently with his left hand, he swung in the right an enormous bell. Now suddenly stopping, he seemed to swell and got red in the face as he delivered himself of the following: "Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Step up, ladies and gentlemen; now or never is your only chance to see the greatest living wonder of the age, Joseph Jefferson, the great hactor from Amerikee. His power of producing tears and smiles at vun and the same time is so great that he caused the Emperor of Roushia to weep on his weddin' night and made her gracious Majesty the Queen bu'st out laughin' at the funeral of Prince Albert. He is the bosom friend of the President of Amerikee and the hidol of 'is Royal 'Ighness the Prince of Wales."

I always had a horror of orators. They are seldom sincere, and never hesitate to say the wrong thing instead of the right one if they can say it best. To most of them, epigram is more sacred than truth, and we are often so fascinated with the manner that we forget somewhat the matter. It must have been the comical earnestness and bombastic attitude of this extraordinary creature that had interested the crowd; certainly they did not believe what he was saying, for they were roaring with laughter at every word, while his face was as serious as the fifth act of a tragedy. At this juncture I rushed into the theater and demanded that the manager should make the bellman stop. "Why, we always have it done here, and thought you 'd like it," replied the manager.

"Like it!" said I. "If he is not stopped at once, I shall not act." So the little fat man was ordered to cease his harangue and come down from his barrel: but no, he said he would n't budge; he was n't half through, and it would injure his business and ruin his reputation to be cut off "in the heye of the public," and he would "be blowed" if he stirred till he finished. The manager now appealed to me to let him go on. "Now, mark me," said I. "If he rings

that bell again, or opens his mouth, I don't act." This settled it. The little fat man now stood with his arms folded, glaring defiance at the manager and his myrmidons, but they seized him and a tremendous struggle ensued. The tall white hat was completely mashed over his eyes, and in stamping violently with his rage the head of the barrel burst in, letting him through till only a fat head just appeared above the top. They tipped the barrel over and rolled him off inside, to the great amusement of the bystanders, who had been roaring with laughter all the time.

After having been in the colonies about a year, during which time I had acted quite steadily, I determined to take a long rest and see a little of the interior life of the country. At the invitation of the Winter brothers, I visited their station, the land they owned, and the Government lease controlled by them, extending over an area of seventy miles in length and fifty in breadth. There are many such stations in Australia, but the pasturage was thin, and the interior of the country badly watered, so that these vast tracts of land would not support with much profit the large flocks of sheep that grazed upon them. My son and I lived with the Winter brothers several weeks. They placed their house, servants, and horses at our command, to which they added their own pleasant company and warm hospitality. I staid three weeks with these gentlemen, shooting, fishing, and riding. At the end of this time I sent my son back to Melbourne to finish his term at the Scotch college, and having a desire to penetrate farther into the country, started for the Murray River, where I was told I could see a wild and interesting region.

There are little settlements along the river to which the aborigines pay periodical visits to beg for ammunition and hold their "corrobories," as one of their mystic ceremonies is called. In a few days I reached the river, and, having a letter of introduction to the owner of a large station, took up my abode there for a fortnight, meeting with the same kind welcome that I was assured would attend my visit.

THE "SKELETON DANCE."

A PARTY of "blacks," as the natives are called, was encamped near here, so I had full time to witness their sports, if sports they can be called, for more dismal games can scarcely be imagined. One of the features of the "corrobory" is the "skeleton dance." I saw this weird performance, which is conducted in a curious way. A long row of fagots or broken sticks was stretched upon the ground for a distance of forty feet; these were ignited, making the footlights to illuminate the performance. The audience was made up of myself and a few visitors, paying what we chose to give the natives for their artistic display. We were seated on logs, stumps, and rudely made benches in front of this elongated fire, huge logs being arranged between us and the blaze, so as to shield the light from our eyes. The actors always select a dark and moonless night for this exhibition, so that before the performance began all we saw was a dismal forest of tall, gaunt trees, faintly illuminated by the footlights. Now far off a strange sound was heard, moaning and faint cries of distress; then came the dismal beating of a drum, and in the distance, out of the darkness, appeared forty or fifty skeletons. They came forward slowly, hand in hand, with a strange halting gait, till they were close to the fire. There they paused, and for full ten minutes were as still as death. The effect is produced by painting their black bodies with white earth or chalk. The bones of the human anatomy are as perfectly marked out as if done by a surgeon and an artist — attenuated white stripes down their legs, with bulging knee-caps and broad, white hips, the breast-bone and ribs, shoulder-blades and arms, all clearly defined, and the long neck surmounted by a hideous skull. Their black bodies mingle with the darkness that surrounds them, and the fire shining upon the white pigment makes the illusion quite complete. Not a sound is heard for full ten minutes; even the audience speak in whispers. At some mysterious signal, so arranged that no one can detect it, every alternate skeleton begins to move slowly, the others remaining rigid, then they jerk violently and spasmodically, and suddenly stopping, they become rigid; then the alternate skeletons begin to move, and so go through the same fantastic actions. Now they all screech and dance together, and suddenly, turning their backs, plunge into the deep woods and disappear. The spectators seem to breathe more freely after they are gone, and, looking around on one another, exclaim that it is the strangest sight that they have ever witnessed.

The next morning I visited the camp, such as it was, for they seemed to have little or no shelter. The tribe numbered about sixty blacks, and a more miserable lot of human beings I never saw — long, thin legs and arms, big stomachs, huge, fat heads covered with large shocks of unkempt hair. I noticed there were only two or three children among them, which seemed rather curious in so large a tribe. I asked one of the women if that was her only child which she was holding by the hand, to which she replied, "Yes, me only keep dat one." On inquiry of the landlord of the little hotel what she meant by that, he explained that he supposed she had drowned

all the other small members of the family. It seems that after a child is born, if it is of much trouble to the mother, she tosses it into the river. With these exhibitions of maternal affection it is no wonder that the aborigines of the country are fast disappearing. I don't suppose that they make away with their children from cruelty,— for they do not seem to possess either that quality or affection,— but simply because they do not want to be troubled with the care of them. They do not appear to buy anything or to offer anything of consequence for sale, and as they wander listlessly from town to town they are followed by the most dreadful lot of cur dogs of all sizes, sorts, and shapes, attenuated and half-starved animals, that look even more miserable than their wretched masters.

One of their sports is the throwing of the boomerang. This instrument is made of hard wood and shaped somewhat like a carpenter's square. If they wish to strike an object, they hurl the boomerang in an opposite direction from the mark. It shoots forward at tremendous speed, and then suddenly stops for a moment, and, making a sharp turn, comes backward almost to the place it started from, and so strikes the object aimed at. Some people think that this eccentric movement is caused by the shape of the instrument; but be that as it may, no one can throw it with any precision but the native blacks.

The scenery in the interior of Australia is in many respects uninteresting, having but little variety. The blue-gum tree, or eucalyptus, grows everywhere. This tree is said to have the virtue of absorbing malarious poisons from the air, and has been introduced in California and the Southern States with marked success.

THE SHEPHERD.

On one of my excursions, riding through the blue-gum forests, I had galloped about twenty miles from the home station; dismounting from the horse, I sat down to rest and take a lunch. A large flock of cockatoos, those beautiful white parrots with yellow crests, came circling around and lit in the trees overhead. I was watching the curious manœuvers of these birds as they were chattering and hopping about among the limbs, when they stopped suddenly as if alarmed. Something was evidently approaching of which they were in dread. They set up an awful scream, and with a tremendous flutter spread their white wings and sailed away. Just at this moment a large black collie dog came bounding out of the bushes and suddenly stopped in front of me. For a moment I was startled. The dog paused and eyed me keenly, then coming slowly up walked round me, and at last approached and licked my hand, which I had held out to him. In a moment more he bounded away, leaving me astonished at his strange conduct. I had never seen a dog act in so singular a manner, and was wondering what it could mean, when a sharp, joyful bark warned me that he was returning; and, sure enough, he had come back wagging his tail and followed by a tall, gaunt figure of a man thinly clad, barefooted, and with a wide-brimmed, frayed straw hat on his head. He was about fifty years of age, and as he removed his hat and made me a well-mannered, dignified bow, I could see that, though he was undoubtedly a shepherd, he had once been a gentleman who had seen better days. As he stood bareheaded before me the wind blew his long, thin, sandy hair about his brow, and he regarded me with a strange, far-off look in his eyes, as if I had been miles away. I met several shepherds after this, and noticed that same strained expression. They live so much alone, sometimes being three and four months without seeing a human being, that they form this habit by looking over the plains, hoping that they may catch sight of some one to relieve the awful monotony of their lonely lives. "Thank God! God bless you, sir! I hope you are quite well," he said. There was not much expression in the man's face. I almost fancied that he looked like a sheep, but there was enough to prove that he was glad to see me; and would have been to see any one else, for the matter of that. "Sit down, my friend, and have some lunch with me," said I. "Thank you, I will," said he. "Well, Jack, you are right, quite right; you always are, old boy." This was said to the dog, who never once took his eye off his master, but stood in front of him wagging his affectionate tail, that expressed as much love for the poor, tattered, wasted shepherd as it could have done had he been an emperor in purple robes. "Yes, always right and true, eh, old boy?" The dog answered by licking the shepherd's hand and rubbing his head against his master's legs.

"I knew you were here," said he. "You knew I was here? How could you tell that? What do you mean?" "Oh, when I say that I mean that I knew it was a friend, or at least not an enemy; and Jack knew, if I did n't. About an hour ago, the dog began to get uneasy. He ran about sniffing the air and giving little short barks; then all of a sudden he broke away and left me. I thought he was on the lookout for something strange, so I just sat down among the sheep and waited for him. Presently he came back quite pleased at what he had discovered; then he gave some more of those little short barks and ran off towards you and

back again; then wagged his tail impatiently. He could not have spoken plainer if he had been a Christian. The loving beast knows the lonely life I lead, and how I yearn sometimes for a human face to look at. That 's why he went on so — God bless him! It 'll be a shame for us to live in the other world if Jack don't go there. Look at him now; can't you see in his face that he knows that I have been talking about him? — and every word I 've said, for the matter of that, I believe." And, sure enough, the look in the dog's face was almost human.

The man now sat down quietly beside me, and ate sparingly and rather mechanically of the lunch, always sharing his morsel with Jack. I took out a flask of whisky, and, pouring out some of it into a cup, offered my guest a drink. His eyes beamed with a longing look as he saw the liquor, and, turning on me a strange, frightened look, said: "No, none of that for me. Put it away, please; I don't like the sight of it." It now dawned upon me that my friend was a retired drunkard, who had come out to this lonely part of the world to avoid temptation. I had heard that there were many such in Australia, and that the shepherd's life was chosen as being the most isolated one that could be found. I rose to take my departure, when he put his hand gently on my arm, and with an appealing look said: "You won't go back to-night, will you? It 's too late. I wish you 'd stay in my hut to-night, it 's so long since I 've seen a human face — over three months now. A man only comes once in a great while to bring provisions, and that 's all we see of humanity from one year's end to another. Do stay to-night, won't you?" "I 'd like to oblige you," I replied, "but they 'll be uneasy about me at the home station. I must be twenty miles from there now, and it will be long after dark before I get back, even at a smart gallop." "But are you sure you know the way? — you might get lost," said he. "Oh, no; I 've only to keep on the banks of the Murray and I 'm all right."

The poor fellow hung his head, looking the picture of despair. "Well," said I, "I 'll stay." He brightened up at this. "How far is your hut from here?" I asked. "Not a mile, I assure you." So he started off at a good pace, fearing I might change my mind, I suppose. The dog bounded ahead, barking away, and I followed on horseback. We soon came upon his charge — a large flock of sheep. As they heard the dog's bark the stupid creatures pricked up their ears and looked surprised, just as if they had never heard it before; then they took to their heels and galloped off, with the dog in full pursuit, running first in front, and then at the side, as some stray wether showed a disposition to rebel, then circling round and round till he got the fold just where he wanted them. He now went in and out among the sheep as though giving orders that they were to put up for the night. They seemed quite to understand him, so they quietly lay down in little family groups. By this time we had reached the hut, and the dog came up wagging his tail, as much as to say, "It 's all right; there 's none of them missing." The hut was built of mud, sticks, and straw, with the hard earth for a floor. I hobbled my horse so that he might browse about in safety, the shepherd prepared a cup of tea, — the usual beverage of the bush, — and the dog, not a whit tired, stood bolt upright overlooking his distant charge with the air of a general reviewing his army.

The sun had gone down behind the low horizon with the same effect that it does at sea, and as we sat outside upon a couple of rude blocks of wood, drinking our refreshing tea, the moon rose up shedding its soft light over this mysterious scene; there was no sound but the distant tinkle of a sheep-bell and the crackling of the little fire that was boiling the tea. The smoke went straight and silently up into the still air; the loneliness was bad enough with two men — what must it have been with one!

I felt there was something more in my profound acquaintance than I had yet learned, so I lighted my pipe and began to draw him out. It is curious that a man being alone among dumb creatures loses after a time something of his human expression and acquires that of his dumb companions, and that a dog under the same circumstances retains his individuality. Here was a man who, to judge from his manner and speech, must have been tenderly reared and highly educated, and one too who had practiced the busy calling of the law; yet in a few years of isolation the bright mind had become faded, and the human look of the face changed almost to the blank expression of a sheep, while a dog under the same circumstances had retained his perfect individuality. Jack's eyes sparkled like diamonds. His character was marked by intelligence, faithfulness, and affection. He would lie with his head between his paws, and his sharp nose flat on the ground, turning up the whites of his eyes to watch us as we talked. Now and again he would heave a deep sigh of satisfaction, as much as to say, "The old man is all right to-night; he 's got some one that can talk to him."

I questioned the shepherd about his past life. It seems he had been educated at Eton; then became a fast youth in London, where he studied for the law, and in a short time rose to be a successful barrister. He had married early, and had one child, a daughter, born to him. Af-

ter two years of wedded life he lost his wife and child. Despairingly he took to drink, and, being weak and desperate, went down hill and lost his position; that once lost in London is seldom regained. Not so in America. Here, when a man falls, if he has the strength to brace up again he goes to the West, and rubbing up against a new society absorbs fresh magnetism and recuperates at once: but London is compact; the Englishman hates to leave his home; his failings are known, and if he remains they are flung in his face. There is no escape for him; and, as his friends shun him, he falls deeper into disgrace. This was the trouble that had beset the shepherd, who, having a sensitive and perhaps weak mind, succumbed to the pressure that surrounded him. And so after a time, with a broken spirit, he left England and came to the colonies. He practiced law in Melbourne for some time successfully, but the old habit came back upon him, and, as he could not resist temptation, he buried himself on this station. This was the tale he told me, and there could be no doubt of its truth. After he had finished he turned his strange, far-off look on me again, and said, "Are you superstitious?"

"Well, I think I am a little. Most people are, if they would own it," said I. "I did n't use to be," he said with a sigh; "but since I 've lived here I seem to have become so, and it 's all Jack's fault." The dog, not looking up, beat his tail on the ground gently, as if to say, "Yes, blame it all on me; it 's all my fault."

"I have never seen anything ghostly or mysterious myself, but I think Jack does sometimes. When we 're alone — and God knows that 's often enough — he 'll start up and look around slowly as if his eyes were following something in the hut; at these times he will give a low, strange kind of moan, and, putting his tail between his legs, seem to be frightened, peering up into my face with an inquiring stare, as if he said, 'Don't you see it, too?'" The dog during this recital kept slowly beating time with his tail, as if he were indorsing every word his master said. "After noticing this with the dog," said the shepherd, "I called to mind the strange look I used to see in the beautiful face of my baby when she was only six months old. The little thing would sometimes stare at vacancy, and then smile sweetly and turn its head around as if it were following something — just as that dog does. What 's your opinion of this sort of thing? Do you think the spirits of those we loved in life can return and stand beside us?"

I told him that his question was a difficult one to answer; that different people held different opinions on these mysterious matters, and the chances were that nobody had hit it quite right yet. "Well," said he, "if they can come, I know who it is that the dog sees when we 're alone."

It was now getting late, and the shepherd insisted on my taking his couch, an old canvas cot with a plain gray blanket spread upon it; so, as I was quite tired, I accepted the offer, and lay down for a night's rest. My companion stretched his tall figure on the grass outside. The dry climate of Australia admits of this; there is no danger in sleeping on the ground; the chances are there would not be a drop of dew during the night, and that the grass in the morning would be as dry as hay. Jack lay down between us, and seemed, by one or two satisfactory sighs that escaped him, to be quite happy.

I was awake for some time, and happening to look towards my new acquaintance, found that he was lying upon his back with the moon shining full upon his pale face. I had heard that it was dangerous in this climate to sleep in the moonlight. People had been known to go mad, or to have been struck with paralysis, for committing this indiscretion. I called to him to move into the shadow, but he did not heed me; so, thinking he had dozed off, I let him alone.

The strangeness of the scene, together with the strong tea, seemed to banish sleep from me, and I must have been there an hour with my eyes closed, but quite awake, when presently I heard something stirring, and, opening my eyes, saw the shepherd sitting up in the doorway with his head resting in his hands. After a time he arose and went out into the night air. He seemed uneasy, and began restlessly to pace up and down in front of the hut. The dog remained still, but I felt that he was awake and watching his master, as he walked nervously backward and forward in the moonlight. Presently the shepherd stopped in front of the hut, and came, with a hesitating and irresolute step, towards the door. He entered slowly, and, stooping down upon his hands and knees, crawled stealthily to the chair on which my coat was hanging; he put his hand in the breast pocket and drew forth the flask of liquor. And now he seemed bewildered, as if some strange emotion had seized upon him, and then fell upon his knees as if in prayer. Suddenly he seemed to rouse himself, and, instead of drinking the liquor, placed the flask untouched back in the pocket of the coat; then stretching himself on the floor, with an apparent air of comfort and satisfaction, went off to sleep. The whole proceeding so haunted me that it was broad daylight before I closed my eyes. When I awoke, the sun was high in the heavens. It must have been midday. My host had prepared break-

fast—some bread freshly baked, tea, and salt beef. He seemed quite calm, and had lost the nervous, wearied look that was noticeable the evening before. After our meal, he spoke freely of the night's proceedings to me. I told him I had seen all that had taken place. "I thought perhaps it might be so," said he. "The old craving came upon me again, so strong too, but if ever I prayed for strength it was then. Well, at that moment there was a hand laid on my head; a calmness came over me that I had not felt for years; and when I returned the flask to your pocket I knew then, as I know now, that another drop of liquor will never pass my lips; and, as God is my judge, I believe it was the angel hand of my dead wife that rested on my feverish head. It 's all over now, thank Heaven, and I can leave this lonely place and return to the world again with safety."

I started to ride for the home station; the shepherd walked some distance by the side of my horse, and at last we shook hands and parted. I looked back after a time, and in the distance saw his tall figure against the sky, waving his old straw hat to me, while the faithful dog by his side was looking up into his face and wagging that expressive tail.

AN AUSTRALIAN TRAGEDY.

I TRAVELED still farther into the interior—in fact, quite far enough for safety; for not over one hundred miles from where I now stopped there had been living in a stronghold in the mountains a band of desperate men, and though lately their career had been checked, I deemed it prudent to suppress any desire that I had for further explorations.

The bushranger of Australia is an offshoot of the highwayman of England. Convicts had been sent from the old country for this unlawful practice, and after finishing out their time, or being pardoned for good conduct, remained in the colonies, instead of returning to their native land. Gold had been discovered; the country was growing rich, and offered a fine field for the "terror of the road." In all new and thriving countries there is a class of lazy, cunning, and desperate men who prey upon society, looking upon honesty as weakness, and society, by way of punishing these criminals, wastes a good deal of sympathy and sentimentality upon them. The villains know this, and enjoy the joke. Ladies, I regret to say, are especially attached to this kind of animal. The Claude Duvals, Jack Sheppards, Lafittes, and Massaronies of the past were just such cunning sneaks. Their praises have been versed, and we are made to believe that they are a race of persecuted heroes. Byron well describes one of these miserable wretches as sitting in a graceful attitude on the quarter-deck, with a thoughtful brow and a noble air, as if he were turning over in his mind how he could best benefit mankind. Our own Cooper describes the "noble red man" as only delaying his departure to the "happy hunting-grounds" in order that he may unburden himself of a large stock of ready-made gratitude which he constantly keeps on hand; whereas it is well known that no Indian could possibly be happy in any hunting-ground unless it was on the reservation of some other tribe. I think we rather suspect the sincerity of the poets who dignify these rascals.

Just such a worthy as one of the pirates alluded to had been occupying the attention of Australia the year before I arrived. The ladies vowed that Morgan, the gentleman's name, had the most manly form that ever was seen, surmounted by a perfectly classic head: the latter certainly ought to have been very fine, for the Government had offered a thousand pounds for it, but up to the present time Mr. Morgan had not presented it for sale. He evidently looked upon it as a cash article at any time, and determined that, as it was the only one he possessed, he would not force it on the market. "If they want it," said Morgan playfully, "they must call for it." It seems that they had called for it on several occasions, but always failed to carry it away with them, for the bushranger was a wary fellow and had a head able to look after itself.

The station where I was now staying had been, some time back, the scene of this fellow's exploits. He and his gang had "stuck up" the place. One brave lad resisted, and was killed by Morgan. The sister of this unfortunate boy was concealed in the house, and witnessed from her hiding-place the cruel murder of her brother. The scene preyed upon the poor girl's mind, and the spirit of revenge took possession of her. Morgan, being quite a star in the bushranging firmament, paid annual visits to the profitable stations, and, hearing that there was a fine race-horse on the place, thought he would call again and make an exchange for the worn-out beast he was then riding. After paralyzing the small community he took the horse, and just before his intended departure the girl purposely threw herself in his way, offering to prepare a meal for him. Being good-looking, she attracted his attention, and with a full and aching heart the half-crazed creature made an assignation with him for that night, to be held at a secluded spot some distance from the house. The matter settled, the bushranger rode away to await the appointed hour. The desperate girl mounted a fleet horse and rode twelve miles to police

quarters, giving the alarm, and telling what she had planned. An ambush was prepared that night, and as the girl approached the point of meeting she waved her handkerchief for Morgan to appear. The stealthy murderer approached, and at the next wave of the handkerchief fell dead, riddled with bullets.

A large sum of money was subscribed by the wealthy people of the colony and given to the girl, besides half of the reward, which was divided between her and the captain of police; but the mental strain told upon her, and she never recovered from the shock.

A TERRIBLE AUDIENCE.

HAVING had a long rest from acting, I returned to Melbourne to play a short engagement with my former partner at the Haymarket, and then sailed for Van Diemen's Land, now called Tasmania. This lovely island had formerly been a convict station, where life-sentenced prisoners from England had been sent. There was at the time I speak of, and is now, a most refined society in Tasmania, though among the lower classes there was a strong flavor of the convict element. I acted "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" for the first time in Hobart Town, and there was much excitement in the city when the play was announced. At least one hundred ticket-of-leave men were in the pit on the first night of its production. Before the curtain rose, I looked through it at this terrible audience; the faces in the pit were a study. Men with low foreheads and small, peering, ferret-looking eyes, some with flat noses, and square, cruel jaws, and sinister expressions,—leering, low, and cunning,—all wearing a sullen, dogged look, as though they would tear the benches from the pit and gut the theater of its scenery if one of their kind was held up to public scorn upon the stage. This shows the power of the drama. An author might write an article abusing them, or an artist paint a picture showing up the hideous deformity of their features—all this they could bear and even laugh at; but put one of their ilk upon the stage in a human form, surrounded by the sympathetic story of a play, and they would no more submit to an ill usage of him than they would to a personal attack upon themselves.

The first act of the play progressed with but little excitement. These men seemed to enjoy the humorous and pathetic side of the story with great relish; but when I came upon the stage in the second act, revealing the emaciated features of a returned convict, with sunken eyes and a closely shaved head, there was a painful stillness in the house. The whole pit seemed to lean forward and strain their eager eyes upon the scene; and as *Bob Brierly* revealed to his sweetheart the "secrets of the prison house," there were little murmurs of recognition and shakings of the head, as though they fully recognized the local allusions that they so well remembered; deep-drawn sighs for the sufferings that *Bob* had gone through, and little smothered laughs at some of the old, well-remembered inconveniences of prison life; but then, *Bob* was a hero, and their sympathies were caught by the nobleness of his character and his innocence of crime, as though each one of these villains recognized how persecuted he and *Bob* had been.

As the play progressed, their enthusiasm increased. Whenever *Bob* was hounded by a detective or ill treated by the old Jew, they would howl their indignation at the actors; and when he came out unscathed at the end of the play, a monument of persecuted innocence, they cheered to the very echo. This performance rendered me extremely popular with some of the old "lags" of Hobart Town; and I was often accosted on the street by these worthies and told some touching tale of their early persecutions. In fact they quite looked on me as an old "pal." These courtesies were very flattering, but the inconvenience that I was caused by being poked in the ribs and winked at now and then, as much as to say, "All right, old boy, we know, —you 've been there," rendered my favoritism among these fellows rather irksome.

(To be continued.)

Joseph Jefferson.

VALOR AND SKILL IN THE CIVIL WAR.

I.—WAS EITHER THE BETTER SOLDIER?

THERE appears to have been gathered, by many of the readers of the war literature of the day, a distinctly erroneous impression to the effect that the South fought better than the North; or, to put it in another way, that the Southerner was the better soldier. Those who have well studied the subject, or who intelligently served through the war, do not share this opinion; but there is, in the events of the war, superficially considered, a certain basis for the assumption. This has, however, its very clear limitations.

The South had a certain task to accomplish, and certain means to accomplish it with. The North had its larger task, and larger means. If we will carefully consider what these respective tasks were, and the manner of their working out, it will appear as a result that the North performed its gigantic undertaking not only in a creditable and businesslike manner, but in a manner which will stand the test of historical comparison.

It is not difficult to state the task of the South. It was simply to conquer its independence. No student of the war, no old soldier, no American, but harbors the warmest admiration for what the Southerner did. He began the war with a vow to win or to die in the last ditch. He did not win, but he did actually do the other thing. He gave up the struggle because he had practically used up his last man and fired his last cartridge. Nor he nor any other could do more.

What was the task of the North? In 1861 the population of the South was five and a half millions, including slaves. As some part of the population had, of necessity, to raise breadstuffs, cotton, and beef, and the slaves did this work, so that nearly all the whites could bear arms, the blacks can fairly be counted as a part of the population, so far as this question is concerned. The suggestion of a constant danger of servile insurrection is best answered by the fact that there was no such insurrection, and that the South was never called on to deplete the ranks at the front to forestall one. The total population of five and a half millions may thus, with perfect fairness, be taken as a factor in the proposition. The population of the North was under twenty millions, that is, but three and a half times as great. From this had to be drawn all the men and material with which to suppress this greatest of the rebellions of history.

If we will turn back to our own Revolution, we shall find that the population of the United Kingdom alone was five times as great as that of the colonies. And yet, Great Britain was unable, after seven years of stanch effort, to reduce these revolted colonies to obedience. If we will go back a half generation further, to old Frederick, we shall find that in the Seven Years' War the population of the allies was twenty times as great as that of Prussia. And yet the allies failed, in those seven years, to wrest Silesia from the iron grip of this "Last of the Kings." Parallel cases might be multiplied, but the above suffices to illustrate the query advanced and its answer.

If a hundred years ago Great Britain, with more than five times their population, failed in seven campaigns to subject the colonies; if Austria, Russia, France, Sweden, and the Imperial forces combined were unable, in seven campaigns, to overwhelm that grim old Brandenburg monarch, surely we may feel that our work was not ill done, if in five campaigns, with a population of but three and a half to one, we succeeded in crushing out the rebellion of 1861.

And though Frederick, while equally brilliant in victory, was assuredly greater than any modern captain in reverse, it might, perhaps, be claimed that, in Virginia, Lee was all but as much superior to most of the generals opposed to him as the Prussian king to Prince Karl, Field-Marshals Browne and Daun, and the others with whom he had to do. Such superiority was not as marked in the West as in the East; but the average general officer of the South won his stars by service and not by political scheming, and he certainly largely outranked the average general of the North. At all events the Southern management of military affairs was sufficiently better than ours to warrant the above parallelism as a reasonably fair one.

Another point is noticeable. Frederick rarely had in the field more than one-quarter of the force of his enemies; but on the battlefield, by superior strategy, central position, interior lines, and nimble legs, he usually managed to oppose to them one-half as many at the point of actual contact. Owing to its extraordinary exertions, the South had under arms,

until the last third of the war, an average of about three-quarters of the force of the North. And we shall see that at the point of actual contact the forces of the North and the South were not far from equal up to 1864.

TABLE OF NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN FORCES UNDER ARMS.

Date.	*Federals.*	*Confed's.*	*Per cent.*
Jan. 1, 1861.....	16,000 ..	Arming	
July 1, 1861.. ..	186,000 ..	150,000 ..	80
Jan. 1, 1862.....	576,000 ..	350,000 ..	60
March 1, 1862...	637,000 ..	500,000 ..	80
Jan. 1, 1863.....	918,000 ..	690,000 ..	78
Jan. 1, 1864.....	860,000 ..	400,000 ..	47
Jan. 1, 1865	959,000 ..	250,000 ..	26
March 31, 1865..	980,000 ..	175,000 ..	18
May 1, 1865....1,000,000 ..		none	

Moreover, out of this none too great margin the North was compelled, partly by the nature of its task, and partly in consequence of its frequently absurd political strategy, to keep a much larger number than the South on detached service. Compared, then, with what other nations have accomplished, it may be claimed that the statistics of our war abundantly demonstrate that the North did the business of suppressing the Rebellion in a workmanlike and respectable, not to say handsome manner, leaving, under the circumstances, no great room for adverse criticism. In yielding our sincerest admiration to the splendid efforts of the South we must not lose sight of the noble work of the North, nor of the conditions under which it was accomplished.

Again, to take up the impression prevailing that the Southerners were better fighters than the Northerners. This is also disproved by the figures. As has been frequently pointed out, the Southern troops throughout the war were a homogeneous body. The Northern troops were never so much so, and after the first two years were largely made up of "rag, tag, and bobtail." The Southerner felt that he was fighting for his home and fireside. This greatest of all inspirations we lacked. He fought with an intimate knowledge of the *terrain*, with the aid of every farmer — indeed, of every woman — as a spy. He was more in earnest, as a rule, as will be every soldier whose fields and homestead are being wasted and burned. Until the end, there was in the South never a day when there was actual danger of the war being stopped by political opposition. How was it in the North? The South had only the North to fight. The North had the South, and the most unreasonable part of its own population besides, to contend with.

I think it will be generally admitted, even by Southern soldiers, that some of the troops of the Army of the Potomac were always as good as any equal number in the Army of Northern Virginia. I am rather inclined to think that, estimating arms, rationing, and material, fifty thousand men of the three arms could have been picked out of the Potomac army superior to any fifty thousand in Lee's. It is certain that out of the two an army of one hundred thousand men could have been selected, of as high a grade in every characteristic as, and of a higher grade of intelligence and adaptability than, any troops that ever bore arms. The Army of the Potomac was always weakened by the admixture of poor material, far more than its gallant adversary. If the old *cadres* could have been kept full, instead of reënforcements coming in the shape of new regiments, that army, at two-thirds its average strength, would have been a far better fighting machine. Grant's Virginia campaign illustrates this fact. I have no disposition to discuss the political conditions which necessitated our system of recruiting or the management of the armies. My question is purely a military one. But how many of us there were who for months carried about empty commissions to the grades we had honestly earned, but on which we could not be mustered, because by hard fighting our regiments had been reduced below the prescribed standard, and who gazed, heart-sick, at the brand-new shoulder-straps of the men who, at the eleventh hour, had helped to raise a new regiment. Such was rarely the case in the Southern armies.

The Army of the Potomac always had some of the best corps commanders. Not so with its chiefs. Certainly that army never enjoyed the advantage of having the same commander and practically the same generals of corps, divisions, and brigades, duly promoted, year in and year out, as did the Army of Northern Virginia. All these facts militated as much against the efficiency of the Northern as they contributed to that of the Southern troops. And yet, barring errors in command, what stanch work the much-tried Potomac army did through its four years' life. Whatever is said about the forces in Virginia applies, though modified by the difference in conditions, and often by the difference in commanders, equally to the Western armies.

It is no doubt true that the Southern advantage of defensive war, interior lines, knowledge of the topography of the theater of operations, and superior strategy, enabled them, from smaller means, to oppose us at the point of actual contact with equal numbers. But it is not true that, at the point of contact, man for man, the Southerner fought better. Look at the following items of numbers actually engaged. The figures cover the years 1861, 1862, and 1863, the period before the South was quite overmatched. They have been diligently

compared with the best authorities, and are as accurate as such comparison can make them. The numbers have been taken without bias, and were computed in each case without an idea of what their tabulation would show. While there is occasionally exhibited by some critics a disposition to trim statistics, or to deny the accuracy of even the Official War Records, it is thought that the fairness of the following items will be generally admitted. Certainly no reasonable or admissible variation will alter the conclusion which must be drawn from them.

JULY 21, 1861.— At Bull Run, Virginia, McDowell had 28,000 men; Beauregard, 25,000. The result of the day's fighting was an apparent Union success, until, late in the afternoon, Johnston came in on the Union flank with 5000 fresh troops, when victory changed to defeat.

AUGUST 10, 1861.— At Wilson's Creek, Missouri, Lyon had 5000 men; Price and McCulloch, over 10,000. In spite of these great odds it was a hardly won Confederate victory.

OCTOBER 21, 1861.— At Ball's Bluff, Virginia, Baker had 1900 men; Evans, 3200. Though the Federals fought bravely, their defeat was of the worst.

NOVEMBER 7, 1861.— At Belmont, Missouri, Grant had 3100 men. The enemy at first had but 1000, but Polk gradually reënforced this body up to 5000 or 6000. Confederate victory.

JANUARY 19, 1862.— At Mill Springs, Kentucky, Thomas, with about 6000 men, utterly defeated Zollicoffer, with an equal number.

FEBRUARY 14–16, 1862.— Grant attacked Fort Donelson, Tennessee, garrisoned by 20,000 men, with a force not exceeding 15,000. He was subsequently reënforced up to 25,000 men. Brilliant Union success.

MARCH 6–8, 1862.— At Pea Ridge, Arkansas, Curtis with 12,000 men won a handsome victory over Price and Van Dorn, with a force of over 26,000, of which 16,000 were of good quality, and the rest raw levies and Indians.

MARCH 23, 1862.— At Winchester, Virginia, with 7000 men, Shields won a victory over Jackson, who had about 4200 on the field.

APRIL 6–7, 1862.— At Shiloh, Tennessee, Grant, with 40,000 men, was driven into a desperate corner on April 6, by A. S. Johnston and Beauregard, with an equal number. Next day, Buell, with his fresh troops, and with Grant in reserve, probably 50,000 men in all, defeated Beauregard, whose 30,000 men still left fought, nevertheless, most handsomely to retain their advantage.

MAY 5, 1862.— At Williamsburg, Virginia, Hooker, with some 10,000 men, bore the brunt of the fight, against Longstreet's equal force, from early dawn till late in the afternoon, when Kearny relieved him. Later, Hancock's and Peck's brigades came into action. In all, some 20,000 Union troops engaged, probably, 12,000 to 14,000 Confederates. Longstreet held his ground till night, and then retreated.

MAY 8, 1862.— At McDowell, Jackson, with some 8000 men, badly defeated Milroy and Schenck, with 3500.

MAY 25, 1862.— At Winchester, Jackson, with some 18,000 men, defeated Banks, with 5000.

MAY 27, 1862.— At Hanover Court House, Fitz John Porter, with 10,000 men, won a handsome victory over Branch, with 9000. Branch's forces at the beginning of the fight were quite scattered.

MAY 31, 1862.— At Seven Pines (or Fair Oaks), Virginia, Keyes fought alone, but unsuccessfully, against great odds till after 3 P. M., when Kearny came up. Then Keyes and Kearny, 19,000 against 39,000, held their ground till Sumner came in on their right flank. The Union force was then some 32,000 men; the Confederates, under G. W. Smith, Longstreet, and D. H. Hill, were some 40,000. Huger's forces were not actually in the fight until the following day. The next day, June 1, the Union forces recovered a part of the lost ground, and during the night the Confederates fell back towards Richmond.

JUNE 8, 1862.— At Cross Keys, Virginia, Ewell, with 5000 men, defeated Frémont, with 12,000.

JUNE 9, 1862.— At Port Republic, Tyler and Carroll, with 3500 men, held their ground against Jackson's 12,000 for several hours.

JUNE 26, 1862.— At Meadow Bridge (or Mechanicsville), McCall, with 9000 men, inflicted grievous loss on A. P. Hill, with 14,000. McCall held his ground till night, and then retired.

JUNE 27, 1862.— At Gaines' Mill, Porter, with 35,000 men, held the bulk of the Confederate Army — at least 60,000 strong — at bay all day, retiring after night fell. The victory remained with Lee, but Porter's fighting was magnificent.

JUNE 29, 1862.— At Allen's Farm, Richardson and Sedgwick, 16,000 men, easily held head against a brilliant attack by McLaws and Griffith, with 7000, retiring at night.

JUNE 29, 1862.— At Savage's Station, Sumner and Franklin, with 26,000 men, held back four brigades of Magruder and McLaws, with about 10,000, retiring at night. These two actions were affairs of the rear guard of the Army of the Potomac. The Confederate attacks were handsomely made.

JUNE 30, 1862.— Franklin, with a part of Sedgwick, some 18,000, held the approaches of White Oak Swamp against Jackson, whose corps was about 36,000 strong. There was no chance in this defile for Jackson to attack.

JUNE 30, 1862.— At Glendale, Hooker, McCall, and part of Sedgwick — 18,000 — held their ground against the stanchest efforts of Longstreet, A. P. Hill, Huger, and Magruder, some 20,000, retiring at night.

JULY 1, 1862.— At Malvern Hill, McClellan had about 60,000 men at hand; Lee, probably 50,000 men. The Confederate attacks were confined to fifteen brigades of Magruder, D. H. Hill, and Huger, say 34,000 men, against Porter, Couch, Morell, Kearny, Caldwell, Sickles, Meagher, say 40,000 men. This was a clear Union victory.

AUGUST 8, 1862.— At Cedar Mountain, Virginia, Banks's 7500 men made so smart an attack on Jackson's force of 21,500, that the Confederates retired from the field at night. Banks also withdrew. Much the larger part of Jackson's force was engaged.

AUGUST 28, 1862.— Near Gainesville, Virginia, the brigades of Gibbon and Doubleday, with 5000

men, made a gallant fight against Ewell and Taliafero, with six brigades, some 7000 ; but accomplished no result. The Federals held the field till 1 A. M.

AUGUST 29, 1862.— At Groveton, Reynolds, Sigel, Reno, Heintzelman, and Stevens, 26,000 men, attacked Jackson's 25,000, but without result. On the same day, Hatch, with 5000 men, had a sharp fight with two brigades of Hood's, some 3800 men, without definite result.

AUGUST 30, 1862.— At the Second Bull Run (a continuation of the two preceding battles), Pope had about 58,000 men to Lee's 51,000. Practically, the whole force was engaged on both sides. Brilliant Confederate victory.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1862.— At Chantilly, Reno, Stevens, and Kearny, 11,000 strong, held A. P. Hill, with 8000, in check.

SEPTEMBER 14, 1862.— Two divisions of Reno, Meade, Hatch, and Ricketts, 22,000 strong, forced Turner's Gap, on South Mountain, Maryland, defended by D. H. Hill and two divisions of Longstreet, all but 14,000 strong.

SEPTEMBER 14, 1862.— Slocum and Brooks, with 6500 men, drove McLaws, with 4000 to 5000, from Crampton's Gap.

SEPTEMBER 16-17, 1862.— At Antietam, Maryland, Lee's 40,000 men fought a most stubborn battle against McClellan's 75,000 men, of whom some 25,000 were not engaged. Lee put in his last man, and though forced to retire, he did so at his leisure.

SEPTEMBER 19, 1862.— At Iuka, Mississippi, Price's 13,000 men defeated Rosecrans's head of column, Hamilton's division, of 5000 men. But, as Ord was approaching from the north, Price deemed it prudent to retire.

OCTOBER 3-4, 1862.— At Corinth, Mississippi, the forces were about 22,000 on a side, and Rosecrans defeated Van Dorn.

OCTOBER 8, 1862.— Buell, with 20,000 men, defeated Bragg, with an equal number, at Perryville.

DECEMBER 7, 1862.— At Prairie Grove, Arkansas, the Federal general Blunt defeated Hindman. Forces about 10,000 each.

DECEMBER 13, 1862.—The numbers in contact at Fredericksburg, Virginia, are impossible to estimate; nor was this a ranged battle. It was a gallant, but wrong-headed, attempt to do the impossible.

DECEMBER 31, 1862.— At Stone's River, Kentucky, Rosecrans, with 43,000 men, though at first driven back by Bragg's 47,000, managed to hold his own, and retain the field of battle. No praise is too high for the fighting on both sides.

MAY 2-5, 1863.— Chancellorsville was the most brilliant of Lee's victories. Here, by his splendid tactical dispositions, with 60,000 men, he defeated Hooker with twice the number. But looking only at the actual fighting, on May 2, at Dowdall's Tavern, Jackson, with 22,000 men, defeated Howard, with 10,000; on May 3, at Fairview, Stuart, with 37,000 men, drove in Sickles and Couch, with 32,000 ; on the same day, at Salem Church, four Confederate brigades of 10,000 men defeated Brooks, with 9000; on May 4, at Banks's Ford, Lee, with 25,000 men, defeated Sedgwick, with 20,000. The fighting of the Confederates was as superb as Lee's tactics. Wherever engaged, the Unionists fought with equal credit, but pluck was unavailing against Hooker's hebetude.

MAY 16, 1863.— At Champion's Hill, Mississippi, Grant had 15,000 men actually engaged, against Pemberton's 16,000. The latter suffered a disastrous defeat.

JULY 1-4, 1863.— Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. There is much dispute as to the numbers engaged, but 68,000 Confederates against 82,000 Federals is not far from the mark. On the first day Hill and Ewell much outnumbered as well as defeated the First and Eleventh Corps ; on the second day the fight of the Third Corps, with some reënforcements, against Hood and McLaws was about an even thing as to numbers and result, and the same applies to the fighting on Cemetery Hill; on the third day that part of the column under Pickett, Pettigrew, and Trimble which reached our line was speedily outnumbered by the forces which rushed in towards the threatened point.

SEPTEMBER 19-20, 1863.— At Chickamauga, Georgia, Rosecrans, with 55,000 men, was badly defeated by Bragg, with 65,000. But the stand here made by Thomas on Horse-shoe Ridge, against the repeated assaults of vast odds, will be forever memorable.

NOVEMBER 23-25, 1863.— At Chattanooga, Grant had about 60,000 men ; Bragg, over 40,000. The defeat of the latter was overwhelming.

This list of fifty battles gives twenty victories to the Confederates, an equal number to the Federals, and leaves ten which may fairly be called drawn. In these fifty battles, at the point of fighting contact, the Confederates outnumbered the Federals by an average of about two per cent.

As regards brilliant assaults upon regular works, the Confederates were never called on to show such devotion as was manifested by the Federals at Fredericksburg, the several assaults at Vicksburg and Port Hudson, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and Petersburg. Few trials of fighting qualities, in any war, go beyond some of these.

As will be seen from the table of forces, after the winter of 1863–64 the Union forces so vastly outnumbered the Confederate, that comparison of the merits of actual fighting becomes more difficult. We can deduce little from the battles except stanch purpose on the Federal, and brilliant courage, coupled with marvelously able military management, on the Confederate side. But if one will take the pains to tabulate the numbers actually engaged during all but the last months of the crumbling away of the Confederate armies, there appear plainly two facts: first, that the Confederates, by superior management and better position, opposed to the Federals fully equal numbers at the point of fighting contact; and secondly, that of the combats during the entire struggle the Federals had their full share of the victories.

It is certain that the statistics of the war rob the wearers of the blue and the gray of the

right to boast one at the expense of the other. Neither can claim superiority in actual battle. The case bears enough semblance to Greek meeting Greek to satisfy the reasonable aspirations of either "Yank" or "Johnny."

And in this connection it may not be amiss, once more, to give our national self-esteem a *bonne bouche* in the following table:

TABLE OF LOSSES IN SUNDRY BATTLES OF THE EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES.

	Percentage of killed and wounded of number engaged.
Prussians.— Up to Waterloo, in eight battles	18.42
" At Königgrätz	3.86
Austrians.— Up to Waterloo, in seven battles	11.17
" Since in two	8.56
French.— Up to Waterloo, in nine battles	22.38
" Since in nine	8.86
Germans.— Since 1745, in eight battles	11.53
English.— In four battles	10.36
Federals.— In eleven battles	12.89
Confederates.— In eleven battles	14.16

From this table it is manifest that, excepting only the troops of Frederick and of Napoleon, the American volunteer has shown himself equal to taking the severest punishment of any troops upon the field of battle. The wonderfully pertinacious tactics of those two great captains, rather than the discipline of their troops, explains the excess of loss of their battles. And while the capacity to face heavy loss is but one of the elements which go to make up the soldier, it is perhaps of them all the most telling.

Theodore Ayrault Dodge,
Brevet Lieut.-Col. United States Army.

II.— WHICH WAS THE BETTER ARMY?

It is a Northern tradition that no army ever entered the field better organized than the Army of the Potomac; that McClellan alone had the science of army construction fixed in his mind. Of the leading officers of both sides many were his classmates; all of them studied from the same books, and received instruction from the same wise lips; many were high in rank, mature in age, had remained in continuous service, and were familiar with the handling of troops. Any one of them with the same opportunity possibly might have equaled, if not have bettered, the by no means perfect organization of the Federal army. It was laid down in military primers that so many men made a regiment, so many regiments a brigade, a number of brigades a division, a few divisions a corps, and the combination of corps made the army. The old army that fought in Mexico and served for years on the frontier was built on these rules. European armies were formed on the same general plan.

That the formation of an army from zealous but untrained volunteers required a vast deal of labor, none will deny; that the arming and supplying of such an army and the gathering together of all its immense trains required a deal of forethought and wisdom, all will admit; but the fallacy that grew up in the minds of a people unused to war, that in only one man, among all our skilled officers, was this power of organization ripe and complete, would, if true, be a blot upon the boasted intelligence and ability of Northern men.

The chief trouble with the "marvelous" formation of the Army of the Potomac was the fact that it always seemed necessary to *re*organize it. McClellan divided it into seven corps, thereby giving the army seven almost independent commanders — seven men with different ideas and ambitions, who could never be fully relied upon for effective coöperation in the emergency of battle. Upon the accession of Burnside to power, reorganization began: the independence of corps commands was done away with, and the army formed into three grand divisions of two or more corps each, and designated the Right, Center, and Left Grand Divisions. Under Hooker this idea went to pieces, and we find the seven corps in use again. When Grant came east, though the Army of the Potomac had more men than ever before, he reduced the formation to three corps, thus showing his disapproval of the multiplicity of small commands, and his commendation of Lee's plan, from the start, of building his army in large parts.[1] In view of the four years of terrible bloodshed; in view of the fact, that, although backed by vast power and wealth, it was impossible to conquer the smaller Army of Northern Virginia, half equipped and half supplied, except by wearing them out — the assertion is ventured that it was superior to the Army of the Potomac in its formation. While the brigades of the Confederate army were no larger than those of the Federal

[1] Yet General Lee was dissatisfied with the organization of his army, for on May 21, 1863, he wrote to General Hood: "You must so inspire and lead your brave division as that it may accomplish the work of a corps. I agree with you as to the size of the corps of this army. They are too large, for the country we have to operate in, for one man to handle. I saw it all last campaign. I have endeavored to remedy it,— this in a measure at least,— but do not know whether I shall succeed. . . . I agree with you also in believing that our army would be invincible if it could be properly organized and officered. There never were such men in an army before. They will go anywhere and do anything if properly led. But there is the difficulty: proper commanders, where can they be obtained? But they are improving, constantly improving."— EDITOR.

army, its divisions were nearly twice as large; rarely less than four brigades, they were oftener six and seven. The commanders of such divisions became men of wide experience in that most vital necessity of a successful soldier, the ability to handle large bodies of troops, and they were enabled to maintain their grasp on affairs when suddenly called by the exigencies of battle to assume still wider command. The corps formation was in the same proportion larger and more substantial than that of the Union army, four and sometimes five of their large divisions being incorporated into one corps as against the usual Federal corps of three small divisions. The commander of a Confederate corps became a general officer in every sense of the word. His command was a *corps d'armée*, and his duties fell little short of those of a chief. Had this system of larger divisions and corps been carried out in our army, the Federal commanders would have been accustomed to handle large forces when they were called, one after another, to assume vast responsibilities, and a different story might possibly have been told of the war. History need not be studied very deeply to ascertain the value and power of these large corps when thrown suddenly upon some weak point in the opposing lines. To mention one of many instances: On the afternoon of the last day's fight at the Second Bull Run, disaster was made a certainty when Longstreet, with his five divisions, suddenly struck the Federal flank. When we understand fully the stubborn, though unavailing, resistance made against him, it does not require a very large imagination to realize how futile would have been his movement had he thrown the force of a Federal corps against us; for one does not require a military education to comprehend that a Federal corps of eight or nine brigades could not be thrown into action with the sledge-hammer force of a corps consisting, as Longstreet's did that day, of fifteen brigades. This corps was the equal of *three* opposing Federal corps in the number of brigades and men, and was operated under the guidance of one brain, whereas the same movement on our side would have been controlled by three different corps commanders, thus imperiling success through the splitting up of authority and action. Such a *coup de main* as Longstreet's, or as Jackson's at Chancellorsville, has rarely been successful when trusted to the coöperation of several commanders. Union rosters show corps with five, six, and rarely over nine brigades distributed among three divisions. The Confederate roster shows twenty or more brigades to a corps. The Ninth Corps, from the beginning, had, with temporary exception, only two brigades to a division, so that many Confederate divisions were as large as this corps, and had one head, a major-general, as compared with three major-generals and a corps commander for the Union corps. The rosters show that in six corps of the Army of the Potomac twenty-four major-generals, or officers holding that authority, were in command of corps and divisions containing forty-five brigades, while in two corps of the Army of Northern Virginia only eleven generals of that rank were in command of forty-one brigades, showing in the Union army a scattering of command and consequent weakness in power. By such subdivision the plums of power were made numerous, and the applicants for them proved plentiful. The extra stars and powerful positions were sought not wholly through the medium of valor and experience, but through political means.

Another serious objection to so many small commands was the large detail for staff work. Under McClellan's organization these details were lavish in the extreme. The daily reports of the Federal army always had to be reduced nearly one-quarter to get at the actual fighting strength. Each brigade, each division, and each corps, no matter how small, must have its staff, its guards, its wagon train. A division of twice the size would scarcely have required more. The experienced soldier will readily understand what thirteen fewer major-generals means in the way of effective service,— thirteen fewer little kings with princely retinues to be drawn from the active body,— and also, still better, the difference in detail if two corps commanders were to take the place of six or seven, each with its staff, commissariat, quartermaster, ordnance, medical, inspection, and signal departments, pioneers, guards, and wagoners, to each division and corps.

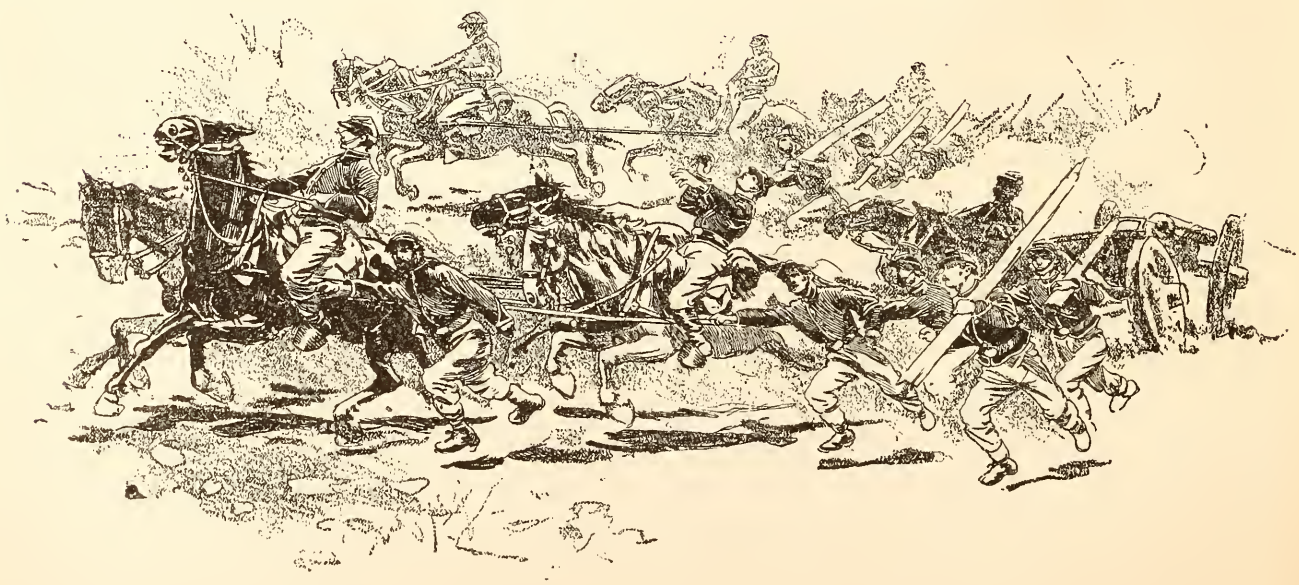
With respect to the discipline of the two armies, McClellan says of the Confederate army that it was "the equal in heroism of any that ever met the shock of battle"; Hooker says, "Its discipline was unsurpassed by any army of ancient or modern times"; and many others pay the same glowing tributes. What but discipline made it so perfect in form that Lee, caring for it with the gentleness of a woman, yet ruled it with a rod of iron? The rank and file of the two armies differed widely: one was built upon intelligence, education, and equality; the other governed by intelligence, but formed largely of a less intelligent force. Discipline in one army could never attain its perfect height owing to this equality, but in the other a hundred years of rule by the higher over the lower made such rule and discipline possible. Such a force thrown into battle was almost resistless, and the question of organization or discipline in the Army of Northern Virginia needs no other

answer than a reading of the roll of battles fought on Virginia soil from Bull Run to Appomattox.

Yet the valor of rank and file avails but little if the man at the head is not stanch and strong. The Confederates trusted Lee, almost with adoration; but the Army of the Potomac had trusted so many times, only to be cast into the depths of despair, that trust had become almost a forgotten memory. Wherein did the South, with small area and limited population, have any better facilities for calling skilled men to lead them than did the vast and populous North? Why was the old army capable of furnishing better soldiers in its recreant officers than in its loyal ones? Why were Southern leaders in command for the war, while every roar of battle gave us a new one? One answer may be that the unfortunate commanders of the Potomac army were by their very organization unused to wide command. The small corps gave no opportunity to acquire the experience necessary suddenly to assume control of seven times their usual command, and in contact with men whose daily duties had given them that indispensable experience they went down like a row of bricks. Lee, with only the instruction of an insignificant war, led his ill-supplied army from victory to victory, year after year, beating back with terrible losses the wonderfully organized, perfectly equipped, lavishly supplied, abundantly officered Army of the Potomac. The Army of Northern Virginia was apparently organized to *stay;* its commanders were allowed time to gain experience in their duties and to learn thoroughly the management of troops, and when this was accomplished they were trained soldiers, quick in action, valorous in battle, and able to grasp and execute the emergencies of the conflict. Our officers were shifted with every turn of the wind, and before an officer could learn his duties or gain control of his troops, jealousy, defeat, or political machinations secured dismissal or transfer; McClellan, McDowell, Franklin, Sumner, Porter, Hooker, Heintzelman, Keyes, Couch, Burnside, Sigel, Pleasonton, and so on — oh, how long the list! In the words of another: "The Army of the Potomac was better than its commanders; it marched and fought and hungered and thirsted for four years, hardly ever animated by victory. It showed, in all that it achieved and endured, that it was an admirable instrument for the hand that knew how to wield it, but it never had the good fortune to be commanded by a soldier worthy of it. It fought to the end, it did its work, and gained its crown, but its path was long and rough and seldom cheered."

The ten thousand Union soldiers who fell in death or wounds before the heights of Fredericksburg, and the seventeen thousand lost at Chancellorsville, were the equals in bravery of any soldiers in the annals of warfare; so were the twenty-odd thousand who bathed Gettysburg's ridge with blood, or the fourscore thousands carried from the fields of Virginia when Grant was in command. The leaders who guided the operations of our army upon so many disastrous fields will, alone, bear criticism or comparison, and in the calmness of the future will be called to judgment.

Charles A. Patch,
U. S. Volunteers.



GOING INTO ACTION UNDER FIRE. (FROM A WAR-TIME SKETCH.)

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

George Washington and Memorial Day.

THE intrusion of a mass of new Washington material into a number of THE CENTURY intended to be in especial keeping with the sentiment of Decoration, or Memorial, Day, is surely not an inappropriate or unwelcome intrusion. In bringing out, just a year after the Centennial of Washington's inauguration, these relics of the first President, it is well to recall once more the salutary fact that the first soldier of the New World remains also its first citizen.

As a soldier, it is easy now to see that his greatness consisted largely in the way he received disaster. He proved his nobility in rising above defeat, in wrenching success from failure; in keeping an immovable front against reverse, detraction, and infamous abuse. His life was one long struggle; not, as to a superficial view it might seem, a series of mere fortunate successes. High character, rather than "good luck," was his immortal equipment.

But it is as a citizen that Washington gives what may be thought to be the most valuable lesson of his career — the lesson of absolute honesty, absolute disinterestedness. Let those who preach, who teach, who vote, make the contrast on all occasions between the tone of Washington and that of every public man of to-day who falls below his standard. The standard is not too high for any man. Washington was no angel, saint, or demigod. We have a right to exact from every man who takes public service equal public virtue. The people do this theoretically, if not practically, already; but we will not have city, State, or national government what it should be till we make the demand in practice as well as in theory.

To the veteran of our day the lesson of Washington's citizenship applies with special force. Does not every true and manly ex-soldier know that not every one who fought for the Union a quarter of a century ago has frankly re-assumed his citizenship — without boast or insistence or unmanly demand? And yet what noble examples of self-respecting, unselfish return to private life and civic duties have been afforded by our disbanded armies. All honor to the dead who died in the time and act of war; all honor to the true soldiers who have died in the succeeding years of peace; all honor to their worthy living comrades! And how fortunate that the sentiment of reunion across the lines is already an old and trite story — that the blue and the gray so often unite to decorate the graves of those who, living, bravely and honestly contended.

The New Movement in Education.

THIS generation is witnessing a widespread and intelligent interest in the subject of popular education such as even Horace Mann never dreamed of. A profounder appreciation of what citizenship implies and involves is leading to more strenuous efforts to remove the blight of illiteracy, and to give to every child at least an elementary education, in order that he may not be wholly unprepared for the opportunities and responsibilities of manhood. It may be that many of these efforts are ill-timed and misdirected, but they are all earnest and actuated by lofty motives. In countries where the educational administration is national, and therefore centralized, these new movements produce an effect quickly. Where the local communities must first be reached effects follow more slowly, but perhaps with the more complete indorsement of the common people, and consequently with a greater chance of permanence.

In the United States the organization and supervision of public education is, without exception, a function of the State governments. The United States has a Bureau of Education, but it is only advisory; the municipalities and townships have Boards of Education and school trustees respectively, but they act by virtue of State legislation and under limitations and restrictions similarly imposed. We have, therefore, in this country no national system of education in the sense that such a thing exists in Prussia or in France, but rather forty-two systems of education. The points of difference between these various systems are almost as many as the points of agreement. Yet, while each State has its own educational laws, and raises, appropriates, and distributes its school funds as it sees fit, there is a well-defined movement in each State to learn by the experience of the others; and slowly but surely that uniformity which the Constitution neither imposed nor provided for is brought about by the action of the States themselves.

Perhaps no single agency contributes as much to this end as the frequent gathering of teachers and educational administrators in associations and conferences. The number of these bodies now meeting regularly to study and discuss the various phases that the problem of public education presents is quite beyond calculation. Undoubtedly the most effective of these associations, and the one that carries most weight with the general public, is that known as the Department of Superintendence, National Educational Association, which held its annual meeting a few weeks ago in the city of New York. This body is composed of the State, county, and city superintendents of schools throughout the country, and for many years past has considered and debated those educational questions that seemed to possess the most immediate and practical interest. Having no official existence, and consequently no legislative responsibility, the Department of Superintendence enjoys a certain freedom of speech and action which is as unique as it is beneficial in a body constituted of such representative men. Almost every educator of note in the country has at some time or other spoken before the Department. At the recent meeting, for example, the presidents of Harvard, Columbia, Cornell, and Rutgers colleges, as well as the

United States Commissioners of Education and of Indian Affairs, appeared upon the programme. The presence of such men is a warrant that the discussions will be lofty in tone and practical in character.

It is not easy to select from the many topics touched upon at the New York meeting those which are of the greatest general interest. A very able discussion was called out by the subject of "The Education of the Negro in the South," and no mere comment could do justice to it. At another session the place that education should occupy in any international exposition that may be held in 1892 was clearly indicated, and a host of valuable suggestions placed at the disposal of those who may be charged with the organization of an educational exhibit. In one of the most forcible papers of the session, Superintendent Maxwell of Brooklyn discussed city school systems,— which, as every one knows, offer very serious problems peculiar to themselves,— and pointed out that the only power which can be relied upon to check and uproot the evil forces that have crept into the municipal administration of education is the State Department of Public Instruction. The sentiment of the majority of the meeting was in favor of Mr. Maxwell's very cautious and conservative suggestions, though the representatives from New England, where the town is still the political unit, were unable to indorse them fully. President Eliot presented with marked ability and success the subject of secondary education in this country. His opinion of its present condition will be gathered from the following adjectives which, among others, were applied at various points in the paper, either to the secondary schools themselves, or to the instruction which they offer: "defective, disjointed, and heterogeneous," "deficient in number and defective in quality," "feeble and distracted." Not least in importance of the occurrences at this meeting were the unanimous indorsement by the Department of the International Copyright Bill and the resolution calling for the reorganization of the National Bureau of Education as an independent Department, such as that of Agriculture used to be, and that of Labor now is.

The Lingering Duello.

THAT remnant of savagery, the single combat, including the duel, the street-fight, "posting," and every form of provocation to single combat, has had its day in most parts of our country, and that from influences of all kinds. There were times in New York City when the duel was an admitted possibility of politics; when De Witt Clinton could publicly style his opponent, Swartwout, "a liar, a scoundrel, and a villain"; when in the duel which followed, after five shots had been exchanged and Swartwout had been wounded in two of them, he sat up and pleaded vainly for another round; when it was charged publicly that the young men of the Burr faction were endeavoring to "pick off" their political opponents by relays of challenges. All this led up to the killing of Hamilton and the sermon of Dr. Nott thereon, one of those sermons which have stirred our people's hearts to the core. From that time, in this part of the country, every provocation to a duel has been largely neutralized by the knowledge that the jury's oath and the judge's charge would be conditioned largely by Dr. Nott's sermon. There have been duels among army and navy officers, until the growth of public sentiment has suppressed them. There have been historical duels, such as those of Lincoln and Shields, or of Terry and Broderick; but Western legislation has found summary means for suppressing them.

In one part of the country public opinion is still too strong for either law or gospel, and maintains, in opposition to both of them, the right and duty of the individual to defend his own position, if need be, by some form of single combat. No doubt it is a remnant of militarism: just as the military classes of modern Europe insist upon the duel as a class privilege, the upper classes of Southern whites, who used to maintain slavery by a semi-military organization, retain this mode of militarism, though slavery is gone. Those of us who live in other sections of the country are beginning to learn something of the severity of the problems which slavery has left behind it, and the curious complication of forces which makes the solution of one of these problems seem for the time to be worse than useless. We have felt for a quarter of a century that the negro was not a political man until his place in the jury-box was assured to him. The influential classes of the South, to do them justice, have gradually come to the same conclusion, and we have had a spectacle well calculated to bring Governor Hammond out of his grave in protest — a "chivalrous" white man tried for his life in Charleston before a jury of which a majority were negroes.

And yet the immediate results were very far from good. The case only showed that the negro juror was quite as demoralized as his white colleague; that "boss" and "massa" were still as supreme with one as "chivalry" was with the other; and that the duello in the South rested not on the support of unthinking whites alone, but of unthinking blacks also. The brutal case of murder resulted in an acquittal.

Is this untoward event to close the efforts of those who have carried the negro thus far on the road towards equal manhood? Are they to decide that their own race needs conversion first, and that the negro must, until then, be left to himself? To do so would be to forget that every taint of slavery in the status of the negro means the survival of militarism and the duello among the whites. How much this means is well worth the serious thought of those who are remaking the South. Are they to rely upon the natural wealth of their region, upon its iron and other metals, upon its cotton and cotton-seeds, and upon the coming in of men from other sections to claim a share of all this wealth? They will be relying upon a broken reed. Bankers, mill-owners, superintendents of factories and railways, do not work, if they can help it, in an environment which compels the use of the pistol-pocket. Northern manufacturers and business men, who realize the intensity of the competition which is some day to come upon them from the South, will do their work with less present apprehension so long as any lingering remnant of the duello shall wind its tentacles around Southern business.

Of course there is no real belief or desire in the North and West that the welfare of their sections should be founded permanently upon the crippling of competition in the South; one section cannot be crippled but that the others shall feel it profoundly. On the other hand, the suggestions offered are to the thinking men of the

South, who have emancipated themselves from the enslaving notions of "chivalry"; who have learned at least that clerks and farmers' boys are none the less men for their contempt of a country which retains any vestiges of the "code." It is such Southern men who have given their section its progress since 1865, and they should not despair of the Republic now. The shouting mobs of unthinking men, white and black, are in the supremacy now. The thinking white men of the South and the black men whom they have taught to think and act with them, and to know how absolutely incompatible are "chivalry" and common sense, the duello and modern business — these are the men whose persistent, never discouraged influence will finally rid the South of every form of single combat.

The Churches and the Poor.

ONE of the noteworthy features of recent years has been the earnestness with which the relations of the Christian Church, and particularly of the various Protestant sects, to the poor have been discussed in all their aspects, religious, sociological, and even political. The general subject involves problems under all these heads the elements of which are so incompletely understood that the answers can as yet only be guessed at; and on the other hand it, with its possible or probable answers, forms an essential element in other social problems, the solutions of which will be very seriously modified by the shape which is finally given to this one. There is room, then, for temperate discussion representing every shade of opinion and belief: layman or cleric, Christian, doubter, or indifferent — all have some reasons for interest in the general question.

The discussion has been more temperate than has always been the case with kindred questions. The general feeling, even of those who have not felt or professed any sympathy with the supernatural claims of Christianity, has been that it has relations to the problems of poverty which deserve as calm and careful consideration as any purely scientific subject could receive; and this, in most cases, has given the tone to their share of the discussion. The clerical element has apparently been willing to consider the question of human instrumentality, of plans and methods, as well as that of purpose, as fundamental to the question. And the lay element of the Church, apparently encouraged by the attitude of its habitual opponents and of its pastoral superiors, has entered the discussion and contributed largely to its interest and to the value of its results. Few discussions of the kind have been so free from the *odium theologicum*, and the tone and temper of the parties have served to make many points of Church policy clearer than they had ever been before.

It is possible, then, that a secular magazine may point out one element of the problem that deserves consideration, at least. The religious side, the merely ethical side, the economical side, the political side, of the subject have received each its share of consideration; and it seems to have been assumed that a solution which could fairly cover all these points would be complete. There is, however, one purely material side of the question, which touches or qualifies each of the others — in this country, at any rate — and constitutes a secondary influence; that is, what might be called the social geography which is involved.

The drift of Americans into city life, resulting thus far in an urban population of at least twenty-five per cent., is a familiar fact. It has carried most of the "poorer classes" into the cities and kept them and their children there, so that the relations of the Church to the poor have become in our time a question of Church policy in our cities. Any influence, then, natural or artificial, which affects the distribution of classes in our cities, must have its effect on the problem under consideration. One influence of this kind might be found in the influence which facilities of water transportation have had on the location of American cities. The brilliant person who first noticed that Providence had caused so many important rivers to flow past large cities could hardly have found so many cases in point anywhere else as in the United States. Of course, there are cases of the kind everywhere. But many of the English cities, for example, date from a time when there was comparatively little intercommunication, and the presence or absence of a water-way was of far less importance than in later times. American cities all date from a time when intercommunication had fairly begun, and their founders looked of necessity to water-ways as an element in their location. Even in the case of cities which have been founded or developed under the influence of the railroad, the superior cheapness of water transportation has compelled attention.

The American city may have been built along the line of a single river or lake-front, as in the case of Cincinnati or Chicago; or in the embrace of two rivers, as in the case of New York or Philadelphia; or bays may take the place of rivers, as in the case of Boston or San Francisco. In any of these cases the water limitation will modify the social geography and social development of the city so as to make it reflect the type characteristics of its prototype, London. The "West End" of the American city will not be of necessity in the same direction. It may be developed on a bluff, away from the water, or "up-town," or on its "Nob's Hill"; but in any case it makes the social distance very great and marked between this quarter of the city and that given over to the lower and even to the middle classes. There must be some such interval in any city, but it is much greater by reason of the immovable boundary than in a city which is free to expand in *any* direction. This is especially the case with those city locations which have rivers on two sides, New York City being the best example. The confluent streams compress the city to a point; and the wealthier class, as it enlarges and seeks more room for the establishment of its own neighborhood, is pushed "up-town" very much faster and farther than in cities in which a lateral expansion is possible. However much this tendency may be relieved by ferry and railway systems and by suburban development, it cannot but have its peculiar effect in widening the modern distance between rich and poor.

And the consequent social geography of the American city must have its influence on the problems involved in the relations of the Church to the poor. How, for example, are the rich and the poor to meet together in the same house of worship when circumstances have driven their habitual residences much more than a Sabbath-day's journey apart? Is it quite fair to say that it is the architecture, the upholstery, the millinery, of a "fashionable up-town church" which keeps the

poor out of it? or to assume that a "free-pew system" is all that is needed to bring the poor into it? The building might be as barren of architectural effects as the early colonial churches; the pews might be bare boards, and open to all the world; the members might limit their wardrobes to the dress of Sisters of Charity; but the poor would not come in. Even the region in which the building is placed is almost a *terra incognita* to the poor; they live many squares to the southward, or off on the East or the West side; the public opinion of the up-town church, on such a subject as that of spending Sunday at Coney Island or up the Hudson, has no interest or importance to them; and many of them have personal objections even to the substituted relationship of the mission church. If the rich will not go to the mission church, and the poor will not go to the up-town church, how is the widening chasm between the two classes to be closed or bridged? That is the problem which is one of the results of the modern development of cities, particularly in our own country.

Our purpose is not to suggest any solution of the problem, only to ask attention to the cumulative natural forces which tend to make it continually more difficult of solution for the future. Hardly any question of our times better deserves attention. One need not even be a believer in Christianity to appreciate its gravity; it is only necessary that he should appreciate the part which Christianity has hitherto played, merely as a social force, in Germanic development. The segregation of the people into classes is always a peril in a democracy; will it be made less noxious by the failure of a social force which for so many centuries has been preaching the equality of man?

OPEN LETTERS.

The G. A. R. as seen from the Inside.

IN 1874 a Massachusetts soldier, General Charles Devens, addressing the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic as its fourth Commander-in-Chief, spoke warmly of the plans and aims of the new order, and his words, though intended only for the hour when they were spoken, served as an outline for the future of the fraternity of veterans. He said that if old schoolmates and classmates delight to keep up the happy ties of former days, surely that affection which unites men who have suffered together must be no ordinary one. Soldiers cannot be insensible to the merits of comrades who stood with them in the ranks of war, and upon whose fidelity and courage their own lives often depended, and it would prove a grateful duty to do justice to the memory of those who have fallen, and to guard the welfare of the living, also. Whatever the public may do, he continued, either through general or State laws, for the survivors who become dependent, there must still remain many cases calling for individual assistance from private hands, and the associated veterans, while strengthening and brightening the friendship that began in the ranks, would support those private charities of which the distressed and broken might be in need.

The views of General Devens were the popular ones at that time among those who adhered to the association, but the movement was just emerging from the experimental stage, and the veterans generally considered its future as uncertain. At the present date the Grand Army has probably reached its highest limit in point of numbers and influence, and its record has been made chiefly within the last fifteen or sixteen years. The six thousand posts that now constitute it are so many local clubs devoted to those deeds of friendliness outlined by General Devens, and which are symbolized in the well-known motto, Fraternity, Charity, Loyalty. The posts of the Grand Army owe their existence entirely to the impulse of the veterans who maintain them, and are located almost wholly in the northern belt of States extending to, and across, the Missouri River, and on the Pacific coast. In the older communities, and more especially, perhaps, in the great cities, liberal provisions for relief have been called out by the numerous cases of destitution, while the multitude of social attractions in these localities have inclined the veterans to sociability in their gatherings, and works of charity and fraternal enjoyments now distinguish the order in the East. In the newer communities the question of relief is regulated by the urgency of the need and the means that are at command to meet it; but there fraternity has the deeper meaning, and it becomes on occasions another mystic tie, showing its power alike in public and commercial circles, and in social life. Loyalty is a factor that admits of no variableness, since every one who claims the privilege of the order, or receives any of its benefits, must have been a Union soldier, or must be known to have a dependent relation to one who wore the blue.

The G. A. R. organization is shaped after the plan of an enthusiast, Dr. B. F. Stephenson, who organized the first local society, or post, at Decatur, Illinois, in 1866. Dr. Stephenson had been a surgeon in the Western army, and having while yet in the service conceived the idea of forming an association of old comrades when the war should end, he began the agitation in 1865 by correspondence with his former camp associates. As a result of this agitation a ritual was prepared from models taken from the Masons and the Odd Fellows, and Post No. 1, Department of Illinois, was instituted. Although it was intended by the founders to make the movement a national one, the causes which led to the rapid growth of the order throughout the North were quite outside of those that were operating from the little center at Decatur, Illinois. By 1866, in several States the Union veterans had already formed associations for mutual benefit. Kansas had a "Veteran Brotherhood"; Wisconsin, several independent Soldiers' and Sailors' leagues; Massachusetts, a "Grand Union Army and Navy Veterans'" association, and a "Soldiers' and Sailors' Union"; New York, a "Soldiers' and Sailors' Union"; Pennsylvania, an association called the "Boys in Blue," and Connecticut, a "United Service Club." The avowed object of all these societies was the advancement of the true interests of the soldier; in other words, the accomplishment of a work of brother-

hood. The problem was a difficult one, especially as the meetings were held in open convention; and experience gained in other fraternities suggested to the veterans that they abandon the convention method, unite under a strong vow, and adopt a system of instruction. In the winter of 1866–67, the Grand Army of the Republic, which had started out with those features, a solemn oath, and an impressive ritual, was brought to the attention of the soldiers throughout the North, and the veteran societies then existing were rapidly changed into posts and departments of that order. The idea was very popular, and at the second annual encampment of the order, held at Philadelphia in January, 1868, there were representatives from twenty-one States. The strength of the movement lay in the West, and the delegates from Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio constituted one-half of the assembly. An Illinois veteran, General John A. Logan, was elected commander-in-chief. This encampment was successful, and decided two very important questions for the new association of veterans. It would be national and absorb all others; it would be secret and non-partisan. The exact lines on which so vast an organization would develop could not be fixed by resolutions or by-laws. Dr. Stephenson's ideas of secrecy and fraternity were sustained by a large following in the West, and the rules and the ritual that had originated with him were retained with some amendment. Some common impulse was needed, and it was found at length in the noble instinct of charity. The general regulations which were formed at that time made it binding upon each post to have a relief fund for the assistance of needy veterans and their widows and orphans.[1]

In some favored localities the relief fund was looked upon at first as a sentimental hobby that would never be called into real service; but it appears from the reports of the Department of New York for 1872, that the posts of the State had generally founded such funds, and put them to practical use. Some of the posts in large cities had paid out in relief during the year amounts averaging ten dollars for each post member, and the surplus on hand for relief in these posts averaged twenty dollars for each member. The amount reported officially for the whole country during three years past has averaged nearly $250,000 each year, and an equal sum, by a narrow estimate, is distributed in a form of private charity that is not entered upon the post records. The three annual reports referred to also show that about one-third of the beneficiaries during those years did not belong to the order. It is but just to state here, too, that so far as the members of the order are themselves concerned in receiving relief from the post funds, it is in a large measure the return of "bread cast upon the waters." The recipient has at some time, and perhaps regularly, and for a long period, contributed to the fund which succors him in his need.

The committees having in charge the work of relief act also as employment committees. In large cities, particularly in New York, Brooklyn, Boston, and Buffalo, there is a central employment bureau, and all posts within the limits coöperate with it. Relief committees generally have full power to aid all worthy applicants who are in immediate distress, and if any applicants are entitled to admission to institutions of relief the committees can at discretion place them there. The "Woman's Relief Corps" and the "Ladies of the G. A. R." have for a number of years supplemented the labors of the Grand Army in the work of immediate relief. The Relief Corps has expended an average of $70,000 a year for three years past. The "Ladies of the G. A. R." is an independent society, devoted to special work in attending suffering comrades of the Grand Army.

In some States where soldiers homes were needed, the Grand Army founded them before asking help from the State governments.

Aside from the distinct features of benevolent work, there are attractions in the G. A. R. for men who are eligible. The vow, with the exception of what it demands for fraternity and charity, is an exceedingly simple one for a United States citizen to make, and it leaves entire freedom in politics and religion and in all civic and social duties.[2]

There has been scarcely a period in the career of the Grand Army not marked by progress, and from time to time it has overcome the evils that have threatened its usefulness and stability, the chief of which has been the desire of partisans and others to use it for political or private ends. The *personnel* of the order has been changed throughout many times, and the earliest adherents would hardly recognize the methods at work to-day.

Of the features that have been instituted in advance of the original purposes of the society the most prominent, and probably the most important, is memorial work. The Memorial Day is now honored in nearly every Northern State; but the chief feature of the observance, the marching columns of veterans, will soon decline, and then the festival will lose its impressiveness. Some more enduring memorial will be required to perpetuate the story of the war. In many places the Grand Army has undertaken to build monuments and memorial halls, and the preservation of war relics and historical documents. The vast work of the Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association has been inspired and supported by veterans and posts of the order. Ohio has several memorial buildings; Indiana, a $25,000 monument; Vermont, a monument under way. Rhode Island is moving for a memorial hall, while New York is trying to secure a monument in Central Park, and also to erect a Grant Memorial. The Department of New York has secured a room in the Capitol at Albany for the preservation of documents having historical value and of relics of the battlefield and of the service.[3]

The labors of the Grand Army veterans have been

[1] The application of the fund is not restricted to members of the order, and a call is made at each post meeting on behalf of any soldier or his dependents who may need relief. The methods for sustaining the fund are left to the selection of the posts. Usually it is done by direct donations and the use of balances in the post treasury. The amount of fees payable upon initiation to a post or upon transfer from one post to another, and also of the annual dues for membership, is determined by each society, and in addition to these revenues, which are regular, the relief fund may be increased by a general assessment.

[2] It is a fact also not generally known, that any member, or post, or department, is free to criticize and to oppose the action of any committee, local, State, or national.

[3] The efforts in this direction of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, a veteran society composed of ex-officers of the Union army, may be appropriately mentioned here. The District Commanderies of Washington, Boston, and Philadelphia, and the Grand Commandery of Ohio, are doing much to perpetuate the glory of American soldiers, and eventually to elucidate historical points. The Ohio Commandery published recently a valuable collection of papers read before the society under the title of "Sketches of War History."

so important in results that the question often arises whether the work shall rest where they leave it, or whether it shall be handed down to a younger generation with like impulses of charity and patriotism. The "Sons of Veterans," an independent military order now numbering about eighty thousand cadets, are preparing to receive the mantle whenever their elders shall summon them as worthy to bear it.

George L. Kilmer.

Martial Epitaphs.

A STROLL through any of our national cemeteries will suggest the idea that the War Department has official knowledge of but one elegiac poem. Quotations from this one poem are repeated over and over, at the gateways and on painted boards at the turns of the avenues among the graves. In Antietam cemetery one might pick up and put together almost the entire production from these inscriptions. Some stanzas are striking in imagery, as well as perfect in technique, especially the quatrain oftenest quoted:

> On Fame's eternal camping-ground
> Their silent tents are spread,
> But Glory guards, with solemn round,
> The bivouac of the dead.

But the poem — at least for the purpose to which it has been so ostentatiously put — has a radical and fatal fault. It lacks all moral character. Its sole argument is, These men were killed in battle, therefore they are to be glorified, no matter whether they were making righteous or unrighteous war. The elegy would be quite as appropriate for Tecumseh's mercenary braves at the Thames, or the Sepoys that were blown to shreds at Lucknow, or the Zulus that fell at Rorke's Drift, or the Tae-pings at Canton, or the Mahdi's dead in the Soudan. You may chant the same dirge for the Dyaks and the Maoris that fell in their murderous forays.

If this were the best we could say for the men that saved the Union, however musical the lines in which we express it, I, as an American citizen, should be heartily ashamed of American letters; though we hardly had a right to expect more from this poem, since it was written to commemorate volunteer soldiers who had lost their lives in an unholy war, that with Mexico — known to be so at the time, and since pronounced so by the most illustrious man that took part in it (see Grant's "Memoirs," Vol. I., p. 53). Let me broaden the proposition. If the cause of the Confederacy was just, or if its advocates thought it was just, this poem, it seems to me, is not worthy of being quoted over the graves of those who fell in the vain attempt to establish it.

Had the Quartermaster-General taken the trouble to inquire of some one conversant with American poetry, he might have learned that there is no lack of appropriate verses having both poetic merit and moral character, with which he could at least have given some variety to the literature of our national cemeteries. Here is an instance:

> They marched and never halted,
> They scaled the parapet,
> The triple lines assaulted,
> And paid without regret
> The final debt.
>
> The debt of slow accruing
> A guilty nation made,
> The debt of evil doing,
> Of justice long delayed,
> 'T was this they paid.
>
> On fields where Strife held riot,
> And Slaughter fed his hounds,
> Where came no sense of quiet,
> Nor any gentle sounds,
> They made their rounds.
>
> They wrought without repining,
> Till, weary watches o'er,
> They passed the bounds confining
> Our green familiar shore,
> Forevermore.

The poem from which these stanzas are taken was written by Theodore P. Cook, a journalist of Utica, who served in the 14th New York Artillery during the civil war. Here are eight lines from a poem written on the eve of the battle of Fredericksburg by Michael O'Connor, a sergeant in the 140th New York Infantry, who died in the service:

> May all our boys who fall be found
> Where men lie thickest at the front,
> Where brave hearts bore the battle's brunt,
> Contesting every inch of ground;
> Though well we know dead men to be
> But broken tools that Freedom flings
> Aside, alas! as useless things,
> In carving out her destiny.

From Henry Howard Brownell, one of the few famous poets that have actually participated in the battles they have described, might be chosen several appropriate passages — unless, indeed, his poetry is too vigorously loyal for the temper of the time. He was an ensign on the flagship *Hartford* when she led the fight in Mobile Bay. Dr. Holmes called him "our battle laureate," and wrote an article for "The Atlantic Monthly" to prove that he deserved the title. These stanzas are from the close of Brownell's "Bay Fight":

> O Mother Land, this weary life
> We led, we lead, is 'long of thee;
> Thine the strong agony of strife,
> And thine the lonely sea.
>
> Ah, ever, when with storm sublime
> Dread Nature clears our murky air,
> Thus in the crash of falling crime
> Some lesser guilt must share.
>
> To-day the Dahlgren and the drum
> Are dread apostles of his name;
> His kingdom here can only come
> By chrism of blood and flame.
>
> But never fear a victor foe —
> Thy children's hearts are strong and high;
> Nor mourn too fondly — well they know
> On deck or field to die.
>
> Nor shalt thou want one willing breath,
> Though, ever smiling 'round the brave,
> The blue sea bear us on to death,
> The green were one wide grave.

For a briefer inscription, four lines from a poem by Rossiter W. Raymond, who served as a staff-officer, would be appropriate:

> Whether we fight or whether we fall
> By saber-stroke or rifle-ball,
> The hearts of the free will remember us yet,
> And our country, our country will never forget!

Benjamin F. Taylor, the poet and essayist, had a son in one of the Western armies, and himself followed that army as a press correspondent. These lines, from his "Cavalry Charge," are picturesque, sympathetic, and significant:

There are ragged gaps in the walls of blue,
Where the iron surge rolled heavily through,
That the Colonel builds with a word again
As he cleaves the din with his "Close up, men!"
And the groan torn out from the blackened lips,
And the prayer doled slow with the crimson drips,
And the beaming look in the dying eye
As under the cloud the stars go by.
But his soul marched on, the Captain said,
For the Boy in Blue can never be dead.

Richard Realf served for three years in the 88th Illinois Infantry, and some of his lyrics were written in the field, where he won promotion by his skill and gallantry. He was a friend of Lytle, the soldier and poet, when the general fell at Chickamauga. Here are two striking stanzas from Realf:

I think the soul of Cromwell kissed
The soul of Baker, when,
With red sword in his bloody fist,
He died among his men.
I think, too, that when Winthrop fell,
His face toward the foe,
John Hampden shouted "All is well!"
Above that overthrow.

And Lyon, making green and fair
The places where he trod,
And Ellsworth, sinking on the stair
Whereby he passed to God,
And those whose names are only writ
In hearts, instead of scrolls,
Still show the dark of earth uplit
With shining human souls.

Edmund Clarence Stedman, who was with the Army of the Potomac, wrote perhaps a dozen martial poems. From his "Gettysburg" might be quoted:

The bells that peal our triumph forth anon shall toll the brave,
Above whose heads the cross must stand, the hillside grasses wave.
Alas! alas! the trampled grass shall thrive another year,
The blossoms on the apple-boughs with each new spring appear;
But, when our patriot soldiers fall, Earth gives them up to God;
Though their souls rise in clearer skies, their forms are as the sod;
Only their names and deeds are ours—but, for a century yet,
The dead who fell at Gettysburg the land shall not forget.

These lines are from George H. Boker's "Black Regiment," and would be eminently appropriate in a cemetery where the dusky heroes of Olustee and Fort Wagner are represented:

"Freedom!" their battle-cry—
"Freedom! or leave to die!"
Ah! and they meant the word,
Not as with us 't is heard,
Not a mere party shout.
They gave their spirits out,
Trusted the end to God,
And on the gory sod
Rolled in triumphant blood.

During the last year of the war Edna Dean Proctor contributed to the publication of a sanitary fair a noble poem from which I take these stanzas:

Mother Earth, are the heroes dead?
Do they thrill the soul of the years no more?
Are the gleaming snows and the poppies red
All that is left of the brave of yore?
Are there none to fight as Theseus fought
Far in the young world's misty dawn?
Or to teach as the grey-haired Nestor taught?
Mother Earth, are the heroes gone?

Gone? In a grander form they rise!
Dead? We may clasp their hands in ours,
And catch the light of their clearer eyes,
And wreathe their brows with immortal flowers.
Wherever a noble deed is done,
'T is the pulse of a hero's heart is stirred;
Wherever the Right has a triumph won,
There are the heroes' voices heard.

A little "Dirge for a Soldier," by the Rev. Samuel P. Merrill, which has been much admired, contains these lines:

The heart so leal and the hand of steel
Are palsied aye for strife,
But the noble deed and the patriot's meed
Are left of the hero's life.
The bugle call and the battle ball
Again shall rouse him never;
He fought and fell, he served us well;
His furlough lasts forever.

John G. Whittier was in his fifty-fourth year when the civil war began, and could not have taken part in it even had he not been a Quaker. But as he had been mobbed for promulgating antislavery doctrines, on one occasion barely escaping with his life, he may fairly be said to have been under fire in the preliminary skirmishes. He wrote some of the finest poems that were inspired by the war, and this passage from one of them might properly find a place among our public epitaphs:

The future's gain
Is certain as God's truth; but meanwhile pain
Is bitter, and tears are salt: our voices take
A sober tone; our very household songs
Are heavy with a nation's griefs and wrongs;
And innocent mirth is chastened for the sake
Of the brave hearts that nevermore shall beat,
The eyes that smile no more, the unreturning feet.

James Russell Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" necessarily comes to mind in this connection. It has several passages that would grandly decorate our national cemeteries, perhaps none better than this:

Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best oil
Amid the dust of books to find her,
Content at last, for guerdon of their toil,
With the cast mantle she hath left behind her.
Many in sad faith sought for her,
Many with crossed hands sighed for her;
But these our brothers fought for her,
At life's dear peril wrought for her,
So loved her that they died for her,
Tasting the raptured fleetness
Of her divine completeness:
Their higher instinct knew
Those love her best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of dare to do.

As I rehearse one after another of these living lyrics, the land seems as full of poetry to-day as it was full of carnage a quarter of a century ago. If the War Department wants poetry, it need not make a requisition beyond its own rolls. The very men that won the great battle have themselves furnished the best elegies for the sacred dust of their fallen comrades.

Rossiter Johnson.

Public Relief.

THE BUFFALO "GUARD OF HONOR."

THE proper administration of public and private charity concerns not only the Church, but the philanthropic men and women of our larger cities. In the history of Christianity there never has been so much done for the amelioration of suffering as now, and the weak, the sick, and the indigent are cared for in the best ways that experience and good judgment can suggest. With every possible care, however, there is a class which by misrepresentation draws a subsistence from charitable people and receives its entire support through the agency of clever untruth. There is rarely a day passes that the impositions of women who belong to this class are not made plain to some clergyman or lay-worker among the poor, and many an avenue of charity is closed after some such experience. With the most earnest effort it is impossible to control this condition of things, and relief societies gratefully receive any suggestions which may assist in overcoming the evil. The institution of charity organizations has controlled public begging in a large degree, but the impostor still finds means to feed upon the community. The statistics furnished by almshouses, prisons, and penitentiaries show also that a large number of men throughout the country have no visible means of support, and from either drink or dissipation become dangerous paupers. These various classes are grouped under one head and called "tramps," which is a synonym for lazy, degraded, though often clever, men. The peculiarities of these men are that they have lost all moral sense, and evince a keenness of mind in carrying out their plans which would, if directed in another channel, provide them with a competent livelihood. It is to the condition and circumstances of these "tramps" that the Church and charitable institutions need to direct their best attention. They become the accessories of men who would destroy the law and order of every country, and especially of our own. How to reach these men, how to inspire in them a shame of their calling and direct them into a better life, is a serious problem. If, therefore, any experience justifies the belief that a reform can be instituted, let it be incorporated in the practical workings of every charitable effort.

There exists in the city of Buffalo an institution known as the "Guard of Honor Christian Institute," composed entirely of workingmen. This organization owns a building the use of which is to provide accommodation for those who need lodging at night other than that offered by the station-house. Applicants for this charity are received between the hours of seven and ten o'clock in the evening, but they are not required to show any card of recommendation or to pay any money. They are taken into the building at the discretion of the superintendent, who is himself a workingman and occupied during the day. Each applicant is obliged to take a bath, and before retiring to take off his clothes and put on a night-shirt. When these men are in bed the superintendent visits every room and sees that this rule is strictly enforced. At six o'clock in the morning these "lodgers" are called and assembled in the sitting-room of the institution. They are then each furnished with a card which reads as follows:

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

GUARD OF HONOR CHRISTIAN INSTITUTE.

THE bearer, M— ——, has applied to the Guard of Honor for work. He says he understands —— and has had experience. Should you employ him, please use the inclosed postal to inform us of the fact, so that the society can keep a record of his faithfulness or unfaithfulness. Should you *not* be able to employ him, please sign the name of the firm on the *blue* card as a guarantee that he is making serious effort to procure work. The society knows nothing of the character or capabilities of the bearer, except that he appears quiet and sober, and seems anxious to secure employment.

(Signed,) ——,
Committee.

In addition, the men are given a second card, bearing this printed certificate at the top:

This is to certify that the bearer has applied to us for employment.

Equipped with these the men are turned out of the building, and the institution is closed until seven o'clock in the evening. Many of the men who go out in the morning return at night and deliver up to the superintendent the cards given them. He examines what is known as the "blue card," to see how many names are signed upon it as a guarantee of the faithful efforts of the man to find work. If these cards do not contain a sufficient number of signatures, the man is told that unless he makes better effort on the coming day he will not be received into the institution at night. At nine o'clock in the evening a service of prayer is held, conducted by a workingman, a member of the organization, and each member shares in this duty. It is during this hour that probably the strongest influence for good is exercised upon these wayfarers. They are appealed to by men who understand precisely their present conditions, and who from experience comprehend the various causes which have led to their present condition. The cynic believes that all spark of honor dies within the breast of a man when he accepts charity and allows himself, through weakness of one kind or another, to become a pauper. This is a mistake. An appeal from a wealthy, prosperous man to a vagabond has very little effect, but the direct questions of one laborer to another are usually answered truthfully. Herein lies an enormous power, and the writer, after many years of experience, has seen its wonderful effects. A gratifying percentage of those who come under the influence of this body of workingmen are inspired to change their entire course of life and become self-supporting citizens. The plan has been in operation long enough to have it thoroughly tested, and it can be recommended upon a basis that has brought forth the best result.

Before closing, the writer wishes strongly to deprecate the custom of providing a comfortable "loungingplace" for men who will not work unless they are compelled to by hunger or cold. If a laboring man can work eight hours a day, the man who is in need of employment and really desires it should spend the same number of hours in looking for work. This he will not do when charitable institutions and Christian associations keep open house. The fear so often expressed, that if these places are not open the man will seek the congenial society of the saloon, is not well founded. The saloon-keepers will not have men hanging about their places of business who have no money to spend,

and these vagrants perfectly understand this. They are, therefore, absolutely compelled to seek work, and every effort made in this direction assists them to throw off the lethargy of laziness. There should not be one so-called "loafing-place" in our cities, and especially should the Church and Christian institutions understand that the severe rule which compels a man to discipline himself is the wisest in the end. The Guard of Honor has often been censured for turning the men out in the morning at seven o'clock, whatever the weather. Being an association of workingmen, it is the intention to make these "lodgers" live by the same rules which control the members, and the plan works satisfactorily. The society provides no food except broken crackers, which prevent the lodger from going to bed hungry. The contemplation of a meal which consists of cold water and crackers is not sufficient inducement to a man to neglect to work, but it does prevent the hopelessness that accompanies hunger. A man coming drunk to the building is usually taken in for one night, but he is told in the morning that if he presents himself again in the same condition he will be refused entrance. The knowledge that he will have a clean bed, free of charge, if he refrains from drink, acts as a great restraint, and in many instances it has proved a means of overcoming the habit. Upon Sunday the building is open all day, for a man cannot seek employment then, and at evening a meal, consisting of coffee, bread and butter, and cold beans, is served free of charge — proving to the inmate that in enforcing strict rules the principles of Christianity are not forgotten.

Charlotte Mulligan.

The First Female College.

In the October CENTURY, under the caption, "A New College for Women," occur these lines: "There have been three distinctly marked stages in the higher education of women in America: co-education pure and simple, first tested at Oberlin, in 1833; then separate colleges for women, in which line Vassar, in 1865, made the first departure,"[1] etc.

The charter for Oberlin was, according to a letter from the clerk of the Oberlin Faculty, dated March 13, 1889, issued in 1834: according to the same authority, the first diploma to a woman graduated there was dated 1838; but I have been unable to obtain anywhere the name of any woman who graduated at Oberlin in 1838, or even in 1839. If no error has been made in this matter,— and I do not intimate that there has,— the holder of the Oberlin diploma is entitled to the honor of the first diploma ever issued to a woman, and her name should be recovered and preserved to complete the record of one of the most interesting facts in the progress of civilization.

But the history of the first female college is less obscured, and is easy of access. After an agitation of the higher-education-for-women idea, extending through fifteen years, the Georgia legislature in 1836 chartered the Georgia Female College, and it was built at Macon at a first cost of $80,000.

[1] The Wesleyan Female College of Ohio, incorporated in 1846, the Mary Sharp College, of Winchester, Tenn., founded in 1848, and Elmira College, Elmira, New York, which graduated its first class in 1859, all long antedate Vassar.

The State charter conferred full collegiate powers upon the institution. The first faculty was made up of eleven professors and teachers, and while the course does not compare with that of the same institution of this day, it was equal to that afforded by most contemporary colleges for men. Nor is the standard of the educational course then of moment now. The point of deepest interest is the enlightened thought that, finding public expression through legislative action and individual subscription, placed woman upon equal footing with man. This privilege was at once taken advantage of. Upon the opening of the college, January 9, 1839, ninety young ladies came forward and were enrolled. Eleven of these had been advanced in seminaries to a point that permitted of their entry with the senior class, and in the latter part of the same year they graduated. Their names were Misses C. E. Brewer, Sarah V. Clopton, Elizabeth Flournoy, Ann E. Hardeman, Martha F. Heard, Julia M. Heard, Sarah M. Holt, Matilda J. Moore, Harriet M. Ross, Mary L. Ross, and Margaret A. Speer. These are family names honorably connected with social and public life in Georgia for upward of a century.

When this class of eleven girls was drawn up in line to receive their diplomas, the advantage of alphabetical position brought Miss Brewer the first. Into her hands, therefore, went, it is confidently believed, the first diploma issued by a college exclusively for women — the first fruits of that growth which to-day is productive of so much for the womanhood of the world. This lady, with several of her class, is still living. In the summer of 1887 a semi-centennial celebration was held in the chapel of the college, and there were gathered much of the wealth, beauty, intellect, and culture of the South. Upon this occasion the "Miss Brewer" of nearly fifty years previous, now a gray-haired matron, Mrs. C. E. Benson of Macon, advanced in front of the trustees, bearing in her hand the very document she had received from their predecessors. With a graceful little speech, she returned to them the diploma for preservation among the sacred relics of the college, and to-day it hangs upon the walls, an object of deep interest to all visitors.

Not as pertaining necessarily to the topic, but yet of value and interest, I beg to add a few lines to this sketch. The Georgia Female College, coming into control of the Methodists, became, without interruption to its course or existence, the Wesleyan Female College. Indeed, the doors of the institution have never been closed but thrice in its history — two weeks during the passing of Sherman, two days during the occupation of Macon by General Wilson, and six weeks because of small-pox in 1873.

Through the generosity of George I. Seney, the noted Brooklyn philanthropist, the Wesleyan College was remodeled a few years since at a cost of $105,000.

During the existence of the college it has sent forth 1990 graduates — girls who have gone into the life of the South. The majority of these girls, naturally, belonged to Georgia, and to their gentle and intelligent ministry is due perhaps, more than to any other cause, the proud title so justly won by Georgia — "The Empire State of the South."

Harry Stillwell Edwards.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

The Evolution of a Dialect Poem.

(Original Form.)

SERENADE.

THE stars and I are awake
In the hush of the noon of night;
Its enchantment I would not break,
Be thy slumber never so light.
Let yon Southern moon delay
Till one rosy setting ray
Kiss thine eyelids and tell thee I bid thee
Adieu, adieu.

When a wingéd perfume was blown
From yon bloom-white acacia tree
I followed its guidance alone,
For I knew it would lead me to thee.
Let the breath of those blossoms steal
O'er thy senses, and subtly reveal
What I whisper, yet not for thy hearing —
Adieu, adieu.

The song of the mocking-bird
Comes back from the echoing height;
Its music is felt, not heard —
'T is a part of this passionate night.
In thy dreams let it murmur and thrill,
And thy heart with its tenderness fill,
For it tells thee I love thee, yet bid thee
Adieu, adieu.

(Revised and Fashionable Form.)

WHEN DE HONEYSHUCK 'S[1] IN BLOOM.

(VIRGINIA PLANTATION SONG.)

WHEN de honeyshuck 's in bloom,
An' de 'possum an' de coon
Go a-sportin' by de moonlight in de gum tree an' de co'n,
Den I take my banjo down
An' go wanderin' aroun'
To my Sally in de valley, oh! de sweetes' gal dat 's bo'n.
Gwuffum hyah,[2] strangah,
Pass dat cabin doh!
Or yo' heart 'll come to harm
By de yellah moon's charm,
An' yo' nebber will return no mo'.

Oh, de sunflowah's head
Am a-droopin' like he 's dead
When de shadows oberstruct him an' he cyarnt see de sun.
An' so all de day long
I 'se without a smile or song,
Till I rally for my Sally when de wukin' time 's done.
Gwuffum hyah, strangah,
Pass dat cabin doh!
Dar 's a power o' danger lies
In a pair o' rollin' eyes,
An' yo' nebber will return no mo'.

De catbird an' me,
An' de honeyshuck tree,
Wait a-watchin' an' a-singin' till de moon done hide.
De catbird may fly,
An' de honeyshuck may die,
But with Sally in de valley I 'll be libin' side by side.
Gwuffum hyah, strangah,
Pass dat cabin doh!
For love holds fas'
F'om de fust to de las',
An' yo' nebber will return no mo'.

Henry Tyrrell.

[1] Sweet locust.

[2] "Go away from here."

On Joe Jefferson, telling his Story.

OLD friend, we wondered at your matchless art
When on the stage you pleased and thrilled and taught us,
But wonder now no more. Your tale has brought us
To better knowledge of your greatest "part."

Acres we knew, and *Rip*,— or thought we knew,—
And loved them better as acquaintance lengthened.
The Man himself the Actor's charm has strengthened;
The best of all, Joe Jefferson, is — *you*.

John L. Heaton.

My Blotter and I.

THIS poor old blotter, ink-dried and torn,
A world of worry with me has borne.
What laughter has soaked it through and through,
When my pen has joked, as pens will do;
What heights have I climbed in fancy pure;
What had my heroines to endure
Of woe, when trials we piled so high,
Pitilessly, my blotter and I.

Catching the ink from the driest screeds
That ever supplied a mortal's needs —
Money for this and money for that,
The children's shoes or my Easter hat;
While I prosed in a practical way,
Or caroled of life in verses gay,
It drank my joy as it did my sigh —
Both undismayed, my blotter and I.

O friend of this sweet and passing year,
Something beside the dark stains are here!
I can on this grimy, mottled face
The record of many battles trace.
Penned from the pang of a scorching pain,
The sheet here blotted brought speedy gain;
There pressed the story that none would buy —
We loved it best, my blotter and I!

This I wrote on some general, dead,
That was the answer I sent to Ned;
Upside down, and the other side too,
Are words forgotten, though doubtless true:
And worse, a "Darling"; and yes, "Kate *dear!*"
To names lost sight of in one short year.
There fell the tears from "a woman's cry"—
We were alone, my blotter and I.

Into the basket,— it must be so! —
My gentle and patient friend, you go;
How can another, both strange and new,
Speak with my words, as you seem to do?
How can I turn to its dull, white face
With thoughts of my soul's most secret place?
Dirty, but dear you are. Well, good-by!
Once *we* were strange — my blotter and I.

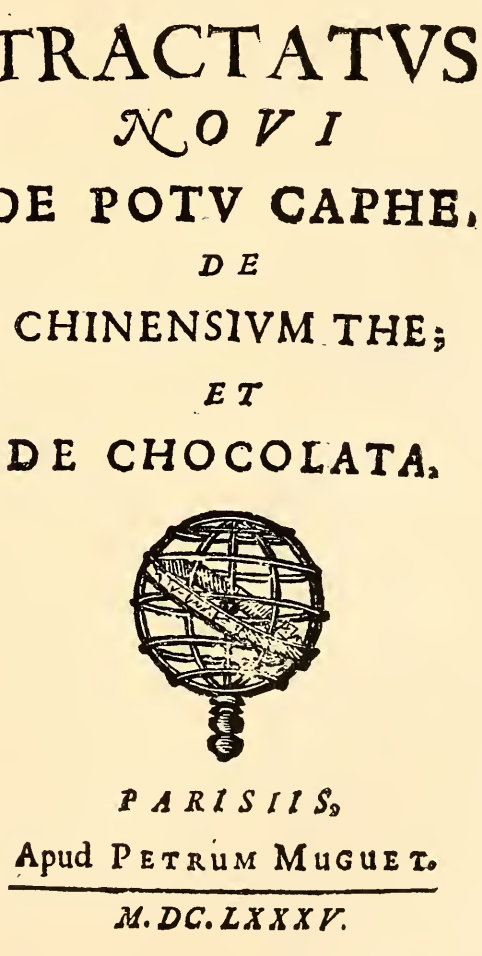
Cora Stuart Wheeler.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

THE CHOCOLATE-PLANT AND SOME OF ITS PRODUCTS.

OF the beverages which we infuse, two are derived from plants native to America. One of these, namely, Maté, or Paraguayan Tea, is very local in its distribution and employment, and probably will always remain so. The other, the Chocolate-plant, has become more and more widely distributed in cultivation and use, and commands year by year a more extensive application.

After its introduction into Europe from America, it was used at first only as a luxury, but it has steadily advanced in popular esteem, until it is now recognized as one of the necessaries of life. Moreover, it is now widely cultivated in countries far from its original home.


TRACTATVS
NOVI
DE POTV CAPHE,
DE
CHINENSIVM THE;
ET
DE CHOCOLATA,

PARISIIS,
Apud PETRUM MUGUET.
M. DC. LXXXV.

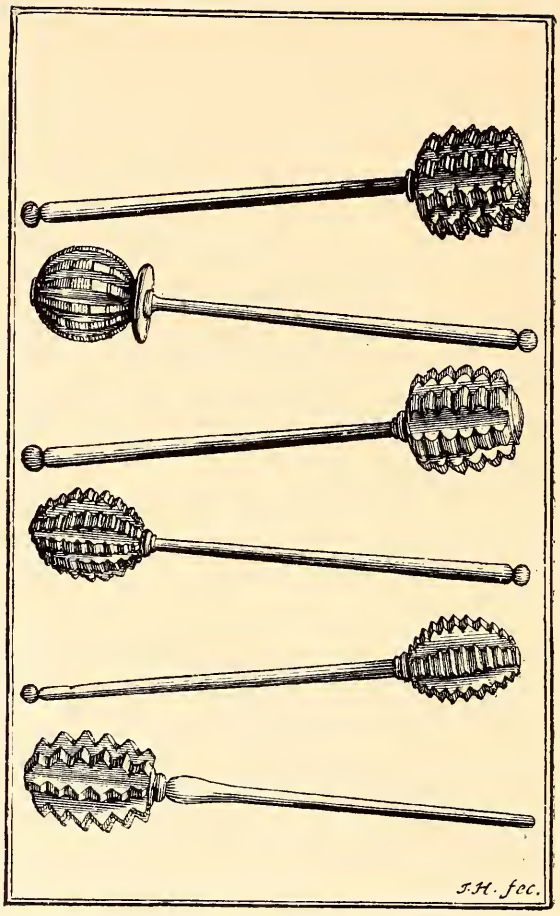
It would be interesting to speculate as to the accidents which led to the original use of such beverages as Coffee, Tea, and Chocolate. The earliest employment of the two former is veiled in as deep a mystery as that which surrounds the Chocolate-plant. All were used at the outset by what we have been accustomed to call the uncultivated races of mankind, but we cannot surmise what first attracted their attention to these plants. One can only say that by the natives of lands where the plants grow naturally, they have all been used from time immemorial, and that all three are welcome gifts from a rude state of civilization to the highest which exists to-day. By the savages and the Aztecs of America, by the roving tribes of Arabia, and by the dwellers in the farther East, the virtues of these three plants were recognized long before any one of them was introduced into Europe. Chocolate was the first of these to attract the attention of Europeans. This beverage rapidly made its way throughout Europe, beginning from Spain and Portugal, whither its discoverers had brought it. The other beverages, Tea and Coffee, soon followed, and after a short time became associated together in popular regard.

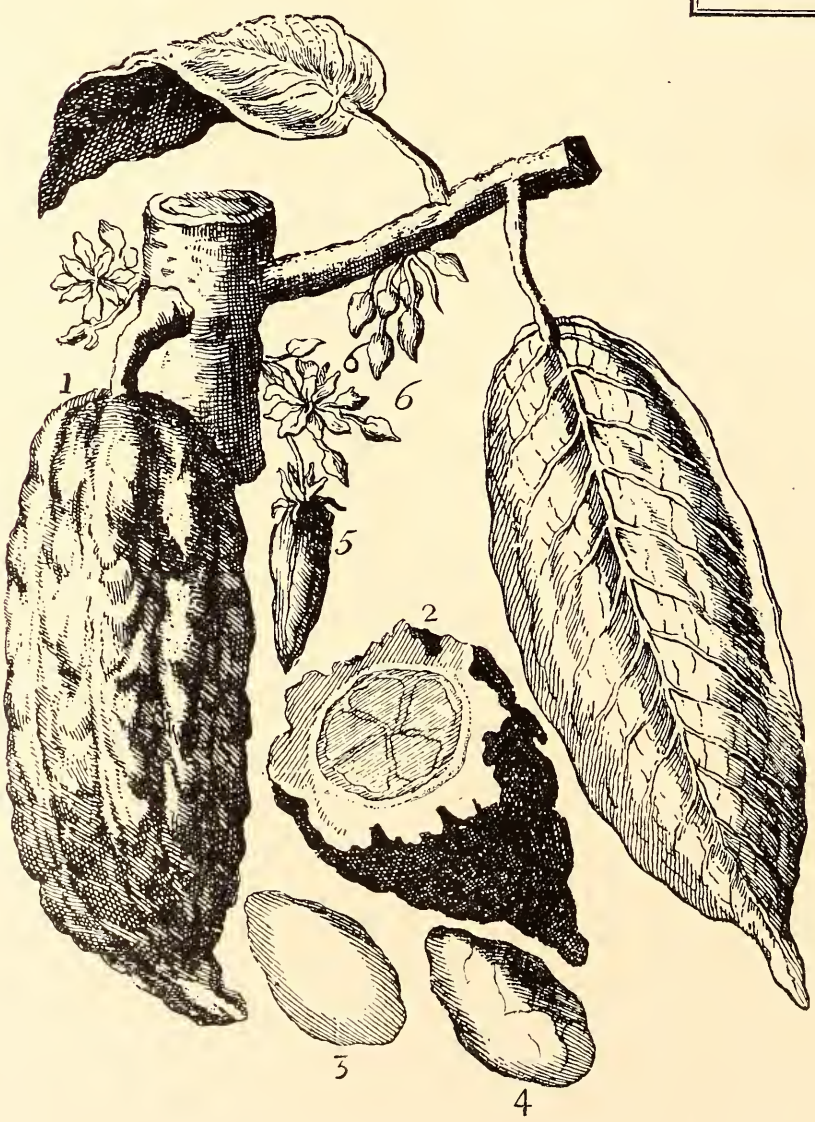
In a duodecimo work, published in 1685, and now very rare, the beverages derived from these three plants are described in a clear and forcible manner. The reproduction of the title-page and frontispiece of this book, given above, shows how intimate the association of these beverages was regarded even two centuries ago. It is interesting to observe the distinction made by the artist in the receptacles and cups for holding these three different drinks. Perhaps the only article shown in the engraving which does not ex-

plain itself, is the mallet-like stirrer on the floor, near the chocolate-vase. This stirrer, of which several forms are shown in the copy from an old engraving, was employed to beat the chocolate, mixed with water and certain spices, into a froth or foam. It has been thought by some authorities that the name Chocolate has reference in part to the noise made by these stirrers as they are rapidly whirled in beating up the foam.

Starting from this point, it may be instructive to trace some of the changes which have taken place in the preparation of Chocolate since the publication of the earliest records of its use.

The seeds of the Chocolate-plant are borne in pods, well represented in the accompanying illustration taken from one of the early works on the subject. No. 1 exhibits the ripened pod, 5 and 6 the fruits in different stages of growth. No. 2 shows the pod cut open, and displays some of the seeds, while 3 and 4 are the seeds themselves, the former in its natural state, the latter with the seed-coats removed. One of the striking peculiarities of the mode of growth is well shown in the old engraving, namely: the development of the flowers and fruit on the old branches and even on the trunk itself.





In the preparation of the seeds for market, there has been apparently very little change since the earliest times. The seeds are first of all allowed to ferment, and by this process they lose the slight bitterness which they possess when fresh. After fermentation, they are carefully dried, in which condition they bear transportation very well.

The first stage of manufacture to-day does not differ in its essential principles from that which was earliest employed: the seeds, or as they are technically known the "beans," are roasted, by which process the shell of the seed becomes easily detachable from the kernel, the part used. The roasted kernels are next ground.

In the early process employed by the Mexicans and other inhabitants of warmer America, the same flat stones on which their maize was ground were used for the grinding of the roasted seeds of Chocolate. The curious engraving of one of these simple mills, taken from the same work which contained the pictures of the stirrers, will show the method of use. It represents

doubtless one of the early forms of the aboriginal mills as slightly modified for use in Spain and Portugal.

The machines which have replaced these simplest possible mills are now exceedingly complex.

One of the most complicated and successful of these is shown in the large engraving on the next page.

Chocolate consists of the roasted, shelled, and ground seeds. Sweet Chocolate and Vanilla Chocolate are the same as this, with the addition of sugar and flavoring substances.

What is called Cocoa consists of the roasted and ground seeds, from which a certain portion of the oil has been removed.

It may be of some interest to know that there is not to-day a dissentient voice relative to the use of a properly prepared chocolate. Experiments have shown beyond controversy that if the seeds are rightly treated from the first period of their ripening up to the last stage of their manufacture, no objection can be urged against the beverages produced therefrom. But it is of the highest importance that these seeds should be grown and selected with the greatest care, and should, after their safe landing in the factory, receive the most delicate and skillful treatment. Differences in these respects make all the difference in the world between trustworthy and untrustworthy products.

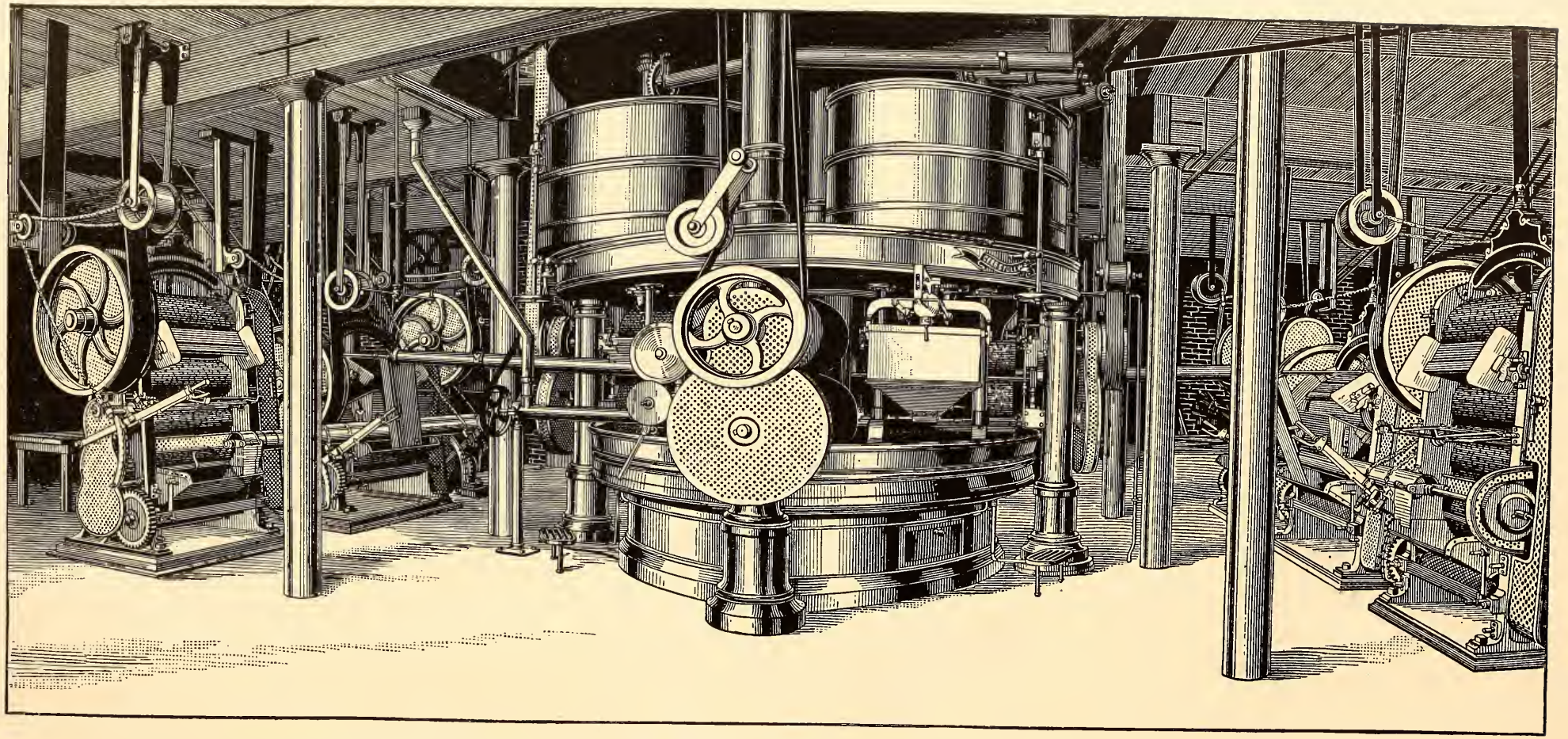
To show how much care can be well laid out in a single important industry like this, it may be worth while to trace the course of the product from the tropics to the breakfast-table, in the case of the oldest firm in America engaged in the manufacture.

It is of no slight importance to Americans, and it is certainly a source of great pride to them, that a firm, established in 1780, in the native land of the Chocolate-plant, should still maintain its supremacy as regards the excellence of its numerous products.

In the instance of their Chocolate, the prepared seeds, selected with scrupulous care as to quality, are roasted, cracked, freed from their shells, and ground by apparatus of the most elaborate construction. The oldest product of the firm is known as Baker's No. 1, the purest plain Chocolate which art can possibly make. It is generally known that certain substitutes for the flavor of vanilla are widely employed, on account of cheapness, in the manufacture of Chocolate; but the firm of Walter Baker & Co. has held aloof from all of these, and confines itself to-day, as it did in 1780, to the pure flavor of the choicest vanilla beans. It is rightly held that for a product which has so long been recognized as being without a rival, the best of everything should be used. Owing to the care exercised in keeping to the old land-marks, Baker's No. 1 Chocolate has to-day the same incomparable keeping qualities and exquisite flavor which it had a century ago.

Chocolate-seeds contain a certain percentage of a pure oil, free from rancidity, and grateful as an article of food. But there are many persons who find that the normal Chocolates possess too large a quantity of this oil, and to meet their preference there have been prepared the articles variously known as Cacao, or Cocoa. These, when well made, consist of the finest seeds properly roasted, ground, and freed from a definite proportion of the oil. The pressed cake is ground again, sifted, and is then ready for use. In what is known as the Dutch Process for preparing Cocoa, the seeds are acted upon by some alkali or alkaline salt.

Walter Baker & Co. have taken a decided stand against the employment of the alkalies, potash, soda, or ammonia, believing that the ingenious mechanical process peculiar to their Cocoa is far superior to any violent chemical process. By their method of manufacture, the tissues of the Cocoa are as perfectly unlocked, and as ready for infusion, as any of the dark and perfumed Cocoas thrust upon the market. In Walter Baker & Co.'s Cocoa the purchaser is sure of finding the good qualities of the purest cocoa uninjured by any chemical torturing. By their process is made a fine, pure Cocoa, which, on the addition of boiling water, is fragrant of Cocoa and not of foreign flavors of any kind. It is not excelled in solubility, and it is not approached in purity by any product in the market. It represents the highest point of perfection which modern science has yet reached in the preparation of a soluble Cocoa, and has the great advantage over all others of being made of the best blends of choicest seeds. The marvelous growth of this industry indicates that our people appreciate a pure and perfect product.



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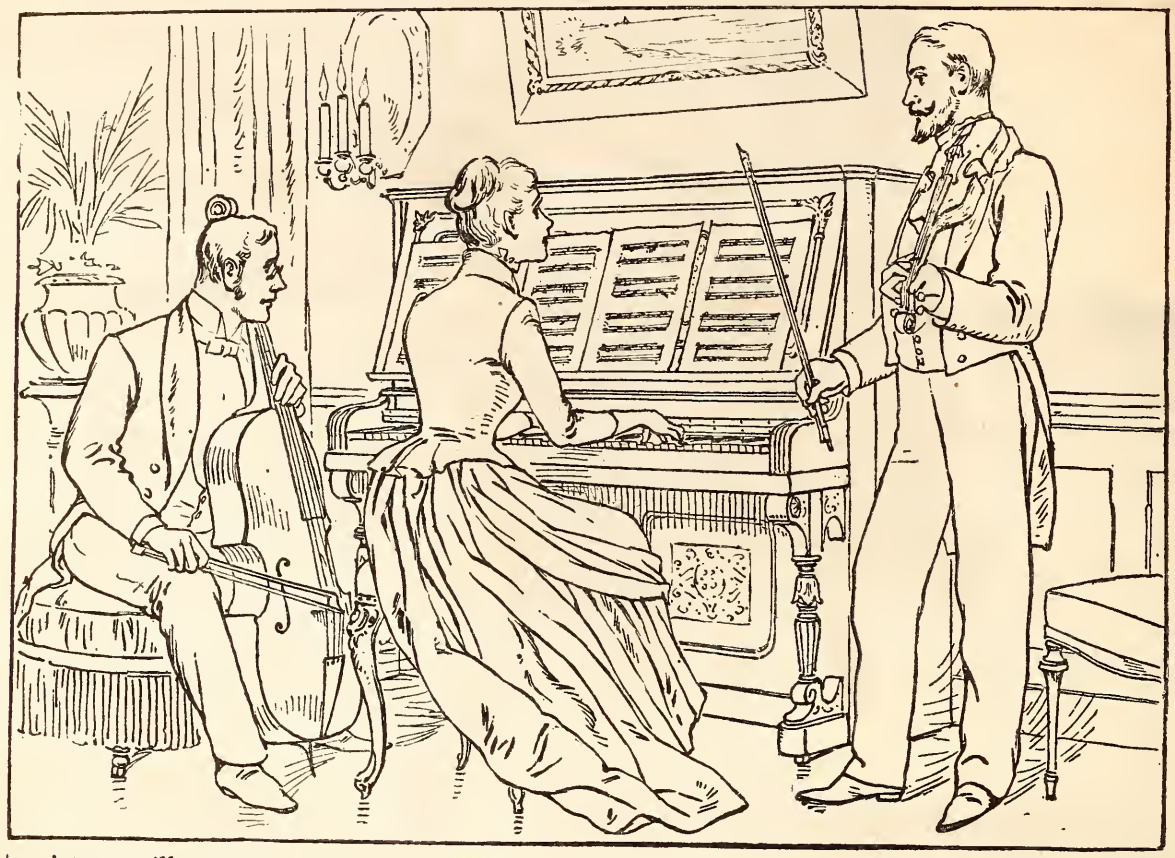
CAPACITY: TEN THOUSAND POUNDS OF CHOCOLATE DAILY.

Good morning! Have you used Pears' Soap?



This picture will suggest the many advantages of our Patent Desk and Fall. When the key-board is uncovered the whole front frame swings forward automatically and forms the ideal music-desk.

Our Patent Soft Stop reduces the noise of practicing, so it is not heard in the next room, and without changing the feeling of the action. Also saves wear and preserves the tone for playing.

WE OFFER TO SHIP ON APPROVAL, piano to be returned, railway freights both ways at our expense, if unsatisfactory on examination and trial in your home.

DISTANCE MAKES NO DIFFERENCE—1 mile or 2000 miles are alike to us. We know our goods. The risk is ours. We take old instruments in exchange, and make terms of payment suit each customer's reasonable convenience.

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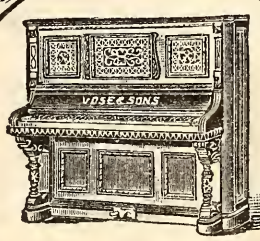

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25000 SOLD AND IN USE.

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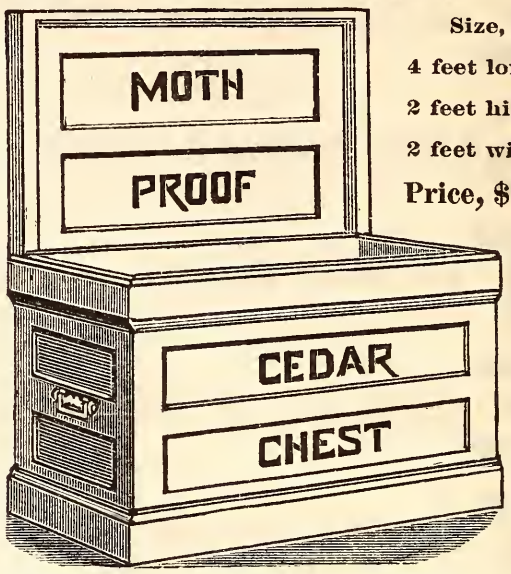

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4 feet long,
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Price, $13.

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1. Necessity. Winter is over. Moths are in the air. Your clothing is not safe a moment. One moth will cost you more than one chest.

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3. Price. Our price was formerly $16.00. Our price now is $13.00. Smaller chests elsewhere cost $17.00 to $21.00.

4. Value. The finest, largest and most aromatic Cedar Chest made. Strong as iron. 16 cubic feet storage. Paneled sides and top. Extra stout casters. Iron handles. Dust proof.

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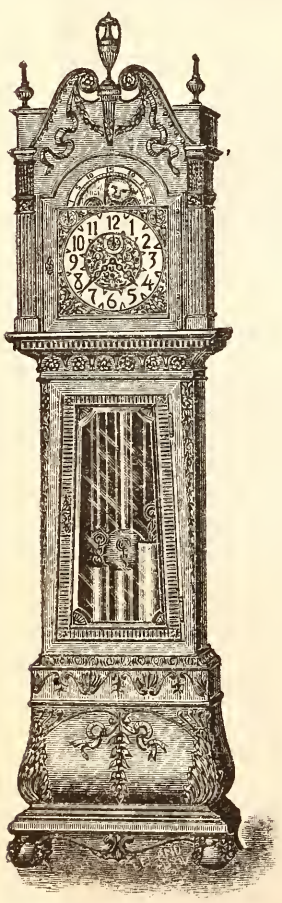
Largest furniture establishment in the world.



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In buying a hall clock, as much care should be taken in selecting a case that is well made, and making sure that the cabinet-work is first-class, as you would take in securing a movement of the best quality.

Never buy an imported case. It will not stand the variations of our climate.

If you want a clock that you can take pleasure in for a lifetime, and then bequeath to your children, buy one of our Tubular Chime Clocks; they are good for a hundred years or more.

These Tubular Chiming Clocks are fully protected by Letters Patent, and persons purchasing should see that every bell is stamped with our name.

They are sold only by our authorized Agents, and any infringement of our rights is subject to heavy royalty on either buyer or seller.

Clocks imported with Tubular Bells come under this infringement, as we control all U. S. Rights.

The List of Agents given below speaks for the superior quality of these clocks. Each Agent has an Album containing Photographs of all our designs.

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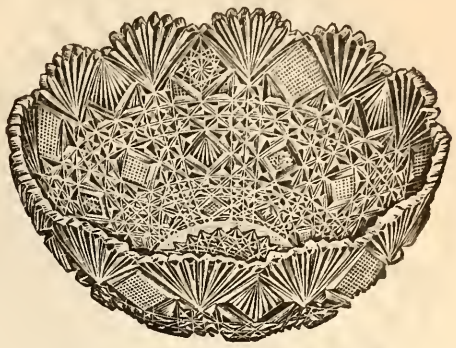
TRADE DORFLINGER MARK.

Every piece of our glass has our trade-mark label on it. Be sure and see it if you want the genuine.



SALAD OR BERRY BOWL.

BRIDGET:—"SURE MA'M, YOUR SON'S FAST!"

This picture tells the name of a well-known window-shade Holland. If you will send us a two-cent stamp we will mail you free a 52-inch tape measure made from a piece of the goods. All retail dealers in window shades keep them.

If you desire a sample book, showing the thirteen colors in which these shades are made, send an extra two-cent stamp.

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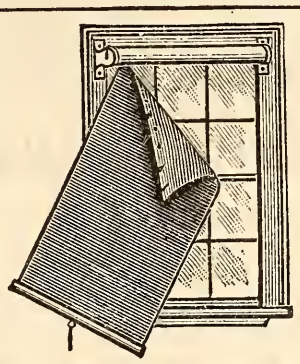
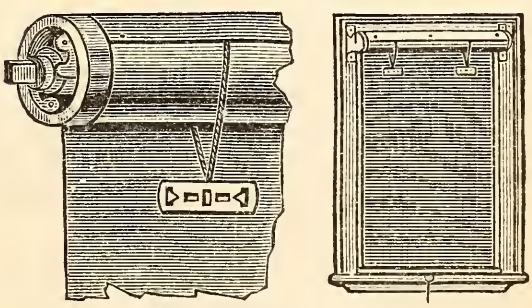


A little accident which has occurred millions of times, and which happens now and then in every house.

THE

ANTI-KUM-OFF

Window Shade Fasteners prevent all such accidents.



Order them on all new shades. They only cost a trifle.

☞ **Agents and House Canvassers Wanted** in every city and town where the shade makers are not supplied. Thousands of families buy them for shades already up. For outfit and terms address

THE PATERSON NOVELTY MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
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HAVILAND CHINA AT FIRST HANDS.

This style can be had in complete

Dinner Sets, or Soup Sets, Roast Sets,

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NEAR THE ASTOR HOUSE.

ORANGE BOWL, No. 1823.

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may save your silverware from thieves, but equal care should be exercised in the selection of materials for cleaning and polishing, otherwise great injury will result. For more than 20 YEARS

ELECTRO-SILICON

has been recognized by owners and makers of valuable silverware as the ONLY article that produces the desired brilliancy, at a minimum expense of labor, and WITHOUT injury to the ware.

SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

We invite a trial without charge. Send address and sufficient will be sent, post-paid, or for 15 cents in stamps a full-sized box.

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MIXED READY FOR USE.

Guaranteed to give entire and perfect satisfaction when properly applied. Unsurpassed for beauty and durability. This line of goods comprises 44 shades, including the latest tints in artistic house decorating.

Put up in packages containing from 1 to 50 gals. each. One gal. will cover 275 square ft. of surface, two coats.

If you are going to paint send to us, and we will tell you how to save money.

WE HAVE MANY VOLUNTARY TESTIMONIALS LIKE THE FOLLOWING:

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Gentlemen: Three years ago this fall I painted my house with your paint, and selected from your card colors which my neighbors thought would not stand. It affords me pleasure to be able to speak in most flattering terms of your paint. The colors have stood well, and the paint looks almost as good to-day as when applied. The building was in rather rough condition, and certainly was a severe test for your paint. I pronounce the paint A1, and you are at liberty to use me as a reference at any time.

Very respectfully yours,
A. J. RITTER, Rahway, N. J.

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BILLINGS, TAYLOR & CO.

Makers of Oil Stains, Gloss Colors, Floor Paints, Colors and Varnishes for interior and exterior use.

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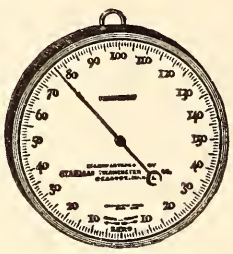
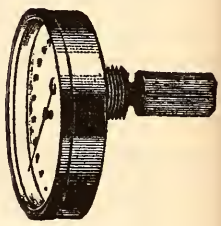
37 TO 45 CASE AVENUE, CLEVELAND, O.

STANDARD THERMOMETERS





FOR ALL PURPOSES.

For Sale by the Trade Everywhere.

STANDARD THERMOMETER CO.

PEABODY, MASS.

NEW-YORK OFFICE:
Room 413 Telephone Building,
18 Cortlandt Street.

NEW METHOD OF MAKING ICE CREAM.

Important Invention.

Shepard's "Lightning" Ice Cream Freezer (with Famous Wheel Dasher) is creating a revolution in Ice Cream making.

It not only freezes the quickest, and runs much the easiest, but makes most Ice Cream from given quantity of cream.

Cedar Tubs, Covered Gearing, Hinge Top, Extra Strong.

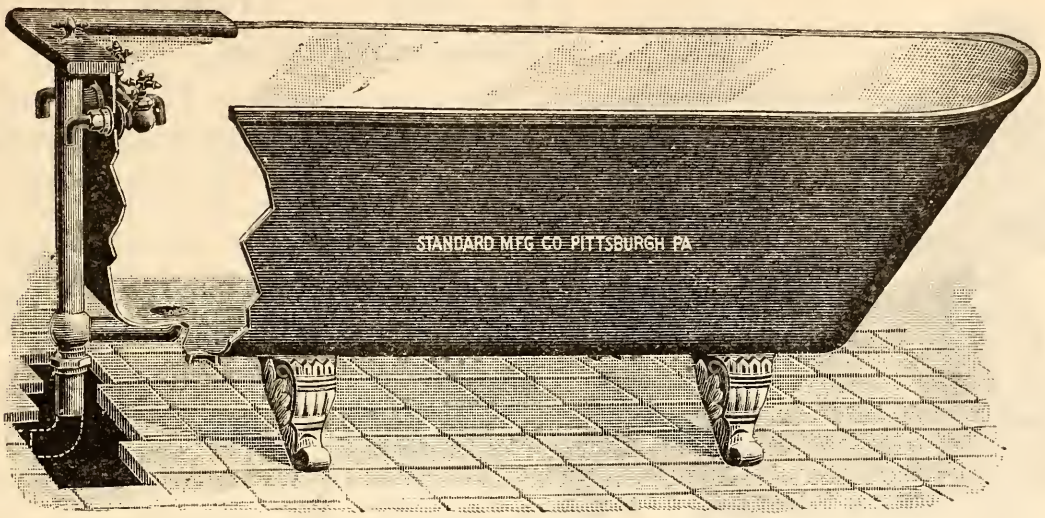
Leading merchants everywhere sell the "Lightning" as their best freezer. If you cannot obtain same of your local dealer, write to the manufacturers.

"Lightning Freezer Receipt Book," mailed free. { A noted collection of best receipts for making Ice Cream, Sherbets, Ices, etc., also packed with each freezer.

Ask for Shepard's "Lightning" Freezer and take no other.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS,
SHEPARD HARDWARE CO. Mammoth Foundry, Buffalo, N. Y.

DO YOU BATHE?



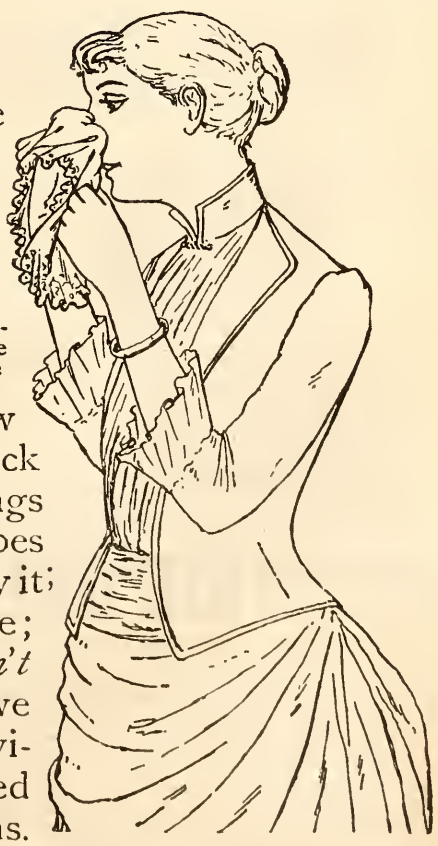
Porcelain-lined Bath Tub.

A Luxury You Can Afford.

If you have never bathed in a Porcelain-lined Bath Tub, you have missed part of the luxury of a perfect bath. If you want a Tub that is always sweet, clean and inviting, one that will last for generations and make your Bath-room an enchanted spot where in the morning you will find strength and inspiration, and in the evening, relief and contentment, supply yourself with a Porcelain-lined Bath Tub made by

Catalogue Free. STANDARD MFG. CO., PITTSBURGH, U. S. A.

"In the Wash"



That's where your delicate handkerchiefs come to be "more hole-y than righteous"—certainly not in the show-like service required of them—more or less true of all things washed.

Give two equally delicate handkerchiefs equal service for one year.

Wash one with soap—usual way—the other with *Pearline without rubbing*, as directed on each package—wash the one you value most with Pearline—it will be far the best at the end of the year.

The old-fashioned way of rub, rub, rub, is slow work, poor work, slow death to women—quick death to fine things, and renders coarse things useless long before their time. *Pearline* does away with all this. Costs but five cents to try it; directions for easy washing on every package; *easy for you, easy on things washed.* We *can't make* you try *Pearline*—you *would thank* us if we could. Millions are grateful for its help. Envious soap makers try to imitate it—borrowed brains are cheap—and so are their productions.

Send it back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your groer sends you something in place of Pearline, do the honest thing—*send it back.*

JAMES PYLE, New York.

Ice Cream Made at Home cheaply and quickly

by using a Triple-Motion White Mountain Freezer.

Covered Gearing, Waterproof Tubs, Durable Cans, Malleable Iron Beaters coated with tin, and the Triple Motion are only a few of the many desirable features of this famous Freezer.

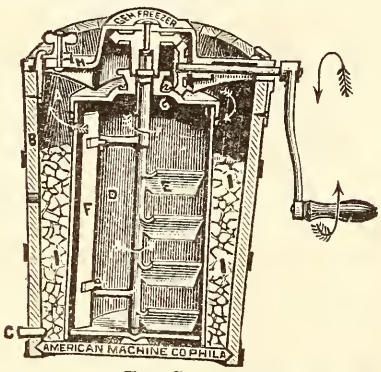
Will freeze in one-half the time of any other freezer and produce cream of the finest quality.

For sale by wide-awake, enterprising tradesmen the world over. Inquire for the "White Mountain" of your local dealer in house-furnishing goods.

"FROZEN DAINTIES." Mailed free on application. A book of choice receipts for Ice Cream, Sherbet, Water Ices, etc., packed with each freezer this season.

The White Mountain Freezer Co., 120 Hollis St., Nashua, N. H.

The Gem Freezer
The Best in the World.



DOUBLE ACTION, { THE CAN TURNS ONE WAY, THE STIRRER TURNS OPPOSITE WAY.

10 MINUTES TO MAKE ICE CREAM

The Gem Ice Cream Freezer is the most Simple, Effective and Convenient Freezer for **HOME USE.**

USES LESS ICE THAN ANY OTHER FREEZER.

White Cedar Pail—Don't shrink and fall apart.
Gearing completely Covered—Ice and Salt can't get between and clog, nor can fingers get caught.
Self-Adjusting Scraper. *Never out of order.*
Can be depended on to **Freeze Cream** in not to exceed **10 minutes.** It is **money in your pocket** to insist on having **THE GEM FREEZER.**

For sale by all leading dealers in Hardware and House Furnishing Goods. Illustrated Catalogues and Recipes for **100 Ice Creams,** etc., sent free on application to

AMERICAN MACHINE CO.,
LEHIGH AVE. & AMERICAN ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"NEVER-BREAK"

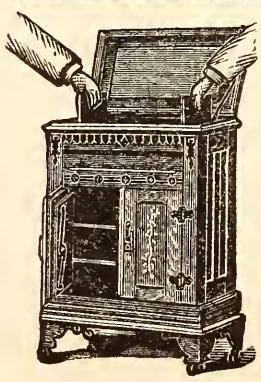
steel cooking utensils won't warp, scale, crack, absorb grease, or taste of previous cooking. Every housekeeper appreciates these qualities—then just think you *can't* break them. What a comfort to have such things. If your dealer hasn't them send for our illustrated circular.

THE BRONSON SUPPLY CO., Cleveland, O.

AND NOT WEAR OUT.

SOLD by Jewelers. By mail, 25 cents. Circulars free.
J. S. BIRCH & CO. 79 Washington St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

Refrigerators



Don't buy until you have examined the

LEONARD CLEANABLE.

Others may claim to be as good, but they are **not.** They all lack the **great improvements found only in the LEONARD.** Movable Flues, Air-tight Locks, Five Walls, Cold Dry Air, Hardwood, Antique Finish. Elegant and Durable. Send your address and receive our Art Catalogue **free,** and your nearest agent's name.

Grand Rapids Refrigerator Co.,
138 FULTON STREET, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

ARE

You weary of using a Refrigerator with an odor that is unbearable?

You weary of paying bills for Ice that you do not get the benefit of?

You weary of promises in regard to the merits of Refrigerators, dry air, circulation, finish, etc., that are never fulfilled?

THEN

Investigate, and buy one of the patented "Wisconsin Peerless" Hardwood Household Refrigerators, the most perfect ever made, and

You will have no foul odors, as with our patented cleanable flues it will be as sweet after five years' use as on the day it left the factory.

You will have lower Ice bills; we use Mineral Fiber for filling our walls, the most perfect non-conductor known, and which will not shake down or sieve through like Charcoal, will not rot or mold like Sawdust, and will not allow warm air and dampness to penetrate to the interior like dead air space.

You are guaranteed that it will be as represented or your money refunded.

If your dealer does not handle them, have him send for catalogue to any of the following representative houses, who are jobbing agents:

The Ross and Fuller Association, New-York.
The Seltzer Klahr Hardware Co., Philadelphia.
The Lockwood Taylor Hardware Co., Cleveland.
The Lee Clarke Andreesen Hardware Co., Omaha.
John Bowers, Richmond, Va.
W. W. Walker, Dallas, Texas.
Horton, Gilmore, McWilliams & Co., Chicago.
A. Baldwin & Co., Limited, New Orleans.
Phillips, Hood & Co., Nashville, Tenn.
Macon Hardware Co., Macon, Ga.
A. J. Miller Co., Savannah, Ga.
The Cincinnati Stamping Co., Cincinnati.
M. Seller & Co., Portland, Oregon; Seattle, Washington; Spokane Falls, Washington. Or direct to

THE WISCONSIN REFRIGERATOR CO., Eau Claire, Wis., U. S. A.

PUT MONEY IN THY PURSE.

After the wedding you found your friends had given you 14 bon-bon dishes, 10 dozen after-dinner coffee spoons, 8 sets of oyster forks, 4 salad sets, etc. Your grandparents would have stored these duplicates in a Safe Deposit Co.—this age is too practical for that, and your friends would be better pleased if you send them to us to exchange or purchase—that's our business! Buying, selling or exchanging these duplicates, marked or not, it makes no difference—we have a process of erasing inscriptions. We can sell you an appropriate gift in sterling silver below manufacturers' cost.

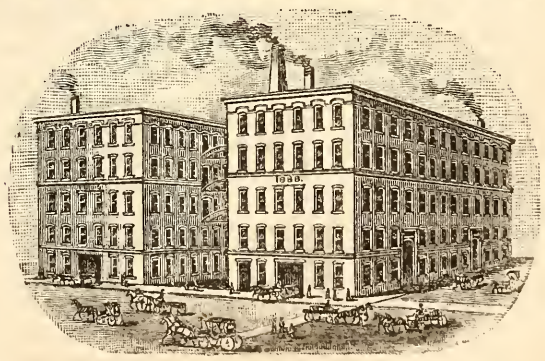
SEND FOR PRICE-LIST.

Why not stop paying storage on your old useless silver and send it to us with your old worn-out jewelry? We will take it in exchange or buy it of you.

J. H. JOHNSTON & CO. 150 Bowery, N.Y.

May, '90.

WIRE SCREENS



Our new brick Screen Factories, erected 1885 and 1888,

ARE THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

Our Improved Window and Door Screens are twenty-five years in advance of ordinary kinds. They are made of twenty-four kinds and colors of wood (beautifully finished), specially fine black enameled wire netting and handsome hardware. Our Window Screens slide like a sash, and may be used at top of window as well as lower part. We have screened more than twelve thousand of the best houses of thirty-six States. Do not disfigure your house with cheaply-made screens. We sell direct to owners of houses at lowest wholesale prices. If you want to buy Screens and will write us number needed, and mention THE CENTURY, we will send you our catalogue, samples, prices and directions. We have salesmen to show samples in all large cities.

E. T. BURROWES & CO. PORTLAND, ME.

Ruddy, rosy, happy lad! Only by breathing PURE AIR are such flesh-tints secured. Every home and every school may have Pure Air in abundance, without danger from the deadly draught. Science has conquered circumstance. The Sherman "King" Vaporizer will keep fresh and vitalized any room, house, school or hall. It has no rival as a promoter of health, happiness and good cheer.

A Vaporizer for the bedroom costs but $3.50. A larger one, for the home, $5. The largest, for office or school-room, $8. Each Vaporizer sold will run two months without attention, and it costs but from 2 to 4 cents a month for recharging. Illustrated circular, with testimonials, free.

Sherman "King" Vaporizer Co. Chicopee Falls, Mass.
Boston; New-York; Philadelphia or Chicago.

LOWELL

For nearly half a century, Lowell Carpets have been acknowledged by all to be

THE BEST

The word **"LOWELL" APPEARS IN CAPITAL LETTERS** in the back of **Lowell, Wilton** and **Body Brussels** at every repeat of the pattern. **LOOK CAREFULLY** to the trade-marks, and be sure you get the genuine **LOWELL CARPETS.**

The LOWELL INGRAINS are wound upon a hollow stick, which the United States Court decided to be a valid trade-mark. The stick is in two solid pieces with the name of the **LOWELL COMPANY** stamped within. **BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.**

These goods are invariably full width, and may be had in a large variety of designs, which for technique and coloring are unequaled, rendering them especially appropriate for artistic homes.

For Sale by all First-class Dealers.

CARPETS

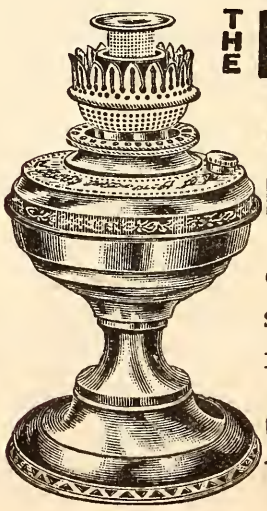
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.

The Famous Adhesive of the WORLD. Warranted seven times the strength of any other liquid glue.

It holds like a vise. It mends everything.

THE STANDARD FOR THIRTY YEARS.

3-ounce bottle, 20 cents, with brush.
Sold everywhere.



THE BANNER LAMP

EXCELS ALL OTHERS FOR

Beauty, Brilliancy, Safety & Economy.

GIVES A STEADY WHITE LIGHT.
SUPERIOR IN WORKMANSHIP AND FINISH.
Prices Lower THAN ANY OTHER LAMP of equal merit.
Several attractive styles.
☞ *Ask your dealer for it.*
Take no Other.

THE PLUME & ATWOOD MFG. CO.
New York, Chicago, Boston.

SOLID SILVERWARE.

Table Forks, which are of Italian invention, are about three centuries old, the ancients knowing nothing of them. Queen Elizabeth was the first royal personage in England to have used them; all classes, high and low, using their fingers.

We here illustrate some approved designs of Forks and Spoons, fairly representing the very attractive collection in this department, and offer them in Storage Chests, Cabinets, Cases of six or twelve, or singly as souvenirs, which may also be sent by mail, at price per dozen:

	Dozen.		Dozen.
No. 7, Table Spoon,	$46.00	No. 1, Fork, . .	$40.00
" 6, Dessert "	24.00	" 2, " . . .	26.00
" 5, Tea "	12.00	" 4, Coffee Spoon,	8.00
" 3, Bon-Bon or Caddy Spoon, $1.75; gilt bowl,			2.25

☞ *Weights guaranteed and prices per oz. attractively low.*

An interesting collection of more than fifty patterns of Solid Silver Spoons, reproductions of Mediæval French, English and Dutch Models.

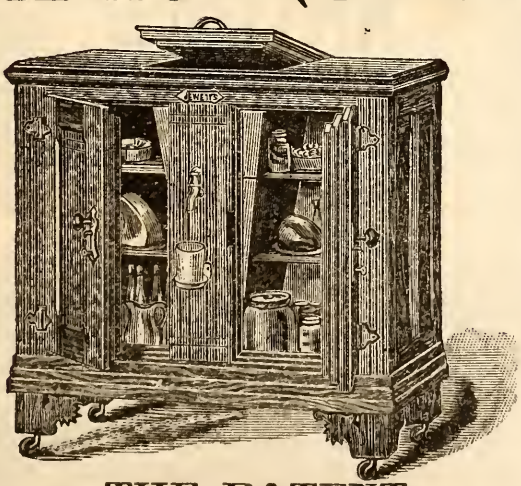
Descriptive Catalogue supplied of other Silver, with some indications of Rich Table Porcelain, Clocks, Bronzes, etc.

330 Fifth Avenue, New-York. **OVINGTON BROTHERS,** Brooklyn House, Fulton & Clark Streets.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS

Beware of Imitations. NOTICE AUTOGRAPH OF Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE **HARTSHORN**

JEWETT'S REFRIGERATORS



THE PATENT

LABRADOR.

Send for Book of Information.

THE JOHN C. JEWETT MFG. CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

D. L. Dowd's Health Exerciser.

FOR BRAIN-WORKERS AND SEDENTARY PEOPLE. Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 inches square floor-room; new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Indorsed by 20,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen, editors and others now using it. Send for illustrated circular, 40 engravings; no charge.

D. L. Dowd's School for Scientific,

PHYSICAL AND VOCAL CULTURE, for ladies, gentlemen and children. If you desire a robust, healthy physique and a voice of rare charm and power, you can surely obtain them by application of scientific principles. By this method, a singing voice for the practically voiceless and a sound body for the unhealthful is possible. The lost voice can positively be restored. Remember, "knowledge is power." Send for prospectus, or call.

Facial Development.

Will mail you rules to develop muscles of cheeks and neck to make them plump and rosy, fully illustrated, for 50 cents. Also rules for Dumbbells to develop every muscle of the limbs and body for 50 cents additional, fully illustrated.

Prof. D. L. DOWD,

Scientific, Physical and Vocal Culture,

9 East 14th St. New-York.

DON'T STOOP

to use a valve that must be opened or closed by hand, but make your foot save your back, wrists and temper.

TRADE "PEDAL VALVE" MARK.

Use W. E. Wood's Patent **"PEDAL VALVE"** for Direct Radiators. **Radical Improvements for 1890. Mechanism simplified one-half. Prices reduced.** Valve seats **with the pressure,** and the **greater the pressure** the **tighter it will close.** Seat is perpendicular and chips and dirt fall away from it. A **touch of the foot** will **turn the heat on or off. No packed joints to leak on floor or carpet.** Patented in the United States and Canada. Circulars on application.

Mention THE CENTURY. **UTICA STEAM GAUGE CO. Utica, N. Y.**

WHO HAS NOT HAD POOR HOSE?

Do not waste your money on inferior hose, but get the

The Spiral Hose is the only reliable Cotton Hose, which is proven by there being so many imitations. The genuine has FOUR distinguishing marks:

I. A single colored line running through it.
II. The patent mark "SPIRAL," patented March 30, 1880.
III. The Corrugated band fastening hose to coupling.
IV. Corrugated coupling as shown in cut.

The "Spiral" Cotton Hose, having no outside covering to hold moisture as rubber hose does, *dries like a towel.* Insist on getting this Hose, as some dealers will try to sell an inferior one.

Sample free if you mention THE CENTURY.

BOSTON WOVEN HOSE CO.

Manufacturers of Rubber Belting and Packing,

226 Devonshire St. Boston.

222 Lake St. Chicago. **8 Bush St. San Francisco.**

F. W. DEVOE & C.

ESTABLISHED 1852.

OFFICES: COR. FULTON & WILLIAM STS. NEW YORK.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

SKETCHING OUTFITS OF ALL KINDS.

TUBE COLORS · WATER COLORS · CRAYONS
DRAWING PAPER · CANVAS · BRUSHES · OILS & MEDIUMS ·
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FRESCO COLORS · FINE VARNISHES

Correspondence invited · Catalogues of our different departments to responsible parties.

COFFIN-DEVOE & Co. · 176 RANDOLPH ST. · CHICAGO

THIS **CARRIAGE** ONLY

$12.35

Delivered Free East of Mississippi.

Upholstered in Red, Blue or Brown Damask or Satin.

Parasols to match. Adjustable Top. Nickel-plated Rod, Springs, Axles and Braces, which we guarantee. Wire or wooden wheels same price.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

JOHNSTON, TALLMAN & CO.

41 Barclay St., 46 Park Pl.

NEW-YORK.

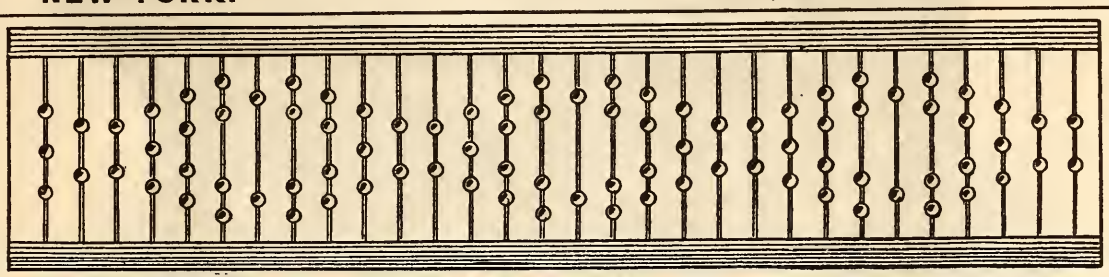
WE MANUFACTURE

The LARGEST and MOST COMPLETE VARIETY of CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES in the UNITED STATES.

Send for Catalogue, showing 50 different styles, from **$6** to **$36.** As we are manufacturers, we can upholster and furnish our carriages to suit patrons at prices beyond competition.

FACTORY:

387, 389 and 391 West 12th Street.



FRET "WORK,"

Similar to above, from 75 cents per foot to $1.25 per foot.

Send for Designs. **BRIGGS & LEIBIUS, 307 Summit Street, Toledo, Ohio.**

DRAPERIES! **Art Glass!** **Rugs!**

Mantels! **Bric-à-Brac.** **Window Shades!**

EDDY'S REFRIGERATORS.

ESTABLISHED 1847. **300,000 in Use.**

Cold Dry-Air Circulation.
ABSOLUTE DRYNESS.
Galvanized Iron Ice-Racks.
Slate Stone Shelves.
Perfect Non-Conductor Packing.

Highest Quality of Workmanship.
Simple, Durable.
Economical in Ice.
Free from Odor.
Not Liable to Get Out of Order.

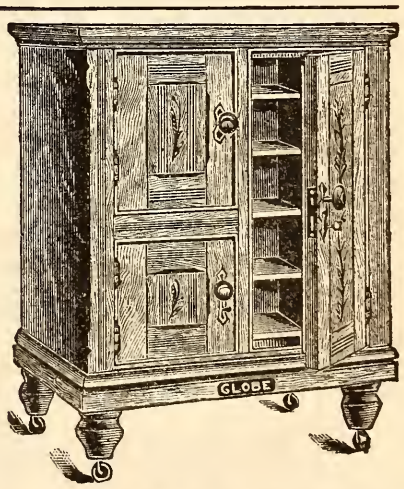
Send for Illus. Catalogue, showing over 20 different styles, 32 pages, size 6 x 9 in.

Manuf'd by D. EDDY & SON, Boston (Dorchester District), Mass., U. S. A.

The Oldest Refrigerator Manufacturers in the United States.

Selling Agents:

LEWIS & CONGER, No. 601 Sixth Ave. N. Y.
W. B. DAYTON & SON, No. 603 Fulton St. Brooklyn, N. Y.
JOHN WANAMAKER, Philadelphia.
J. S. HOPKINS & Co. No. 18 Baltimore St. Baltimore, Md.
J. P. DALTON, No. 51 State St. Chicago, Ill.
M. W. BEVERIDGE, No. 1009 Pennsylvania Ave. Washington, D. C.
NEW ENGLAND FURNITURE AND CARPET Co. Minneapolis, Minn.
MILTON ROGERS & SONS, No. 1321 Farnum St. Omaha, Neb.; and by Housefurnishing Stores throughout the New England States.

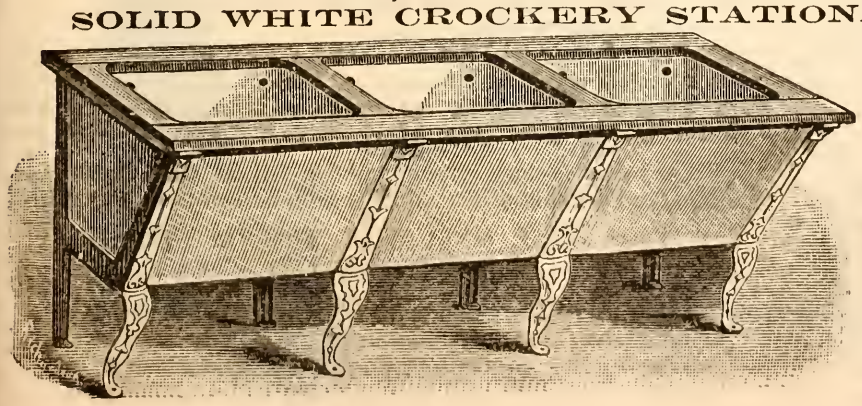


STEWART CERAMIC COMP'Y

312 PEARL STREET (CORNER OF PECK SLIP), NEW-YORK.

Only Manufacturers under Morahan's Patents of the Celebrated

SOLID WHITE CROCKERY STATIONARY WASH TUBS.



VERY STRONG,
WELL GLAZED.
CANNOT LEAK,
CANNOT SMELL.

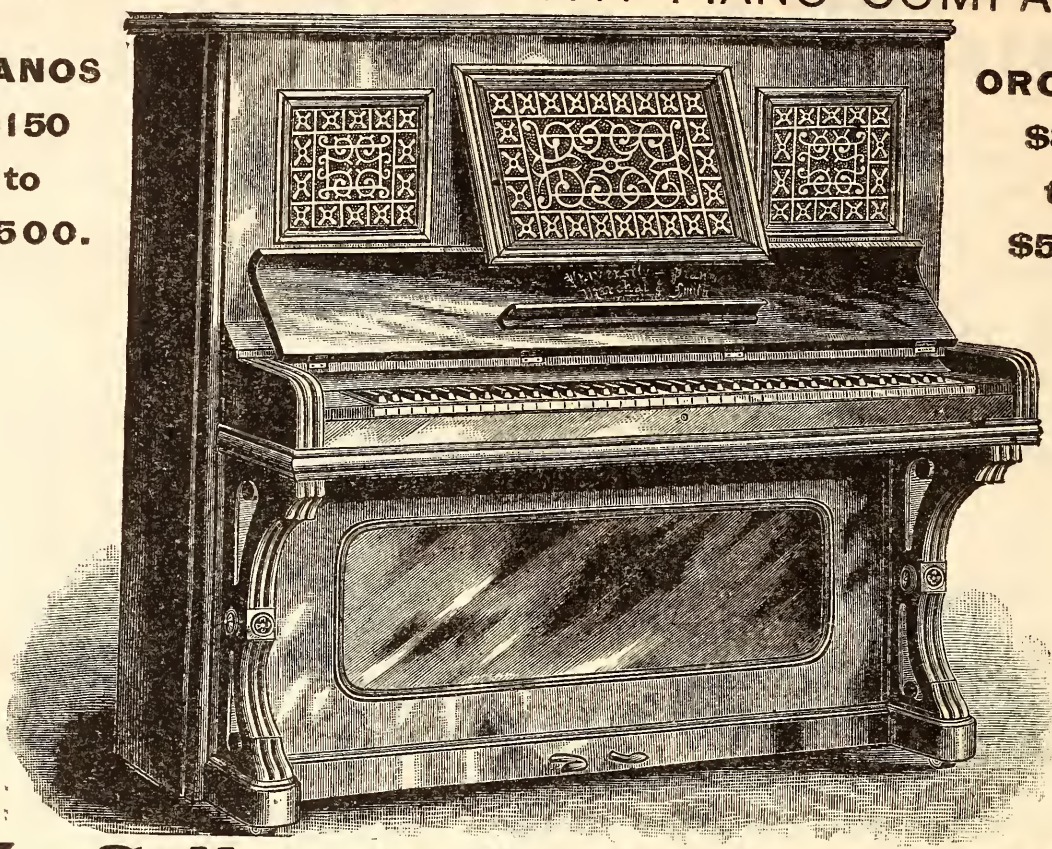
Absolute Cleanliness secured for all time without labor.

Cut shows 3 Tubs set up with Galvanized Iron Stands & Ash Top.

☞ **Send for Illustrations and Price-List.**

THE MARCHAL & SMITH PIANO COMPANY.

PIANOS $150 to $1500.



ORGANS $35 to $500

We Sell this Piano for $180!

IT IS OUR No. O. 7⅓ OCTAVES. 48 in. high, 59 in. long. CATALOGUE PRICE, $450.

THOROUGHLY FIRST CLASS. ∴ GUARANTEED FOR SIX YEARS.

In Fancy Walnut or Mahogany Finish, - - $205.

OUR OFFER!

Established 1859. * Incorporated 1877.

WE will send this Piano on approval, and if after trying it in your home you do not want it, send it back and we will pay freight both ways. We send with the Piano a beautifully embroidered **Cover**, a silk plush **Stool**, and a large instruction **Book**.

More than 50,000 OF OUR PIANOS are now in use.

THE MARCHAL & SMITH PIANO COMPANY,

CATALOGUE FREE. 235 East 21st Street, New York.

Protect your furs, woolens, household goods and wearing apparel from moths, by using a Mitchell Cedar Chest.

These Chests are made of selected red cedar, mounted on casters, and have iron handles, strong hinges and special locks. They are neatly finished, and are the best ever offered for the money.

	Height.	Depth.	Length.	Weight on car.	Price.
No. 1,	25½ in.	22½ in.	38 in.	100 lbs.	$11.00
No. 2,	28 in.	26 in.	42 in.	120 lbs.	$12.00
No. 3,	30 in.	27½ in.	50 in.	135 lbs.	$13.00

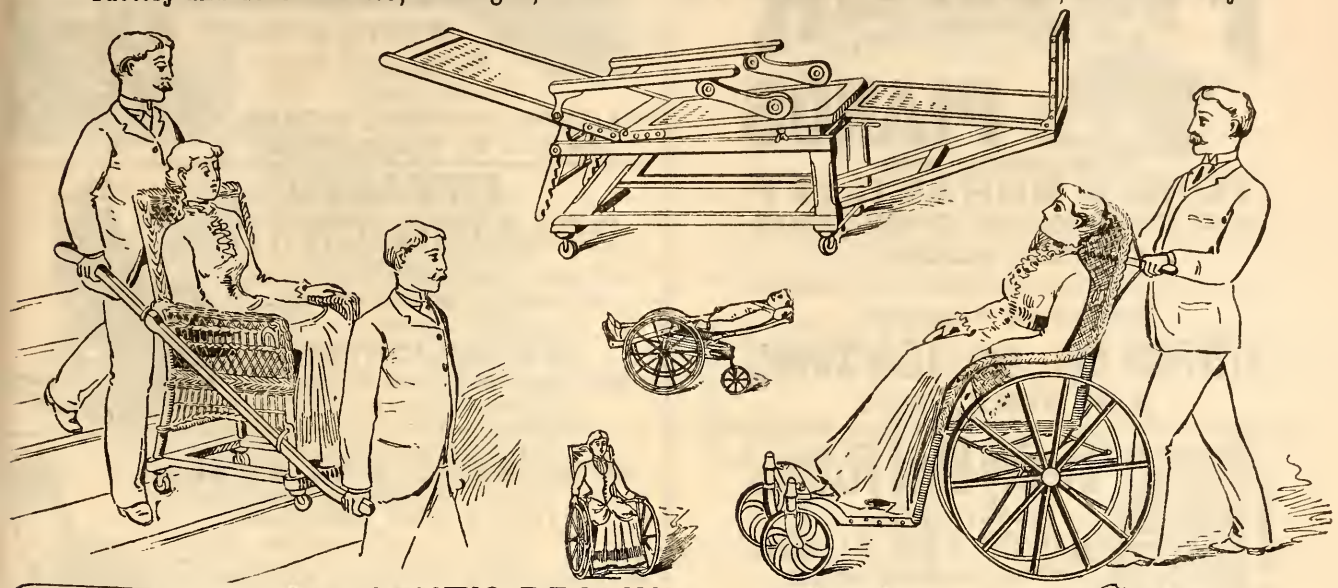
These prices include crating and delivery on board cars at Cincinnati, and are for cash with order from out-of-town buyers.

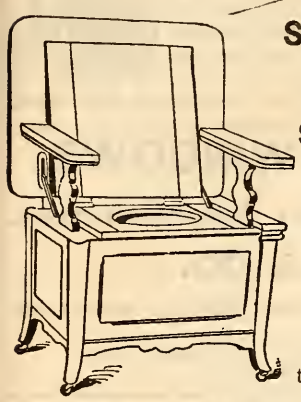
THE ROBT. MITCHELL FURNITURE CO.
CINCINNATI, O.

For thirty cents in stamps the illustrated catalogue of the above company, containing nearly two hundred large pages of engravings, descriptions and prices of all kinds of furniture, will be sent to any address, post-paid.

THE SARGENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

Factory and General Office, Muskegon, Mich. New-York Office and Warerooms, 814 Broadway.





SARGENT'S RECLINING CHAIRS.

There is no condition of sickness or health for which we cannot furnish a suitable chair.

SARGENT'S ROLLING CHAIRS.

Our stock includes all kinds, for house or street; rigid or reclining; cane, wicker or upholstered; self or secondary propulsion; maximum quality at minimum price.

SARGENT'S CARRYING CHAIRS.

By their use invalids may enjoy a change of scene. We make them to fold for traveling as well as for house use.

Sargent's Solid Comfort Back Rest and Patent Folding Bed Tray.

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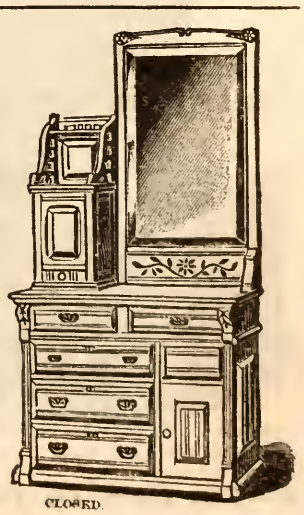

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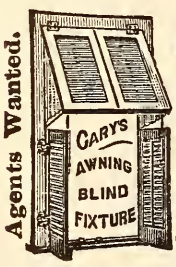

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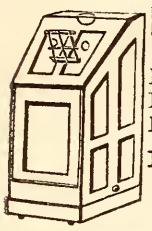

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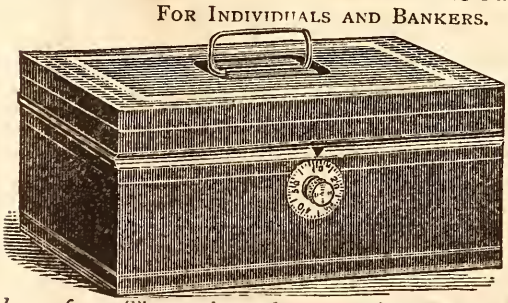

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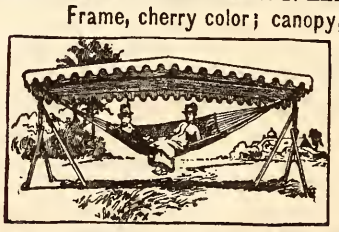

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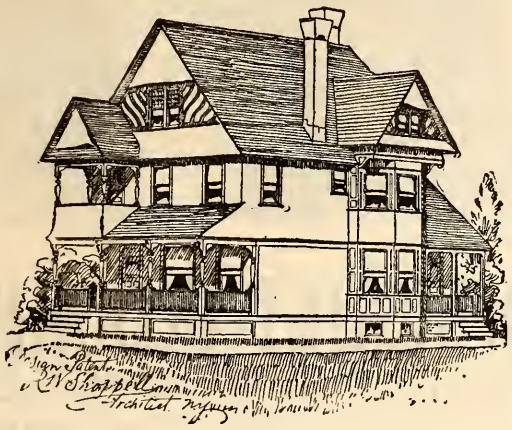

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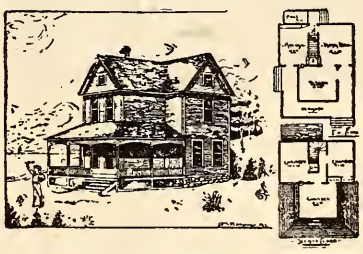

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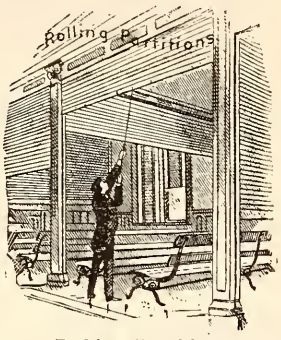

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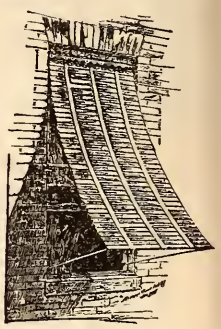
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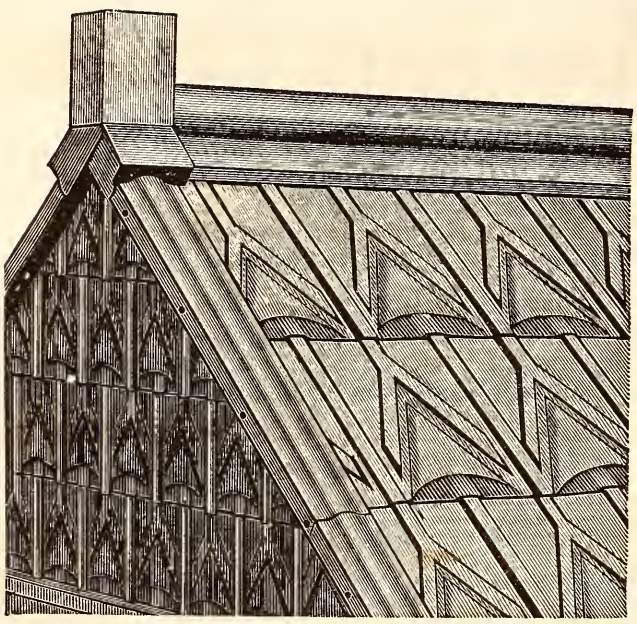

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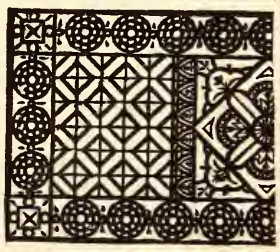

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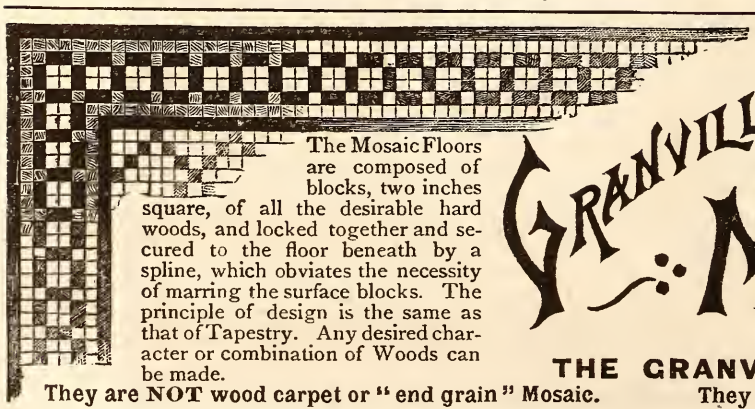

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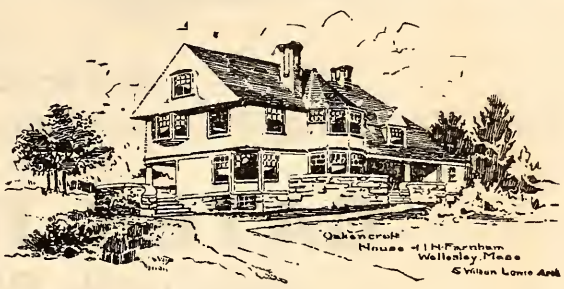

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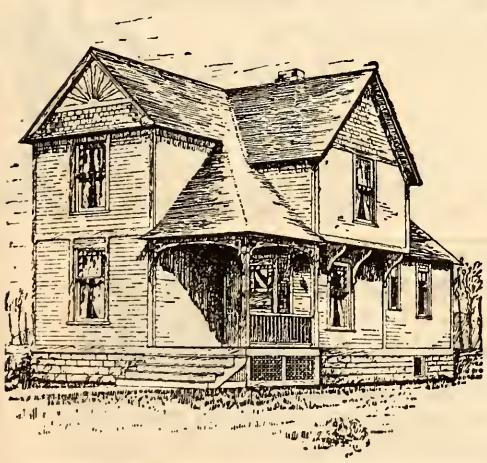

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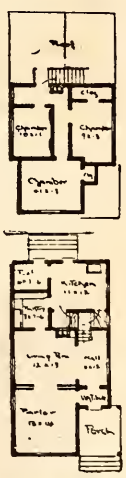

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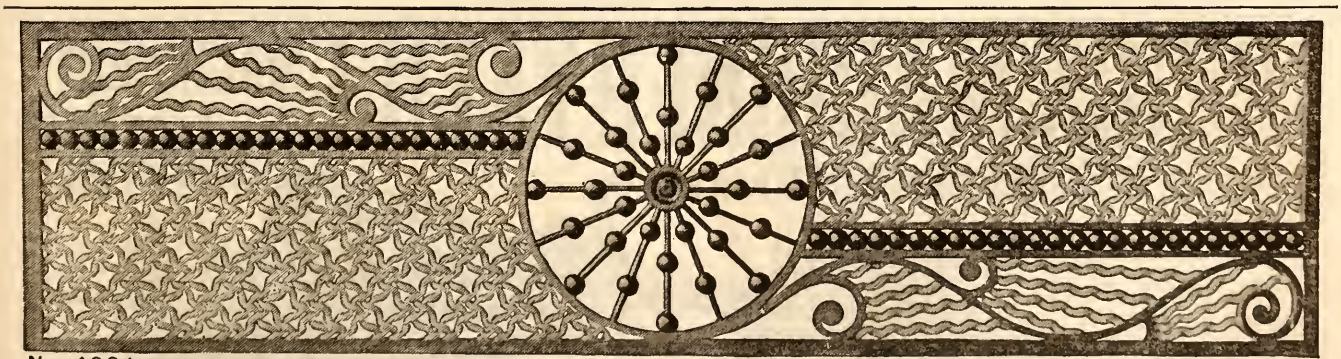

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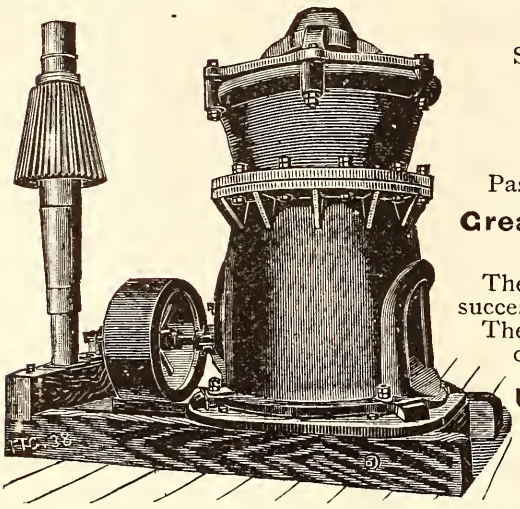

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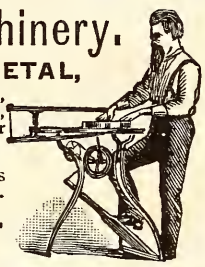

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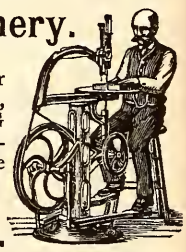

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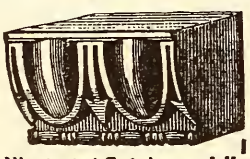

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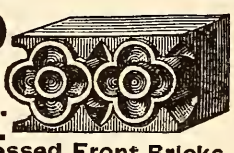

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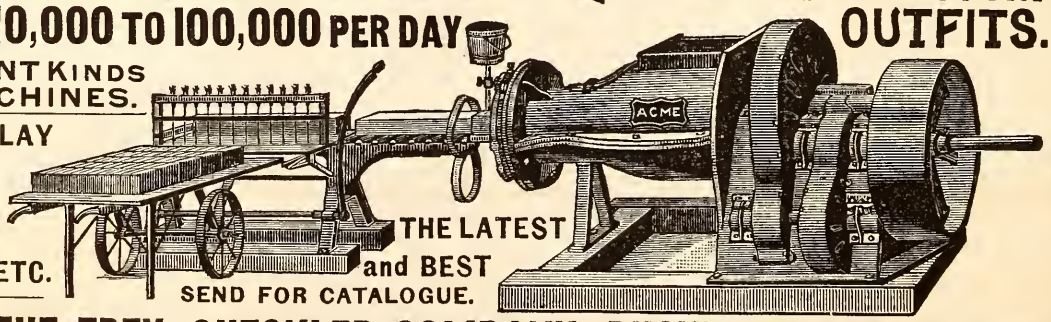

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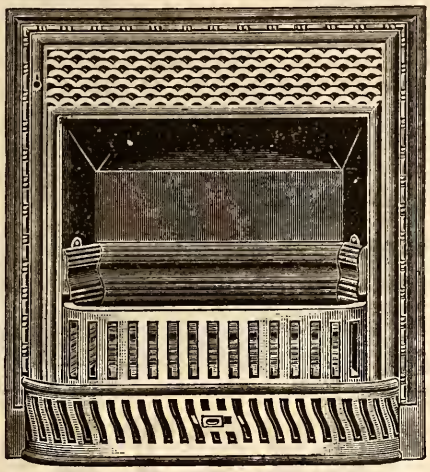

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Pure fresh air from out of doors *positively* heated. It will warm more cubic feet than any grate ever before offered to the public; the extra heat from hot-air chamber is greater than that from a 10 x 14 register of the best furnaces. Fire maintained without trouble. Largest variety of tiles for fire-places and floors in New England. Manufacturers of **brass** and **wrought-iron fenders, andirons,** etc. Send 10c. stamp for 200-page catalogue or stamp for circular only.

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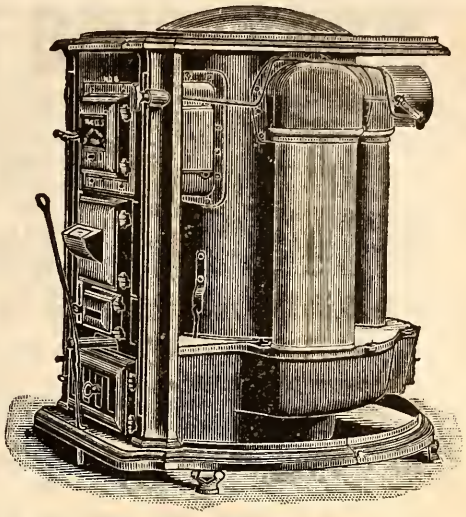

Hot Air Furnaces have been in disfavor with some by reason of the many imperfect constructions used. The Magee Boston Heaters will give better satisfaction at a less cost than any hot water or steam apparatus ever used. We guarantee them in every respect when properly put in; and when desirable to apply hot water it can be used in combination. Send for descriptive circulars with references.

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"Perfect" Hot-Water Heater.

The most Powerful and Economical Heater ever made.

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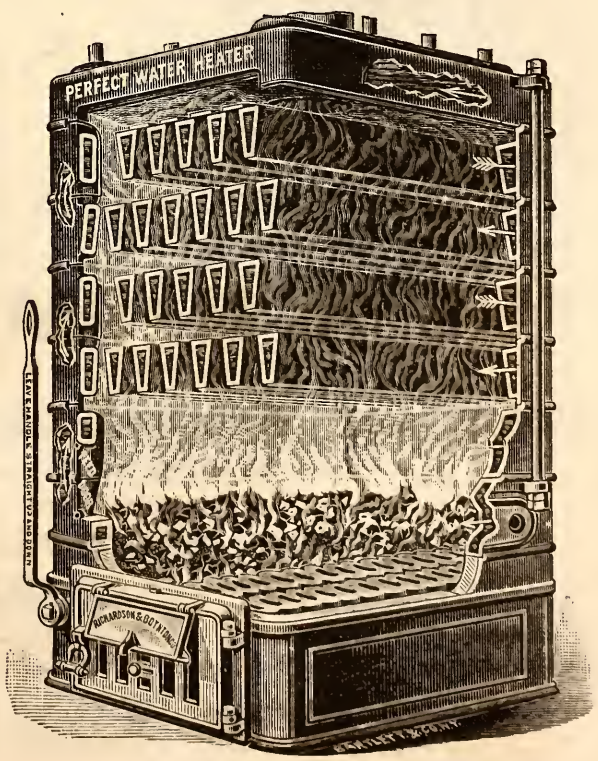
Your "PERFECT" Water Heater is simple, safe and easily managed, and I can say, without exaggeration, that it does all you claim for it. I can cheerfully recommend it to all who desire a perfect system of hot-water heating.

Yours respectfully,
CHAS. H. MEEKER.



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Few are aware that a **Modern Steam or Hot-Water Heating job,** which will **work automatically, run noiselessly, and reduce your coal bill 25 per cent.** over the hot-air furnace, can be put in an ordinary house for this sum. Our

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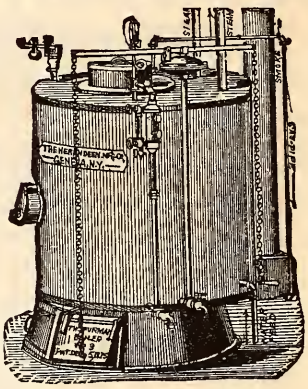

We carry in stock **30** sizes. Work erected anywhere in the United States. Estimates free for the smallest house or largest block or church. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for 100 page Illustrated Book on Heating and Ventilation.

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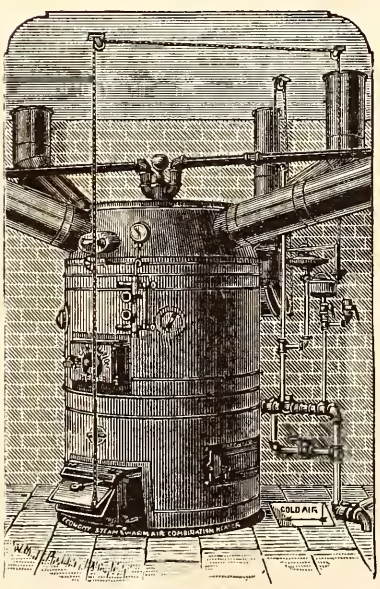

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Especially adapted for warming

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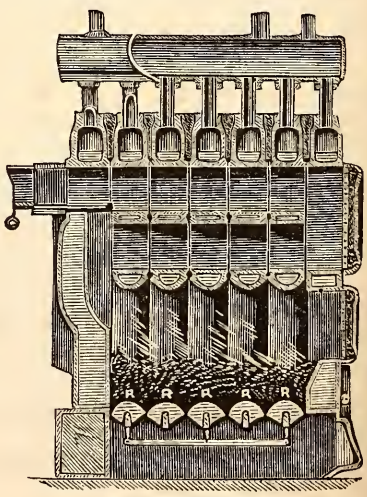

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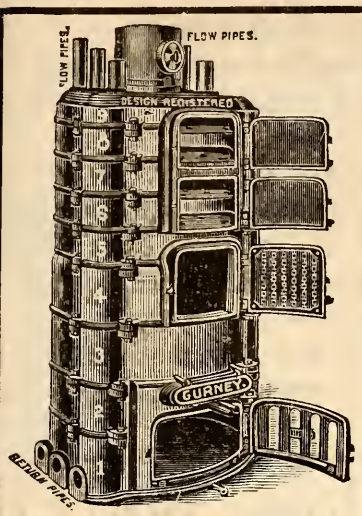

The mosthealthful and economical system for heating our homes and public and private buildings.

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Parties intending heating before next winter will study their best interest by making their contracts early, thus avoiding the Fall rush.

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and Testimonial Companion. Mention CENTURY.

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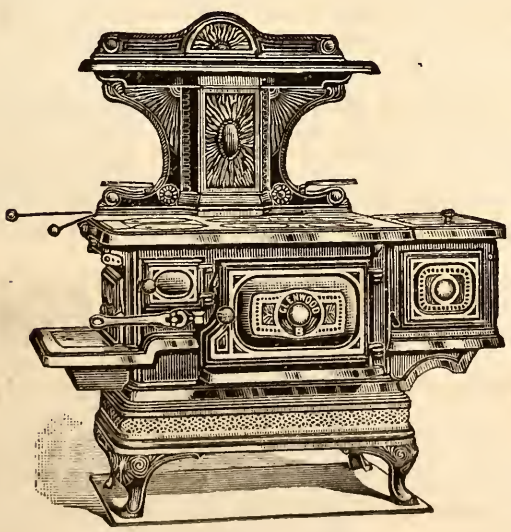

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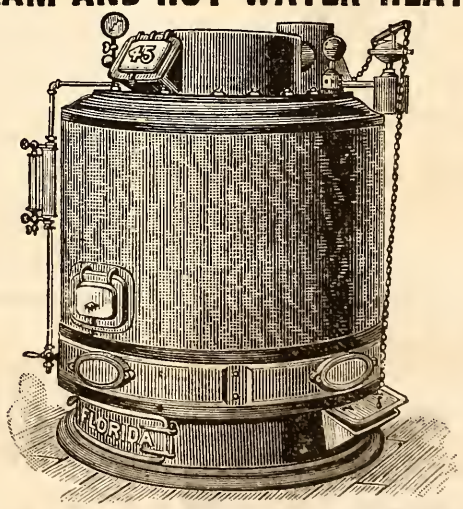
FULLY GUARANTEED.



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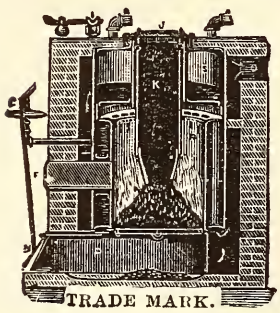

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And insures a warm House night and day. Over 15,000 in use.
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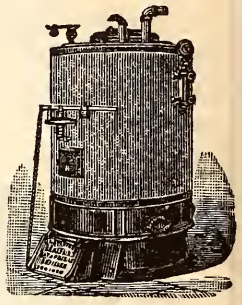

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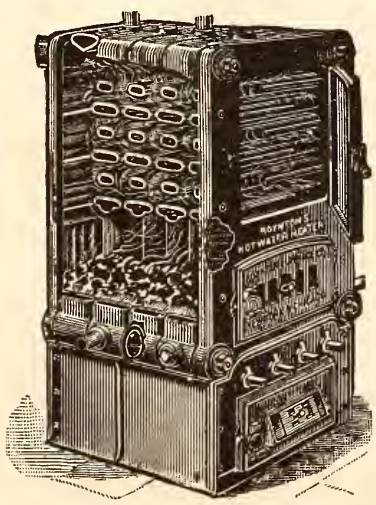
(See advertisement in March and April CENTURY.)



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(12) Twelve Sizes. No Brick-work required.

These Heaters are operated in a most successful manner in many Residences, Schools, Apartment Houses and Greenhouses, and are pronounced by scientific experts the most effective, economical, and of the best mechanical construction, of any on the market.

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Heating of Homes a Specialty.

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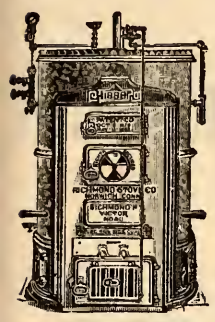

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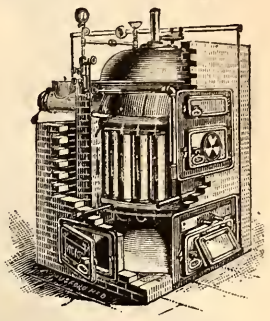

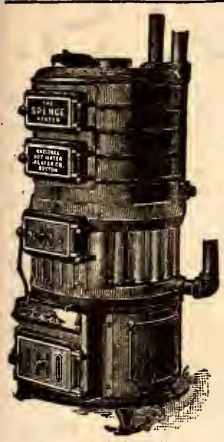

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THE "SPENCE" HOT WATER HEATER.

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During the past two years I have placed more than 40 of these Heaters, and it is but justice to you to state that for simplicity, durability, economy and efficiency, they are in my opinion superior to any in the market.

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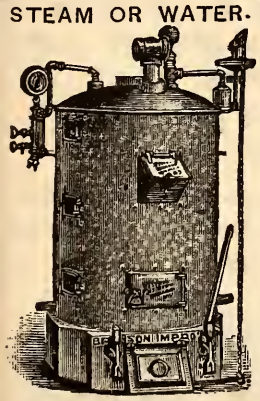
National Hot Water Heater Co.

BOSTON. OLIVER SCHLEMMER, Cin. CAHILL, COLLINS & CO. St. Louis. CHICAGO.

HEAT YOUR HOMES BY USING THE BRONSON BOILER.

STEAM OR WATER.



You can HEAT your HOUSE by STEAM or WATER for as little MONEY as you can THOROUGHLY heat by furnace.

SAVE FUEL AND GET A COMFORTABLE HOME.

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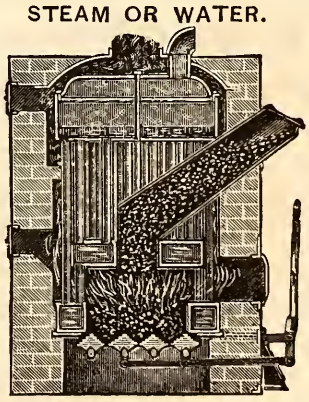

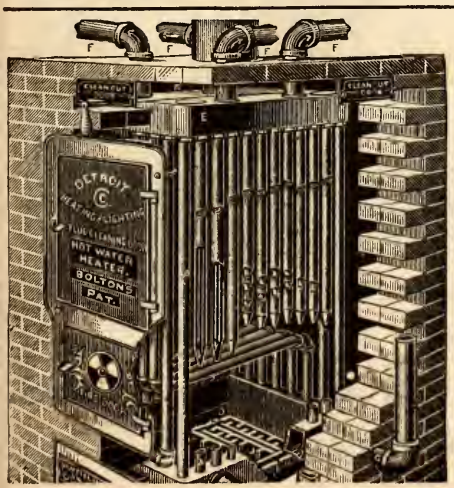

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Hot-Water and Steam Radiators, Weber Straightway Valves.

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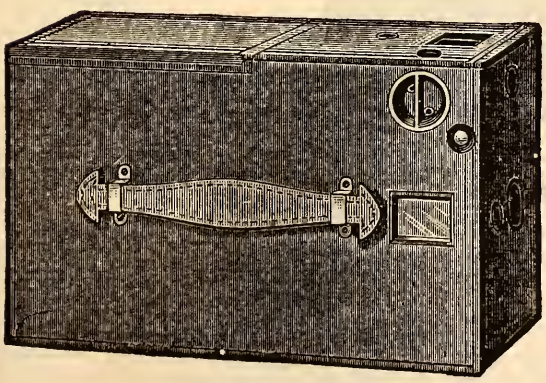

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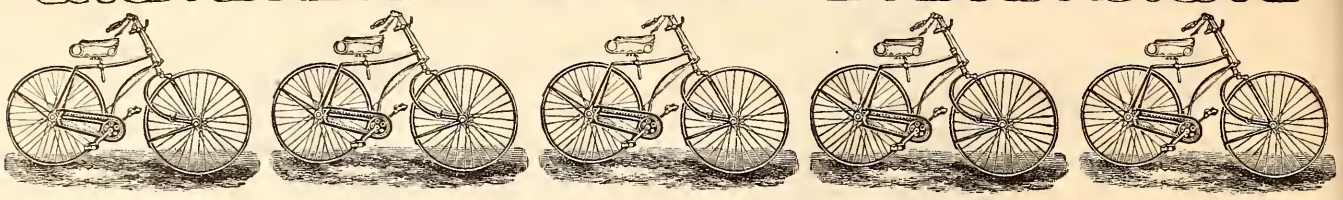

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SAFETY HAMMERLESS REVOLVER,

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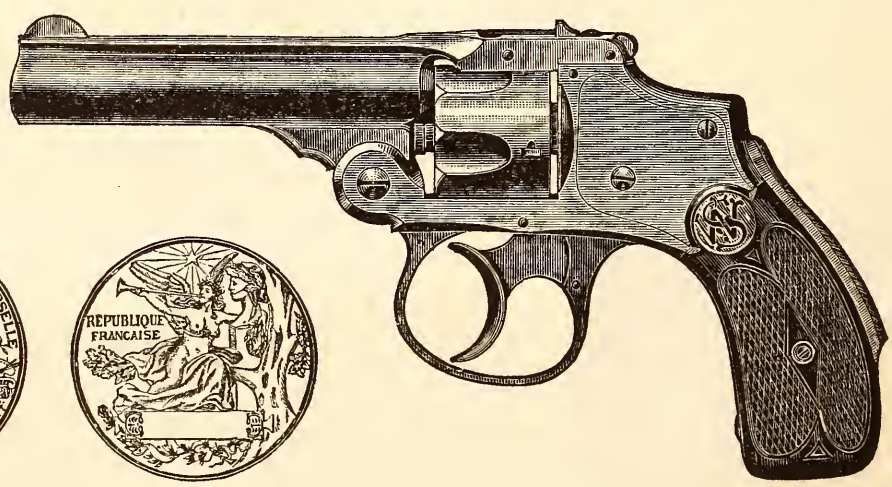

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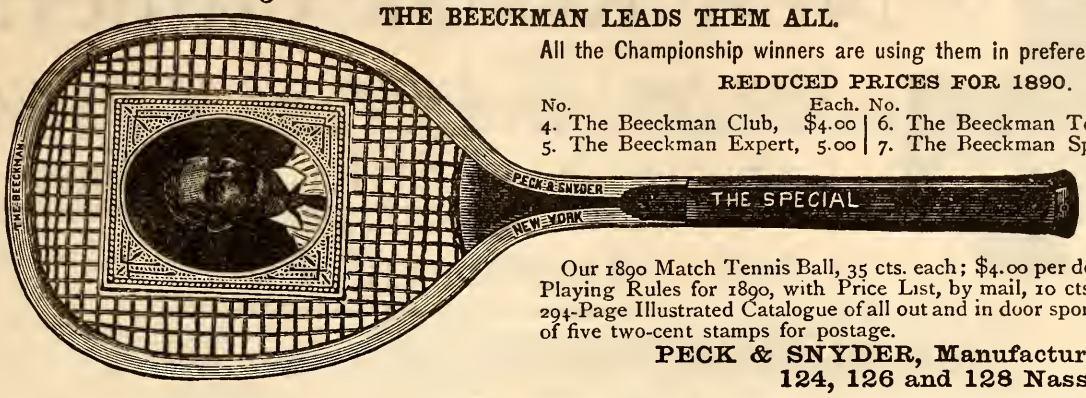

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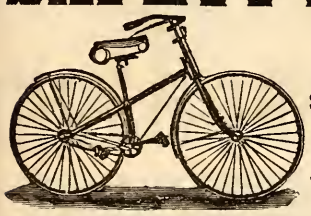

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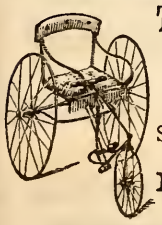

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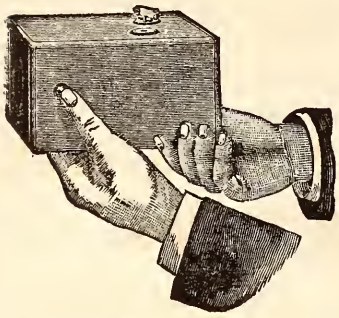

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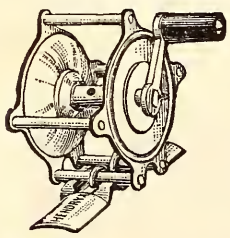

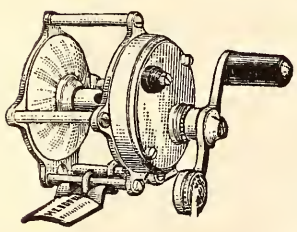

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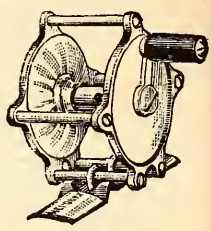

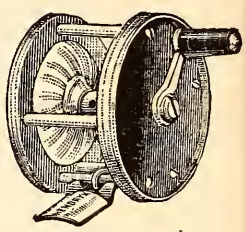

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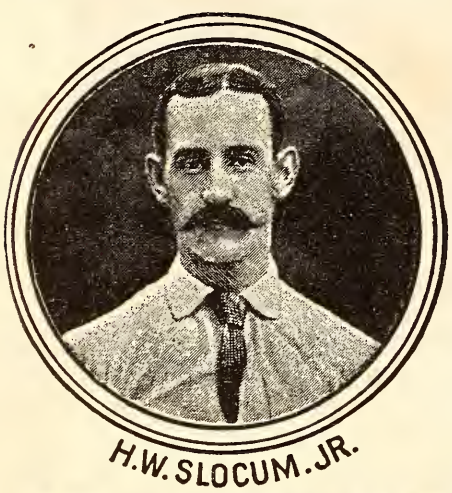

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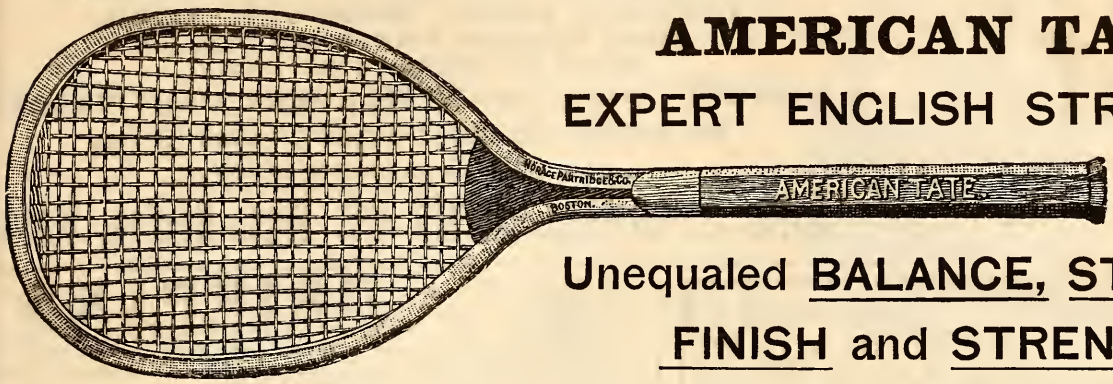

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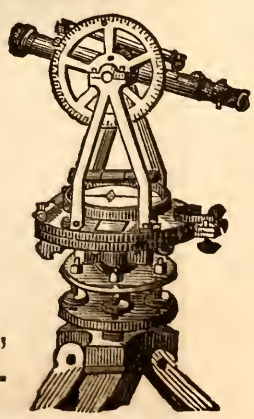

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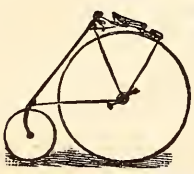

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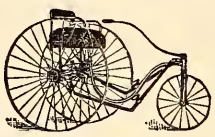

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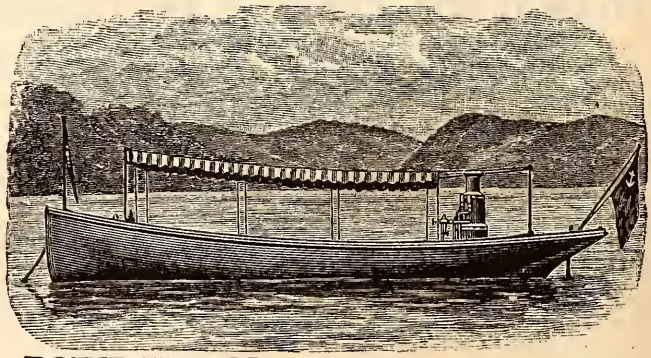

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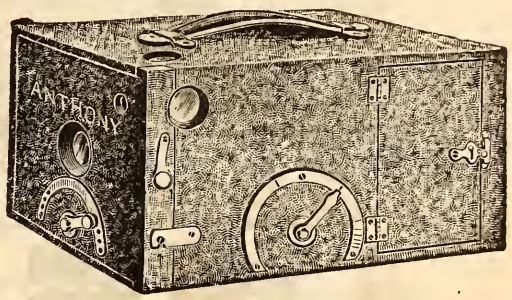

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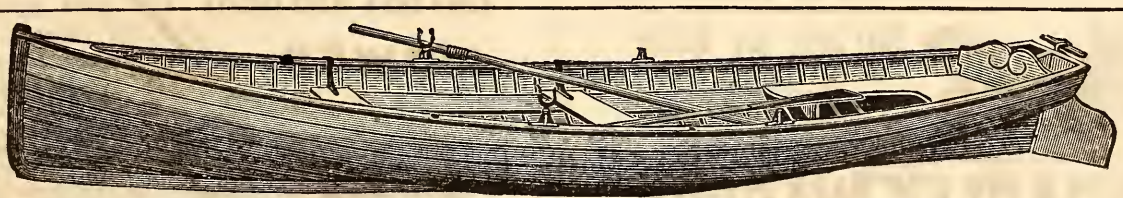

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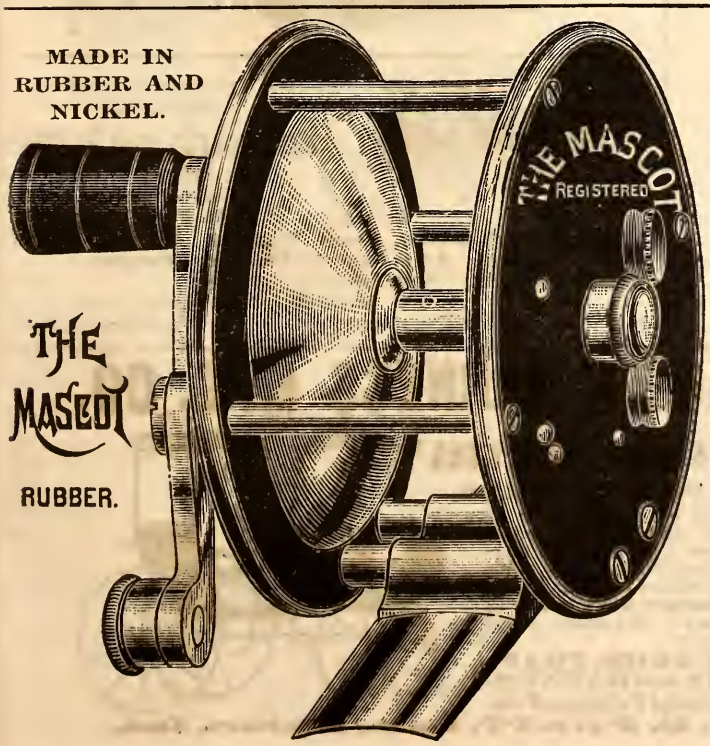

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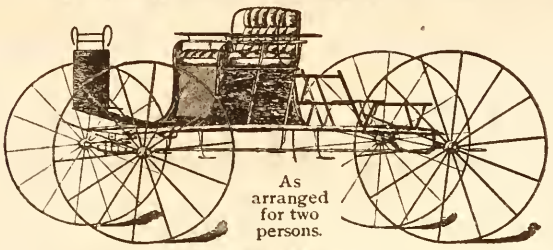

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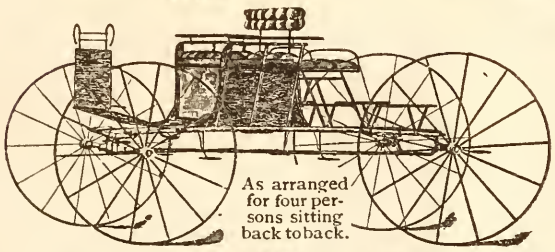

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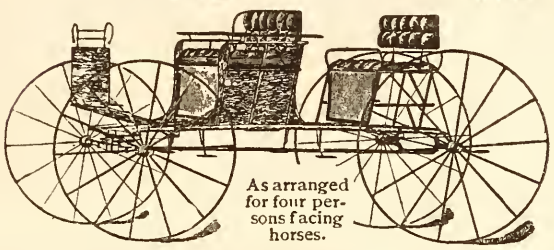

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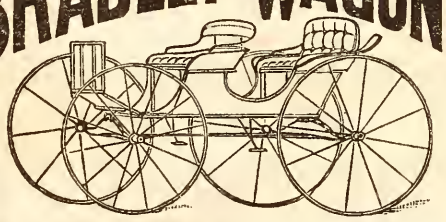

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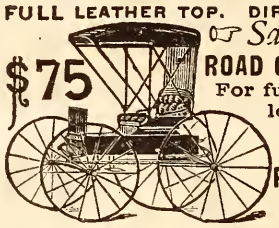

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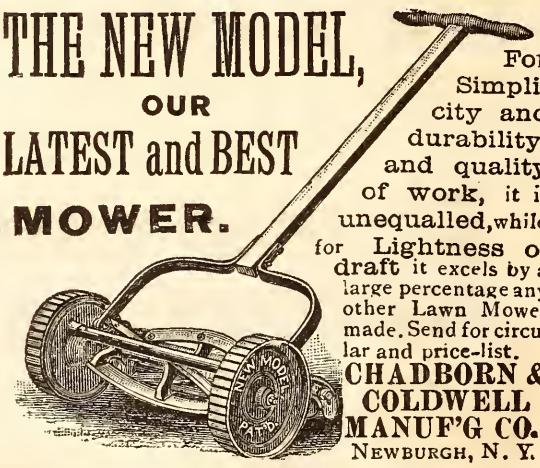

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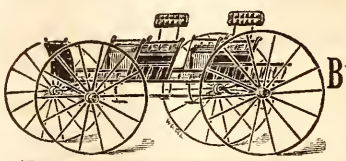

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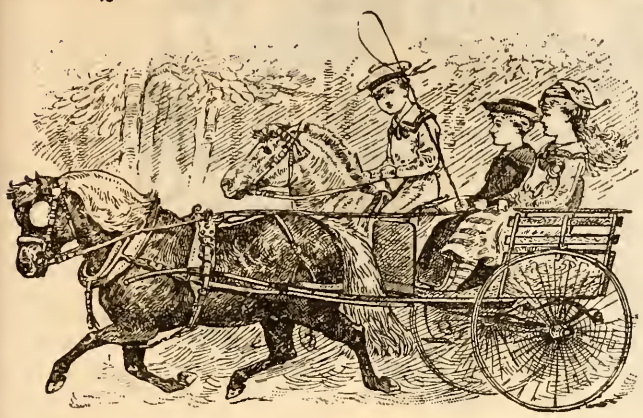

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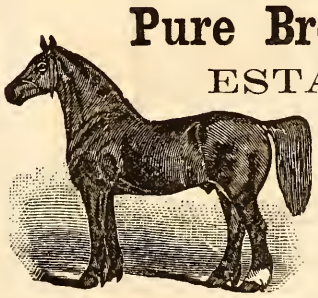

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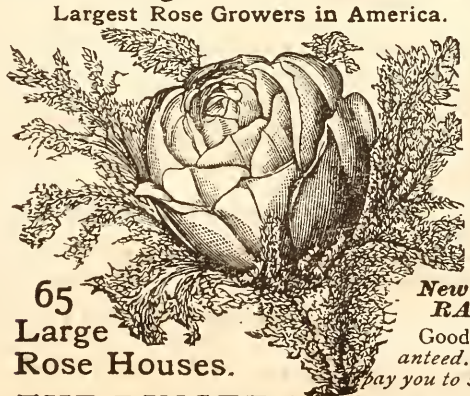

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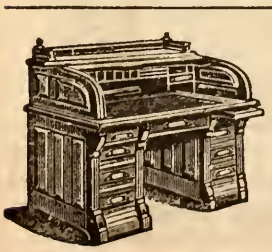

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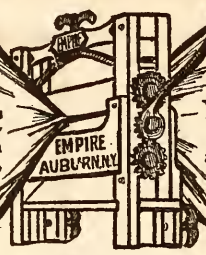

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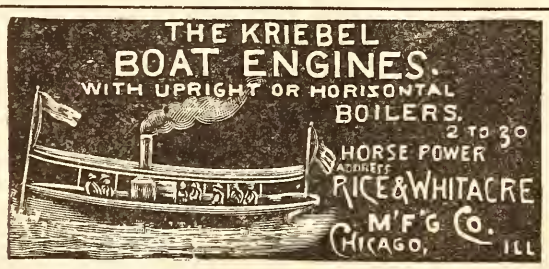

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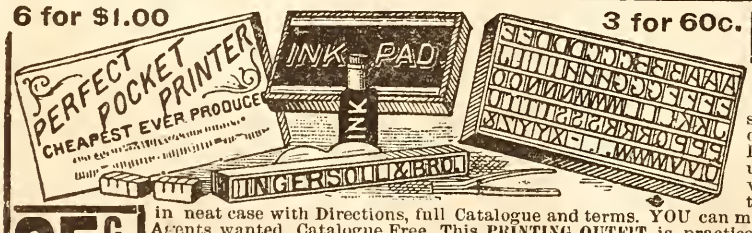

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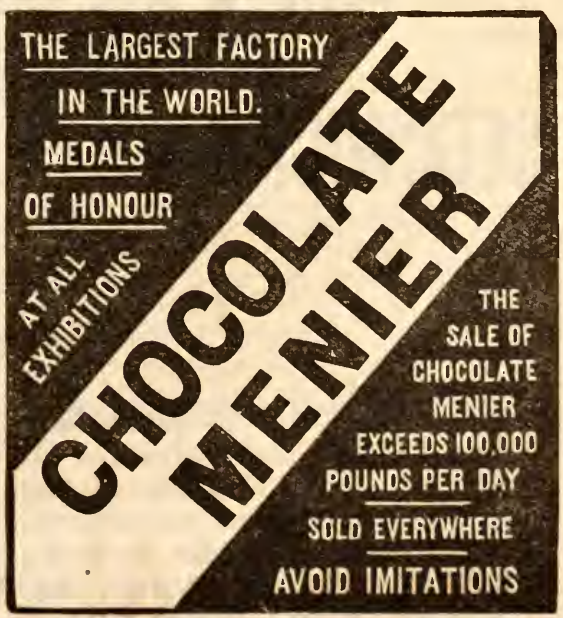
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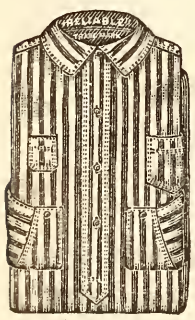

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OTHER STYLES LACED.

BUY THE

"RELIABLE"

Trade-Mark

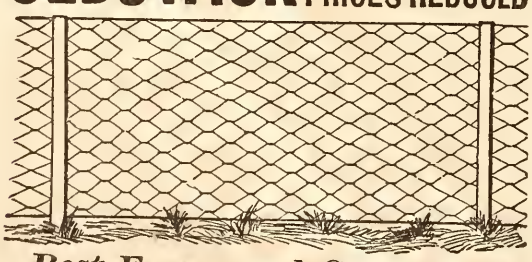
Flannel Shirts,

PAJAMAS, HOUSE ROBES AND LOUNGING COATS.

BROKAW MFG. CO.

NEWBURGH, N. Y.
Ask Retailers for them.

SEDGWICK FARM FENCE PRICES REDUCED



Best Fences and Gates for all purposes. Free Catalogue giving full particulars and net prices. Ask Hardware Dealers, or write

SEDGWICK BROS., RICHMOND, IND.

EDWARD SUTTON, Eastern Agent,
300 Market Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Star Hack Saws, Star Butcher Saws, Star Bracket Saws.

The Star Hack Saw has a file temper, and one 5-cent blade will do more work than $1.00 worth of files. It will cut off an inch square bar of steel 30 times.

The Star Butcher Saw will cut four times as long without filing as any other kind in use. It will cut off a half-inch rod of iron 30 times.

The Star Bracket Saw is taking the place of all other kinds.

None of these Star Saws are to be filed, as the price is less than the cost of filing. They are taking the place of all other saws as fast as they become known.

PRICES:

Hack Saw Blades.

Length.....	6 in.	7 in.	8 in.	9 in.	10 in.	11 in.	12 in.
Per doz.....	$0.55	$0.60	$0.65	$0.70	$0.85	$0.95	$1.05

Butcher Saw Blades.

Length.....	14 in.	16 in.	18 in.	20 in.	22 in.	24 in.	26 in.
Per doz.....	$1.08	$1.08	$1.20	$1.20	$1.32	$1.32	$1.44

Bracket Saw Blades.

No.....	000 to 6	7	8	9	10	11	
Per gross.....	$1.00	$1.10	$1.20	$1.30	$1.40	$1.50	$1.60

For sale by most hardware dealers, or sent by mail on receipt of the price.

MILLERS FALLS CO.

93 Reade Street, New-York.

DEATH FROM GAS PREVENTED.

SELF-CLOSING GAS-BURNER FOR NURSERIES, BEDROOMS, BATH-ROOMS, HALLS.

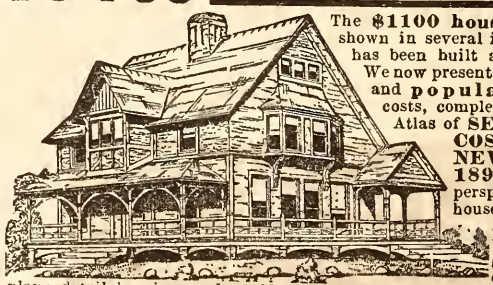
Gas blown out does not escape. Fits any fixture. Indorsed by all Gas Engineers. Sent by mail. Price 50 and 75 cents.

AUTOMATIC SAFETY BURNER CO.
Agents wanted. 10 E. 14th St. N. Y.

BRIGGS & CO'S PATENT TRANSFER PAPERS.

We will send you our Catalogue, showing hundreds of designs, on receipt of 15 c., and one dollar's worth of good designs for 30 c.; all for 45 c. 87 Leonard Street, N. Y.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD?



The **$1100 house,** which we have shown in several issues of CENTURY, has been built a number of times. We now present another **beautiful** and **popular design,** which costs, complete, **$3300.** Our Atlas of **SENSIBLE LOW-COST HOUSES** with **NEW DESIGNS for 1890** contains a large perspective view of this house and 80 others. It shows details and floor plans, and gives our prices for complete working plans, detail drawings and specifications. Price of Atlas by mail $2.00. Included among the illustrations are **COLONIAL DESIGNS, Double Houses, City Fronts, One-Story Houses, Seashore and Southern Styles,** ranging in cost from $600 to $7000. We do a large amount of new designing. Our system in regard to this work is simple and satisfactory, and we give free estimates as to cost of building, and information as to our prices for special new plans. We furnish those who order our plans everything which is necessary to enable them to make intelligent and satisfactory contracts.

National Architects' Union, 120 N. Seventh St., Philadelphia, Pa.

SOZODONT

SMILES ARE BECOMING

ONLY WHEN THE LIPS DISPLAY PRETTY TEETH.

The shells of the ocean yield no pearl that can exceed in beauty teeth whitened and cleansed with that incomparable Dentifrice, Fragrant

SOZODONT

which hardens and invigorates the gums, purifies and perfumes the breath, beautifies and preserves the teeth from youth to old age.

One bottle of Sozodont will last six months.

JUNIOR PRINTING OUTFIT. 50c.

There being a demand for a low-priced outfit with movable types by which any name may be printed has compelled us to introduce the "Junior." Contains a 4A font of metal-bodied rubber-faced type, nickeled type holder, bottle indelible ink (warranted not to wash out), ink pads and tweezers. Nothing cheap about this except the price. U. S. postage stamps taken.

Eagle Stamp Works, New Haven, Ct.

Send this (THE CENTURY) advertisement and $2.00 *direct to the publisher* (this is essential) by June 1, and you will receive

THE ART AMATEUR, $2

FOR 7 MONTHS (DEC., '89, TO JUNE, '90).

WITH 18 BEAUTIFUL COLOR STUDIES for Oil, Water-Color and China Painting (also very Suitable for Framing).

These consist of 14 color studies published or to be published with the numbers, including the splendid study of Pears, by Mathilda Brown (15x31)—the largest and finest oil study ever given with a magazine, and in itself well worth $2; Azaleas (14x12); 2 bird and flower panels (each 21x8); Notre Dame Cathedral by Moonlight (11x16); Cat (11x16); Spring Landscape; Cottage Garden; "Little Mischief" (baby girl); Easter Lilies; Daffodils in Basket, etc., etc., and *extra:* Bertha Maguire's exquisite study of Orchids, which won the gold medal of the Royal Botanical Society. ***To the 15 superb plates we add 3 of our selection—Landscape, Flower or Figure.***

You also get for your $2

60 PAGES OF PRACTICAL DESIGNS in Black and White for China Painting, Oil, Water-Color and Tapestry Painting, Wood-Carving, Brass-Hammering and Needlework, and over

150 PAGES (16x11) **OF TEXT** full of direction, suggestion and description, relating to Flower Painting, Marine Painting, Portrait Painting, Still-Life Painting, Sketching from Nature, Pen Drawing for Book and Magazine Illustrating, Etching,

HOME ADORNMENT AND ART WORK.

For $4 you get 12 months' subscription; with 27 color studies; and **the sumptuous Orchid study free.**

For $2 you get all named in above "special offer"; or, if you prefer, 6 months' continued subscription, beginning *any month.*

For 25c. you get a specimen copy of THE ART AMATEUR, with 2 color studies, and 8 pages supplementary working designs, for China Painting, Carving, Needlework, etc., etc.; and, *free*, a **beautifully illustrated Catalogue of 70 Color Studies.**

MONTAGUE MARKS, Publisher,
23 UNION SQUARE, NEW-YORK.

Cheap Printing type, &c., to factory. Do it yourself. Card press $3. Circular press $8. Newspaper size $44. Everything easy, printed rules. Send 2 stamps for List of presses, **KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.**

EXPANDED METAL

Is the "Trade" name for Plates of Soft Steel cut and opened out into webs of **diamond** or other **shaped mesh.**

FENCING.

LATHING.

For fencing it is unsurpassed, being strong and durable, giving great protection with least obstruction to view of inclosure.

It is not of the "stretched" order of fence, but a solid and substantial structure, which, when mounted in various ways, makes a neat and attractive guard for **Lawn, Park, Church, Cemetery or Farm** that will prove a good investment.

For **Summer Doors, Window Guards, Poultry Yards** and **Ornamental Garden Work,** more durable than wire.

Our **Steel Lath** commends itself to Architects and Builders as the best metallic lath in use.

It requires no stretching or furring; its form makes it rigid, and yet it can be readily molded to any required curve or angle. Gives a perfect "**key**" throughout.

Specify our Lath to reduce the fire risk on your buildings.

Write for catalogue and name THE CENTURY.

BRANCH OFFICES:
67 Reade St. New-York.
1026 Ridge Ave. Phila.

CENTRAL EXPANDED METAL CO.
116 Water St. Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE HOUSEWIFE

4 MONTHS FOR ONLY ONE DIME

If you mention THE CENTURY.

The May Housewife is a beautifully illustrated number, containing:

FICTION.—Harriet Prescott Spofford relates in her charming manner "Hester's Love Story"; **Zenas Dane** contributes a capital humorous story, "Sister Dilly's Bonnet"; **Mary Kyle Dallas** furnishes two more entertaining chapters of "The Begum's Heiress."

FASHION.—Jenny June considers "Reformed Dress," "Features of the Spring," "Bonnets," "Hosiery and Gloves" and "New Materials."

FLOWERS.—George R. Knapp discusses "Balsams, Large and Small," "Culture of Ferns," "Timely Pointers" and "Answers to Correspondents."

HOME DECORATION.—Emma Moffett Tyng describes "Some Pretty Table Mats," and contributes an interesting article on the selection, care and arrangement of "Glassware." **L. E. Chittenden** suggests in a very happy manner some "Spring Changes."

THE NEEDLEWORKER.—Emma Chalmers Monroe furnishes the customary supply of novel designs.

THE CHAT-BOX, MOTHERS' and **CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENTS** are replete with information and suggestions of practical value to many a reader of **The Housewife.**

THE KITCHEN.—Juliet Corson discusses "Soups"; **Eliza R. Parker,** "Picnics"; and **Maria Parloa,** a subject of great interest to housekeepers.

POEMS by **Kate Putnam Osgood, Katherine H. Terry, Emma C. Dowd,** and **Eben E. Rexford** complete the May number.

☞ Every article contributed expressly for **The Housewife** by the best talent obtainable.

50 CENTS A YEAR; 5 CENTS A COPY.

Special Offer: To introduce it into thousands of new homes we offer it **4 months for only 10 cents,** if you mention THE CENTURY.

The Housewife on all news-stands, 5 cents a copy.

THE HOUSEWIFE PUBLISHING CO. NEW-YORK.

IF YOU RIDE HORSEBACK, you like to look well, so use the **READY RIDING STRAP** to hold your trousers down. Worn inside the foot, cannot be seen and the trousers appear to hang naturally. Will fit any shoe. 50 cents per pair.

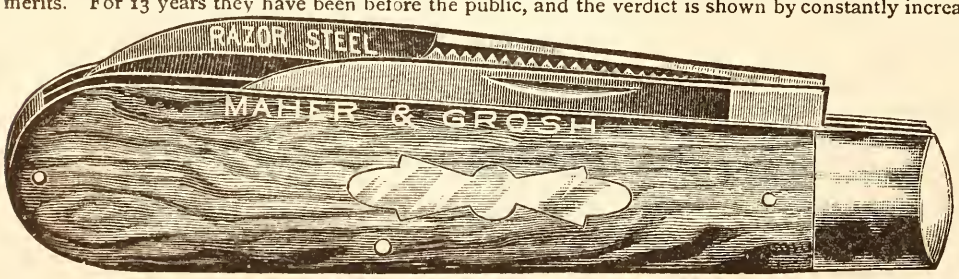
THE CARTER-SMITH CO. 91 5th Ave. Pittsburgh, Pa.

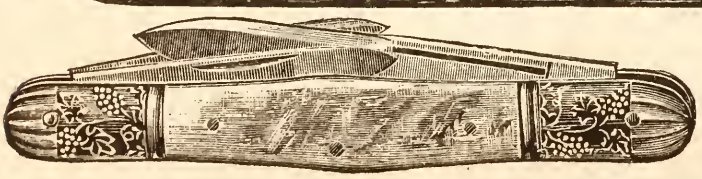
THE "ALPINE" COSTUME FOR LADY TOURISTS.
MME. MEVEY & Co., Costume Artists, 69 West 36th Street,
Patentees and Sole Manufacturers. NEW-YORK.

PANSY PLANTS 12 very choice Pansy Plants, all colors, 20 cts., or 24 for 30 cts., nicely packed, post-paid, Catlge. FREE. **F. B. MILLS, Thorn Hill, N. Y.**

A PERSONAL EXPLANATION.

Many readers of our advertisements do not understand that we desire to deal direct with them, not through a middle-man. They go into a local store and ask for our goods. The dealer has none, but, of course, has something "as good," and the customer is persuaded to again try the poor stuff that has so often disgusted him. The **MAHER & GROSH** goods are **hand-forged** from **razor steel,** tested and warranted. They are made **on honor,** and sold on their merits. For 13 years they have been before the public, and the verdict is shown by constantly increasing sales. We want your trade; you want value for your money. Send for our free 80-page illustrated list; it is full of points about the use of **Knives, Razors, Shears,** etc., that we have been a lifetime learning. But, as sample, look at this cut, exact size of our great leader, price, 65c., but for a while samples sent, post-paid, for 48c.; **5 for $2.** Our 7-inch best **Steel Shears,** 60c., post-paid. ☞ This knife and shears, by mail, $1. Pruning knife, 75c.; grafting, 25c.; budding, 55c.; pruning shears, 90c.; 3-blade **stock-knife,** $1; fine penknife, $1; boy's strong 2-blade, 35c.; ladies, 2-blade pearl, 50c.





No. 477. Elegant pearl handle, nickel ends, two blades and nail file; highest quality blades. Price, $1.00. The blades are severely tested, and will carry a razor edge. Price of the two knives shown here is $1.65. We will mail you the two for $1.40 for a while.

MAHER & GROSH,
74 Summit Street, Toledo, Ohio.

"A BACKWARD SPRING."

Advance postal cards for drummers on their maiden trip, saying they "would arrive about the 20th," but who never arrived at all.

Advertising Sketches.

I wish I had time and space—particularly space—to tell you how much benefit a man's business can derive from a good Advertising Sketch. I could cite numerous instances. The cheapness of Photo-Engraving has largely increased the field of advertising sketches, and I now find myself busy in many directions that before I never dreamed of. Some of the queer things I have been asked to design lately have been:

A seaside cottage with all the windows facing the ocean.

Columns for newspapers so that every advertiser may appear simultaneously at "top of column next to reading matter."

Plans for the World's Fair in *New-York*.

Cover for a magazine that would n't print continued stories.

And so on and so forth. In short, there is no department in business where a bright, brainy sketch—a sketch that tells its own story—cannot be utilized to advantage.

I have lately issued a catalogue containing some 500 designs of different subjects, and covering almost every business. They are specially designed for current advertising, and a copy will be mailed anywhere on receipt of 25c.

Any information regarding costs will be furnished whenever desired. My prices invariably include the sketch and engraving; a separate charge is made for manuscript.

H. C. BROWN,

Advertising Sketches and Photo-Engraving, 35 & 37 Frankfort St. N.Y.

REFERENCES: Jas. Pyle's Pearline; Climax Plug;
Waterbury Watch Co.; Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet Soap; Scribner's Magazine, etc., etc., etc.

ALLCOCK'S

POROUS PLASTERS

Purely Vegetable
Absolutely Harmless
Have No Equal

Always Reliable

Always Ready

Always Safe

Always Effective

Beware of imitations and do not be deceived by misrepresentations. Ask for ALLCOCK'S and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine, nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Infant Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria kills Worms. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation,
Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation,
Gives healthy sleep and promotes digestion,
Without injurious medication.

Castoria

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

RUBIFOAM

FOR THE TEETH. **Deliciously Flavored.**

Its use is sanctioned by the Dental and Medical profession.

The following certificate is from the Massachusetts State Assayer, and Professor of Chemistry, Physics, and Metallurgy in the Boston Dental College:

To E. W. HOYT & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Gentlemen,—I have made a careful examination of a sample of "Rubifoam," purchased by me in the open market, and find it free from acids, grit, or substances likely to be injurious to the teeth or mouth.

Yours respectfully, S. P. SHARPLES.

LARGE BOTTLES, PRICE 25 CENTS. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

PREPARED AND GUARANTEED BY **E. W. HOYT & CO.**, LOWELL, MASS.

Manufacturers of the celebrated **Hoyt's German Cologne.** Write for Sample Vial—**FREE.**

The Complexion:

PROCTER & GAMBLE'S VEGETABLE GLYCERINE FORMS THE BASIS OF WELL-KNOWN PREPARATIONS FOR PRESERVING AND IMPROVING THE COMPLEXION.

FOR PARTICULARS SEE ELEGANT BOOK OF TOILET RECIPES THAT CAN BE PREPARED EASILY AND CHEAPLY AT HOME. SENT TO ANY ADDRESS FOR TWO TWO-CENT STAMPS. ADDRESS, ...

PROCTER & GAMBLE,

GLYCERINE DEP'T, CINCINNATI, O.

PLAYS Dialogues, Tableaux, Speakers, for School, Club & Parlor. Best out. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Chicago, Ill.

EIGHT REASONS WHY EVERY LADY SHOULD USE

FREEMAN'S FACE POWDER

It is absolutely harmless: the purest science can produce. Does not show; will not rub off. Is used by society and dramatic ladies. Purifies and beautifies the complexion; gives freshness to the skin. Is made in 3 shades; white, pink and cream. Is an old and tried preparation, thousands of ladies having used it for years. Ask your druggist for it, or send 50c. or 25c. for a box by mail. Send 2-ct. stamp for lovely perfumed blotters.

A full box will be sent FREE to any one who, mentioning this paper, sends us the names and addresses of ten ladies who use OTHER POWDERS. Send also three two-cent stamps to pay for postage and packing. **FREEMAN PERFUME CO.** (Estab. 1876), 523 E. 152d St., NEW YORK, or CINCINNATI, O.

An elegant dressing exquisitely perfumed, removes all impurities from the scalp, prevents baldness and gray hair, and causes the hair to grow Thick, Soft and Beautiful. Infallible for curing cruptions, diseases of the skin, glands and muscles, and quickly healing cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, &c. **Price, 50 Cts.—All Druggists.** **BARCLAY & CO., New York.**

WALKING MADE EASY.

An effectual remedy for Galled, Calloused, Swollen, Fetid, Tender and Tired Feet. Wood's Walking Made Easy Foot Powders, for the complete removal of Callous, will prevent excessive sweating of the feet and remove all soreness from Bunions. New Shoes made easy as old ones. A Cure guaranteed for all affections of the feet. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, 25 cents.

WOOD FOOT POWDER COMPANY, Troy, N. Y.

Ideal Felt Tooth Polisher.

ENDORSED BY LEADING DENTISTS.

NON-IRRITATING TO GUMS OR ENAMEL

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

C. J. BAILEY, Patentee and Proprietor of BAILEY'S FAMOUS RUBBER BRUSHES.

Indorsed and sold in every part of the world for beautifying and purifying the skin.

A lady writes us: "You ought to let the ladies know that the use of your 'Rubber Brushes' several times a day will vivify the complexion, smooth out the wrinkles, and prevent the flesh from shrinking by producing plumpness. I know of a number who are using them with the most gratifying results."

PRICE-LIST:

Bailey's Rubber Bath and Flesh Brush		$1.50
Bailey's	" Toilet Brush	.25
Bailey's	" Hand Brush (size 3 x 1¼ in.)	.50
Bailey's	" Blacking Dauber	.25
Bailey's	" Ink and Pencil Eraser	.25
Bailey's	" Tooth Brush, No. 1	.25
Bailey's	" Tooth Brush, No. 2	.35
Bailey's	" Shampoo Brush	.75
Bailey's	" Teething Ring	.10

Send us a postal note, and we will forward any of the above, prepaid, upon receipt of price. For sale by all dealers in Toilet Goods.

(Agents Wanted.) **C. J. BAILEY & CO.**

Boylston Building, Boylston St. Boston, Mass.

Harriet Hubbard Ayer

Has leased and remodeled the entire building

305 FIFTH AVENUE,

Where a retail department has been established for the sale of

RÉCAMIER TOILET PREPARATIONS

and a complete line of the highest grade

Concentrated Odors for the Handkerchief, Scented Waters, Sachet Powders, Dentifrices, Manicure Goods, Etc.

MANUFACTURED EXPRESSLY FOR HER IN FRANCE.

This department will contain every requisite and luxurious appointment of a gentlewoman's toilet.

A complete list of these articles will be mailed on receipt of request.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER,

PARIS. 305 Fifth Avenue, New-York.

The Finest Perfumes and Toilet Soaps

Are Manufactured by

HOUBIGANT,

PERFUMER

to HER MAJESTY, the QUEEN OF ENGLAND, and the COURT OF RUSSIA,

19 Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré,

PARIS.

STAMMERING

And all nervous affections of speech thoroughly corrected. For full particulars and testimonials from eminent men and pupils, address

F. A. BRYANT, 9 West 14th St. N. Y.

"Best cure for colds, coughs and consumption is the old Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam." Cutler Bros. & Co., Boston. *For* $1.00 *by mail, a large bottle sent express paid.*

EVERYBODY Wants This.

PORTABLE BATHS.

Best ever known.

Wholesale and Retail.
Agents Wanted Everywhere.
Send for Circulars.

E. J. KNOWLTON,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

ORCHID FLOWER PERFUMES

(Registered).

WOULD you fully satisfy the requirements of a refined taste for exquisite perfumes, use **Seely's Orchid Flower**; they are delightful reproductions of the odors of these *aristocratic flowers.*

Stanhopea, Galeandra, Vanda, Miltonia, Anguloa, Calanthe.

1-ounce Bottles, - - $0.75
2 " " - - 1.50 } *See Cut.*

If not to be obtained of your druggist, we will send by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

Sold also by the pound to the drug trade.

SEELY MANUFG. CO. Sole Proprietors of Orchid Perfumes, Detroit, Mich.

VELVET SKIN SOAP

Is especially prepared for the delicate skin of the infant, consequently the best for all toilet purposes. There is no soap ever produced that equals it. It is made from the finest vegetable oils. Most toilet soaps are made from animal fats. Any physician will tell you that there is great danger of propagating skin diseases when soaps are made from animal fats, as they are usually obtained from refuse sources after putrefaction changes have begun. **Velvet Skin Soap** is composed of the following ingredients:

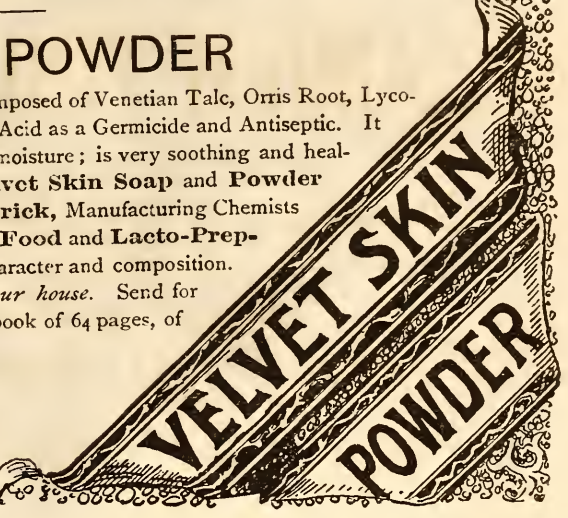
Best Lagos Palm Oil, **Bay Berry Tallow,** **Oat Meal Flour** (finely bolted),
Best Cochin Cocoanut Oil, **Pure Olive Oil,** **Witch Hazel Extract.**
Slippery Elm Bark (mucilaginous portion), **Borax,** **Price, 25 Cents a Cake.**

VELVET SKIN POWDER

Is prepared expressly for Nursery and Toilet purposes. It is composed of Venetian Talc, Orris Root, Lycopodium and Boracic Acid. Boracic Acid is far superior to Carbolic Acid as a Germicide and Antiseptic. It is delicately scented with violets, and does not cake or harden with moisture; is very soothing and healing to all irritated surfaces. Price, 25 cents a box. Samples of **Velvet Skin Soap** and **Powder** will be sent by mail for 15 cents each. Prepared by **Reed & Carnrick,** Manufacturing Chemists and Pharmacists, New-York. Manufacturers of Carnrick's **Soluble Food** and **Lacto-Preparata,** the only foods for infants that approach **human milk** in character and composition. *Ask your physician relative to the reliability of all products of our house.* Send for "*Our Baby's First and Second Year,*" by **Marion Harland,** a book of 64 pages, of inestimable value to all mothers. ☞ **By mail, free.** ☜

REED & CARNRICK,

Nos. 441–449 Greenwich Street, New-York.



ASK FOR WOODWORTH'S
PERFUMES.
BLUE LILIES
TRADE MARK.
AND
PEARL OF SAVOY
TRADE MARK.
PERFUMES OF EXQUISITE DELICACY AND REMARKABLE PERMANENCE. YOUR FAVORITES AT ONCE BECAUSE THEY ARE LASTING. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. WRITE TO US ENCLOSING 25c. IN STAMPS AND RECEIVE ONE-HALF OUNCE SAMPLE.
TRIPLE EXTRACT
BLUE LILIES
TRADE MARK.
C. B. WOODWORTH & SONS
ROCHESTER N.Y.
C. B. WOODWORTH & SONS,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FACIAL BLEMISHES.

The largest establishment in the world for the treatment of the hair and the scalp, eczema, moles, warts, superfluous hair, birthmarks, moth, freckles, tan, pimples, wrinkles, red nose, red veins, oily skin, acne, blackheads, barbers' itch, scars, pittings, powder marks, bleaching, facial development, &c. Consultation Free, at office or by letter. 128-page Book on all Skin and Scalp Affections and their Treatment sent, sealed to any address on receipt of 10c.

JOHN H. WOODBURY, Dermatologist,
125 West 42d Street, New York City.

FACIAL SOAP,

FOR THE SKIN AND SCALP.

THE ONLY SOAP PREPARED BY A DERMATOLOGIST, with a successful practice of over **20** years. This soap has no equal for the toilet or bath, is unexcelled for shaving, and milder forms of skin and scalp affections. Sold by druggists or sent by mail on receipt of price, **50 cents.** Send **10c. for 128-page book.**

DISTRESSING SKIN DISEASES SPEEDILY CURED.

MY DISEASE (PSORIASIS) first broke out on my left cheek, spreading across my nose and almost covering my face. It ran into my eyes, and the physician was afraid I would lose my eyesight altogether. It spread all over my head, and my hair all fell out, until I was entirely baldheaded; it then broke out on my arms and shoulders, until my arms were just one sore. It covered my entire body, my face, head and shoulders being the worst. The white scabs fell constantly from my head, shoulders and arms; the skin would thicken and be red and very itchy, and would crack and bleed if scratched. After spending many hundreds of dollars, I was pronounced incurable. I heard of the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and after using two bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, I could see a change; and after I had taken four bottles, I was almost cured; and when I had used six bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, and one box of CUTICURA, and one cake of CUTICURA SOAP, I was cured of the dreadful disease from which I had suffered for five years. I thought the disease would leave a very deep scar, but the CUTICURA REMEDIES cured it without any scars. I cannot express with a pen what I suffered before using the CUTICURA REMEDIES. They saved my life, and I feel it my duty to recommend them. My hair is restored as good as ever, and so is my eyesight. I know of a number of different persons who have used the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and all have received great benefit from their use.

MRS. ROSA KELLY, Rockwell City, Calhoun Co. Iowa.

I cannot say enough in praise of the CUTICURA REMEDIES. My boy, when one year of age, was so bad with eczema that he lost all of his hair. His scalp was covered with eruptions, which the doctor said was scald head, and that his hair would never grow again. Despairing of a cure from physicians, I began the use of the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and, I am happy to say, with the most perfect success. His hair is now splendid, and there is not a pimple on him. I recommend the CUTICURA REMEDIES to mothers as the most speedy, economical and sure cure for all skin diseases of infants and children, and feel that every mother will thank me for so doing.

MRS. M. E. WOODSUM, Norway, Me.

CUTICURA REMEDIES

For cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin and scalp and curing every species of agonizing, humiliating, itching, burning, scaly and pimply diseases of the SKIN, SCALP AND BLOOD, and humors, blotches, eruptions, sores, scales, crusts, ulcerations, swellings, abscesses, tumors and loss of hair, whether simple, scrofulous or contagious, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are simply infallible.

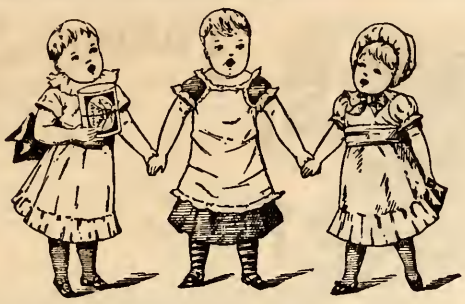
CUTICURA, the great skin cure, instantly allays the most agonizing itching and inflammation, clears the skin and scalp of every trace of disease, heals ulcers and sores, removes crusts and scales and restores the hair. CUTICURA SOAP, the greatest of skin beautifiers, is indispensable in treating skin diseases and baby humors. It produces the whitest, clearest skin and softest hands, free from pimple, spot or blemish. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood of all impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the CAUSE. Hence the CUTICURA REMEDIES are the only infallible curatives for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Price: CUTICURA, 50 cents per box; CUTICURA SOAP, 25 cents; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, $1.00 per bottle. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston, Mass.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black-heads, red, rough, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

HANDS Soft, white and free from chaps and redness, by using CUTICURA SOAP.



We are children who cheerfully join in the chorus
When **PACKER'S TAR SOAP** is the subject before us,
Mama tried all the rest,
So she knows it's the best,
And we laugh with delight when she lathers it over us.

Christine Terhune Herrick *(Cradle and Nursery, p. 43)* says: "For baby's bath Packer's Tar Soap is preferable to all others. . . In removing scurf or dandruff from the baby's head, in relieving the itching and irritation caused by chafing, it is beyond compare."

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

Is composed of sweet vegetable oils, pine-tar and glycerine. It is remarkably pure, bland and emollient; lathers freely, and is the ideal soap for toilet, bath and shampoo. Its great value as an *antiseptic, deodorant,* and remedy in skin diseases is well known.

Sold by druggists, 25 cents. Mention THE CENTURY, and send 10 cents for sample (half-cake) to

THE PACKER MFG. CO. 100 Fulton St. N.Y.

APPRECIATED
BY
LOVERS
OF LUXURY.

The Prophylactic Tooth Brush.

THE IDEAL BRUSH.

PERSONAL COMFORT DEMANDS THE USE OF THE FLORENCE DENTAL PLATE BRUSH IF YOU HAVE ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

KEPT BY ALL DEALERS.

CIRCULARS FREE, FROM

FLORENCE MFG. CO.
FLORENCE, MASS.

PERFUMES

Made from flowers

IN THE LAND OF FLOWERS

Sweet South.	Doussan Violet.
Picciola.	Frangipanni.
Roussel Rose.	Lys des Incas.
Eden Bouquet.	Imperial Pink.
Luneas.	Persian Heliotrope.

Mandarin Orange Bloom.
Japan Hyacinth.

Demand them of your druggist, or, if he can't supply you, send us 20 cents in stamps and your address, and we will mail you samples of all above-with instructions "*How to test.*" We will convince you that they are the most delicate and most lasting perfumes made.

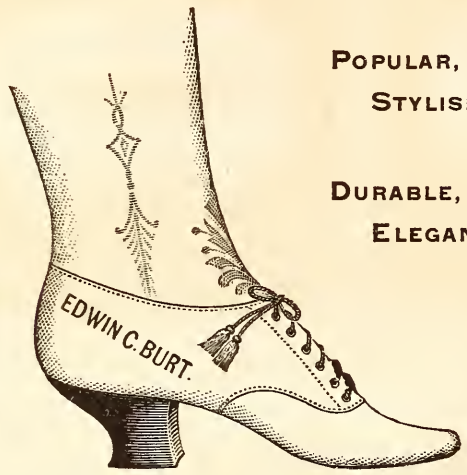
DOUSSAN FRENCH PERFUMERY CO.
46 Chartres St. New Orleans, La.

EDWIN C. BURT & CO.

Manufacturers and Exporters of

Fine Boots, Shoes and Slippers

For LADIES AND CHILDREN.



POPULAR,
STYLISH,
DURABLE,
ELEGANT.

Sole Stamp.

See that every pair is stamped **Edwin C. Burt** on **Lining** and **Sole** of **each shoe** as shown in **trade-marks.** Our goods are made in all widths of Lasts, every style of **shoe,** sole, toe or heel required.

Lining Stamp.

Ask Your Dealers for Them.

If they will not furnish you, write to us for information where they can be had.

EDWIN C. BURT & CO. New-York, U. S. A.

FERRIS' Patent GOOD SENSE Corset Waists.

Ring Buckle at Hip for Hose Supporters.
Tape-fastened Buttons— *won't pull off.*
Cord-Edge Button Holes— *won't wear out*
BEST MATERIALS throughout.
FIT ALL AGES *Infants to Adults.*

Child
.50
.70
.75

Miss
.70
.75
.80
.85

Young Ladies
1.00
1.10

Ladies
1.00
1.25
1.50
1.75
2.00

Mailed free on receipt of price, by

FERRIS BROS., Mfrs.,
341 Broadway, New York.
MARSHALL FIELD & CO., Chicago,
Wholesale Western Agents.
J. RICHARD FREUD & CO.,
Wholesale Western Agents, 728 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

DON'T WEAR STIFF Corsets that ruin your health and comfort, **TRY "GOOD SENSE"** Money returned if not satisfactory.

For Sale by all Leading Retailers.

Yatisi. FITS EASY.

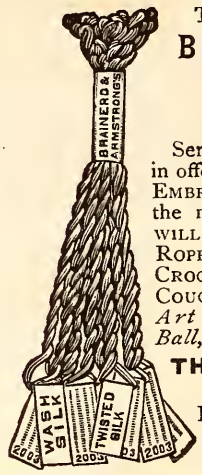
Let every uncomfortable woman know it—There is an easy corset for her; and faultless.

Here is the proof: *If it is n't all you expect, and more, return it.* You will get your money without a word. *But you won't return it.*

We send by mail if your merchant hasn't got it yet. If he has it, *his prices are the same as ours,* less postage. All we want is to get the news to you. The corset will do the rest.

Special. Ordinary shapes, $1.35, $1.65, $2.00. Nursing, $1.50. Abdominal, $2.00. Postage prepaid. Send waist measure, and say if long or short waisted.

CROTTY BROTHERS, NEW-YORK.



The highest authorities unanimously indorse

BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG'S WASH SILKS.

UNFADING ASIATIC DYES.

Sensational advertising is always strictly avoided in offering BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG'S FAST-DYED EMBROIDERING SILKS, but the fact that there are in the market many WORTHLESS IMITATIONS THAT WILL NOT WASH, of BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG'S ROPE, FILO, OUTLINING, TWISTED, KNITTING, CROCHETING, UNDERWEAR, NATURELLE AND COUCHING SILKS, necessitates a word of *Caution to Art Embroiderers. See that every Skein, Hank, Ball, or Spool bears our name. No other is genuine.*

THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG CO.
FACTORIES, NEW LONDON, CONN.

Leading Manufacturers in the world of materials for high-class Needlework and Decorative Embroidering.

Ladies' Silk

Rubber Mackintosh Garments.

The most beautiful ever shown in this or any other market, weighing only from 10 to 12 oz. each.

Send for samples and directions for measuring.

BARKER & CO.

27 Maiden Lane, cor. Nassau Street,

NEW-YORK CITY.

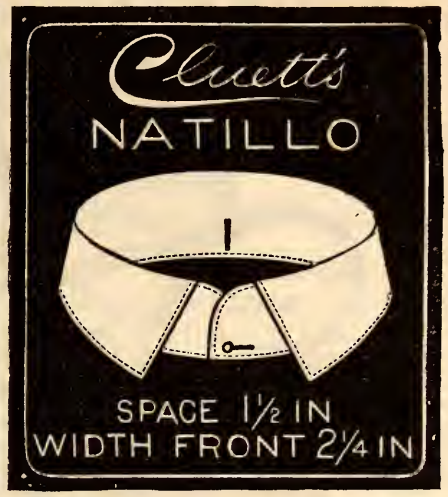
Cluett's

COLLARS AND CUFFS

FOR GENTLEMEN.

CLUETT, COON & CO.

MANUFACTURERS.



CLUETT, COON & CO'S

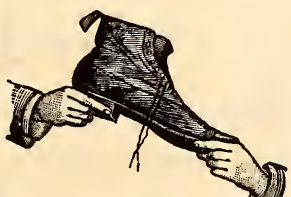
TRADE *Monarch* MARK.

SHIRTS.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

WITH INCREASING POPULARITY.

Look at these pictures. What do you want shoes for? to look well on the foot, or to look well when held in the hand?



The James Means $3 Shoe will not please spendthrifts. We do not claim that it is the most stylish shoe ever sold; what we do claim is, that no shoe of any price, **having its durability,** can compare with it in style, finish and perfection of fit.

Every genuine pair is stamped plainly on the sole

JAMES MEANS $3 SHOE.

If the name is not spelled exactly as you see it here, the shoes are only imitations of our James Means $3 Shoe, which is the original $3 Shoe.

Any retailer in the United States can supply you if you do not let him sell you some less durable shoe which pays him a larger profit. If your dealer will not supply you, please write us a postal card, giving us his name and telling us what he says to you. Then you will hear from us. These shoes are made in Lace, Button and Congress, with extra quality elastics. If you have been disappointed by the imitations of our goods, that must make you all the more anxious to get the genuine.

JAMES MEANS & CO. 41 Lincoln St., Boston.

CLEANFAST Black Stockings

THAT WILL NOT CROCK.

F. P. Robinson Co. Dye. Are the best in the world.

Unsurpassed wearing quality, with a finish like silk. None genuine without our Trade-Mark on each pair.

Complete assortment for men, women and children.

SEND FOR PRICE-LIST.

THE CLEANFAST HOSIERY CO.

927 Broadway and 2 West 14th Street, New-York.
49 West Street, Boston. 107 State Street, Chicago.
251 Race Street, Cincinnati. 61 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland.

TRADE ONCE WITHIN OUR GRASP
NEVER LEAVES US.

OUR ABILITY TO CATCH
and hold that which we seek
is like the
TENACIOUS & RAPACIOUS
POWER OF THE GREAT

SEA MONSTER.

IF YOU CANNOT REACH ONE OF OUR BRANCH STORES, WRITE US AT ONCE AND WE WILL MAIL YOU, FREE, 52 SAMPLES TO SELECT FROM WITH SELF-MEASUREMENT BLANKS.
Address, PLYMOUTH ROCK PANTS CO., 11 to 17 Eliot Street, BOSTON, MASS.

Flynt Waist, or True Corset.

Pat. Jan. 6, 1874.
Pat. Feb. 15, 1876.

No. 1 represents a high-necked garment. No. 2 a low-necked one, which admits of being high in the back and low front. No. 3 is to illustrate our mode of adjusting the "Flynt Hose Support" each side of the hip; also, the most correct way to apply the waistbands for the drawers, under and outside petticoats and dress skirts. No. 4 shows the Flynt Extension and Nursing Waist, appreciated by mothers. No. 5, the Misses' Waist, with Hose Supports attached. No. 6, how we dress very little people. No. 7 illustrates how *the warp threads of the fabrics cross at right angles in the back*, thereby insuring in *every waist* **the most successful Shoulder Brace ever constructed.**

It is universally indorsed by eminent physicians as the most Scientific Waist or Corset known.

THE FLYNT WAIST

is the only garment manufactured where the material of which it is made is **shrunk** before cut, the only one which in its natural construction contains a

SHOULDER BRACE

which supports the bust from the shoulders, and (so essential to large girls or women) thereby overcomes the objectionable abdominal development. The Flynt Waist, fitting superbly, permits that most desirable grace of motion possible only with perfect respiration gained by freedom from compression.

For singers, actresses, teachers, or pupils of elocution or physical exercise, for equestrians or invalids, for every girl or woman, the Flynt Waist is unequaled.

Thousands of ladies, whom we have fitted by mail satisfactorily, are constantly blessing its inventor.

☞ Our "Manual," containing 48 pages of reading-matter relating to the subject of Hygienic Modes of Under-dressing, **Sent Free** to any physician or lady, on application to

Mrs. O. P. FLYNT, 319 Columbus Ave. Boston, Mass.
Columbus Avenue cars pass the house from all depots.

Ask for

"Hodgman's"

Double Texture Tailor-made

Water-proof Cassimere Coats, or

"Mackintoshes."

Better than English. No Breaking at the Seams.
Soft and Pliable at any Temperature.
No Disagreeable odor like Foreign Garments.
Full Line of Patterns and Sizes.
Perfect Fitting and Durable.
Double Texture Coats. Ladies' Mackintosh Cloaks.
Very Popular Prices.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Before Buying Elsewhere Send for Circular and Samples to

HODGMAN

Rubber Company,

Sole Manufacturers,
459 & 461 Broadway, cor. Grand St. N. Y.

Le Boutillier Bros.

Broadway & 14th St.

NEW-YORK CITY.

Special Bargains

WASH FABRICS.

French Satines, selected styles, 33c. quality $0.14
Best Domestic **Wool Challies,** choice designs ..... .18
Finest **Scotch Ginghams,** our own import'n, worth 35c. .25
French Challies, all wool, latest styles and colorings ..... .49

Dress Goods.—40-inch **French Stripes, plain** to match, for combination suits, worth $1.25 ..... .75
40-inch colored **Silk Warp Henrietta,** Spring shades, worth $1.25 ..... .89
40-inch **French Checks, and Pantaloon Stripes,** silk mixed, latest London and Paris styles, worth $1.50. 1.00
50-inch Silk and Wool Pongee, plain colors and stripes, worth $1.75 ..... 1.39

Silks.—Black **Faille Française,** worth $1.35 ..... 1.00
Black Surah Dress Silk, fine quality ..... .69
New Novelties in **Stripes, Brocades, Plaids,** choice colorings, worth $1.50 ..... 1.00

Upholstery.—Rich Damask Silk Curtains, choice colorings, worth $23.00 per pair 13.50
Real Irish Point Curtains, fine quality, choice designs, worth $20.00 per window 12.00
Oriental Chenille Portières, rich quality, solid colors, fringed top and bottom, worth $15.00 ..... 9.75
Daghestan Rugs, fine quality, choice designs, large sizes, worth $15.00 ..... 8.90

New Illustrated Catalogue mailed Free on Application.

All mail matter should bear our street address,

BROADWAY AND 14TH ST. N. Y.

LADIES' WAULKINGPHAST BOOTS.
See page 66, April "CENTURY."

NOT FOR GENTLEMEN

BUT FOR THEIR

WIVES, DAUGHTERS, AND SWEETHEARTS.

The **Spring number** of

MODES IN COIFFURES,

the most valuable gift to present, for its **styles,** its **lessons** in the **ART** of **Hair Dressing,** and how a woman can be made lovable **without** the aid of **Cosmetics,** and also what she looks like, with the advice of

MME. THOMPSON,

Send 10c. for copy. 224 Fifth Avenue, New-York.

CORSETS, WAISTS and BRACES

Delsarte TRADE MARK

Send for Catalogue and Price List.

AGENTS WANTED.

DELSARTE CORSET CO.,
142 West 23d Street, New York.

Established 1861.

2.

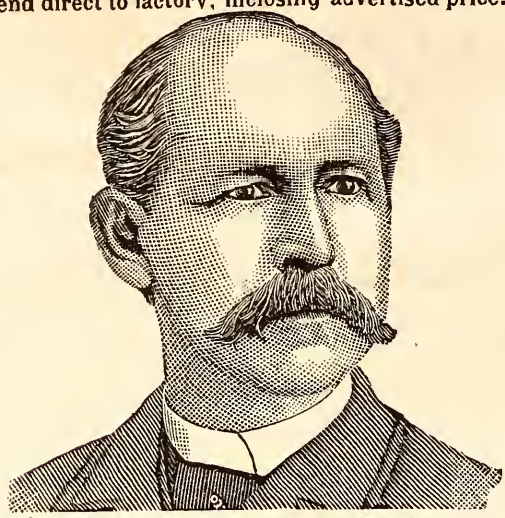
This is the Roll on which is wound
The Braid that is known the world around.

ENDORSED BY ANNIE JENNESS MILLER.

Illustrated Catalogue mailed free to any address, by the manufacturers,

GEO. FROST & CO. 21 BEDFORD ST. BOSTON.

CAUTION! Take no shoes unless W. L. Douglas' name and price are stamped on bottom. If your dealer cannot supply you, send direct to factory, inclosing advertised price.



W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

Fine Calf Laced Grain and Creedmoor Waterproof. Our claims for this Shoe over all other $3.00 shoes:

It contains better material. It is more stylish, better fitting and durable. It gives better general satisfaction. Its great success is due to merit. It cannot be duplicated by any other manufacturer. It is the best in the world, and has a larger demand than any other $3.00 shoe advertised. **$5000** will be paid to any person who will prove the above statements to be untrue.

Also $5.00, $4.00, $3.50, $2.50, $2.25, $2.00 Shoes for Men; $2.00 and $1.75 Shoes for Boys; $3.00 and $2.00 Shoes for Ladies and $1.75 Shoe for Misses.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

WEBSTER'S CELEBRATED
ENGLISH GRAIN CREEDMOOR,
double sole and tap, hand-nailed, best English Grain stock, bellows-tongue, perfectly water-proof, made on an extremely easy last, very durable. 6th year advertised. Sent by mail or express, prepaid, $5.50.

F. P. WEBSTER,
277 Washington St. Boston, Mass.
Measure work of all kinds. Send stamp for catalogue.

HUB GORE SHOES

are all insured for 1½ years free.

They cost from $3.00 to $15.00.

They look better, fit better, feel better, and last longer than all others.

Every shoe-store sells them.

SHOE CUT OPEN TO SHOW HEART TRADE-MARK ON INSIDE OF ELASTIC.

DRESS REFORM GOODS.

Agents wanted for Reform Skirt, Ladies Waist, etc. New goods, reduced Prices. Don't you want to represent us in your locality and make a little money? *Don't waste your time on old goods, but try the new.* Catalogue free.
LADIES SUPPLY CO., 287 W. Washington St., CHICAGO.

EUROPE. Select parties to Europe, the Holy Land and Round the World. Programmes free. Gaze's Tourist Gazette 5c. Best ticketing facilities. (Established 1844.)

HENRY GAZE & SON, 940 Broadway, New-York.

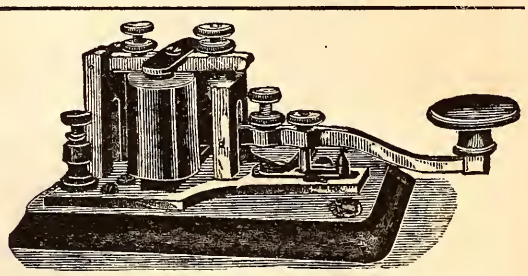
SPECIAL TELEGRAPH OUTFIT

For Students or Professionals, Old or Young.

COMPLETE OUTFIT, $4.00.

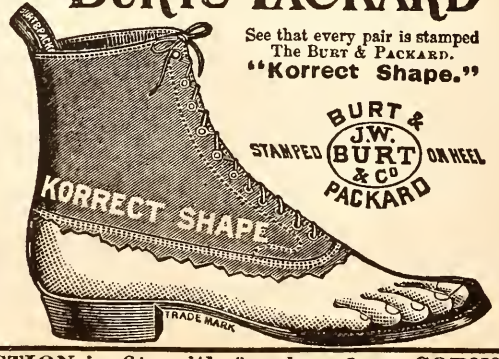
Sounder and Key Frame made of telegraph metal, hand-finished, rubber-covered Magnets, nickel-plated Key Lever, all mounted on handsome mahogany base. Battery, Chemicals and Book of Instructions. The most complete student's outfit on the market, and not to be classed with so-called cheap "Learner's sets." Complete catalogue of Telegraph Instruments and Supplies, with instructions, the "Art of Telegraphy," by mail, 20 cents.

GAYNOR ELECTRIC CO. Louisville, Ky.



Don't spoil your Feet with Cheap Shoes:

WEAR THE BURT & PACKARD



See that every pair is stamped THE BURT & PACKARD. **"Korrect Shape."**

STAMPED J.W. BURT & CO ON HEEL

DON'T PERMIT ANY SUBSTITUTE for the "Korrect Shape," as we have arranged to supply any one in the United States who cannot get these goods of our agents, and prepay all delivery charges, thus bringing them to your door without extra cost.

THE BURT & PACKARD "Korrect Shape" Shoes are made in four grades, and each grade, viz., Hand-made, Hand-welt, Burtwelt and Machine Sewed, is stamped on the sole in addition to our trade-mark above. This trade-mark—showing the foot in a natural position within a shoe, and also the words "Korrect Shape"—is fully covered under the Patent laws, and we shall be glad of any information where dealers are making use of either of these designs in the hope of deceiving the public.

Our agents should carry all styles in *Congress, Button,* and *Bal,* for Gents, Boys and Youths.

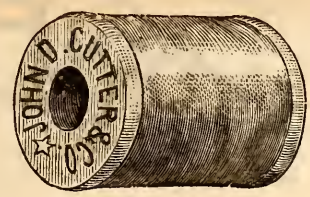
All information concerning our different styles, kinds of stock, how to obtain these goods, etc., forwarded by simply naming this publication, with your address in full.

PACKARD & FIELD,
Brockton, Mass.
(Successors to BURT & PACKARD.)

If you want PERFECTION in fit, with freedom from CORNS and all DISCOMFORT, you will never wear anything except THE BURT & PACKARD "KORRECT SHAPE" SHOES.

SPOOL AND KNITTING SILK.

DRESS SILK, COAT LINING, UMBRELLAS.



SIZES
EXACT AND
UNIFORM.
SMOOTH, STRONG.
SEAMS WILL NOT RIP.
The Best IS the Cheapest.

JOHN D. CUTTER & CO.
PURE SILK

SOLD BY LEADING RETAILERS.

Hutchinson's Gloves are the Best.

Made with care, and warranted. Send stamp to the manufacturer for the book about gloves and how to get them. It will interest you. Established 1862.

JOHN C. HUTCHINSON, Johnstown, N. Y.

PATENT NOVELTY FOLDING COIN PURSE.
The Most Roomy and Least Bulky Purse Made.

Very popular, as it cannot lose small change, and has no catch or frame to break, get out of order, or wear out the pocket.

Sample in black, red or brown morocco mailed, postage prepaid, on receipt of 50c., or of genuine seal for $1.00.

JAMES S. TOPHAM,
1231 Pennsylvania Avenue N. W., Washington, D. C.

The trade supplied. Write for prices.

Mention THE CENTURY.

STERN BROS.

direct attention to their

Weekly Importations

OF

PARIS COSTUMES, WRAPS, BONNETS, HATS AND LINGERIE

From the Leading Paris Modistes,

which, with the productions of

THEIR OWN WORKROOMS,

enable them to offer at all seasons the largest and choicest collections to be found in the city.

Dressmaking Departments.

With a large staff of the most competent fitters and designers, they are in position to give the utmost satisfaction.

ORDERS AND INQUIRIES RECEIVE IMMEDIATE ATTENTION.

32-34-36 West 23d St.

NEW YORK.

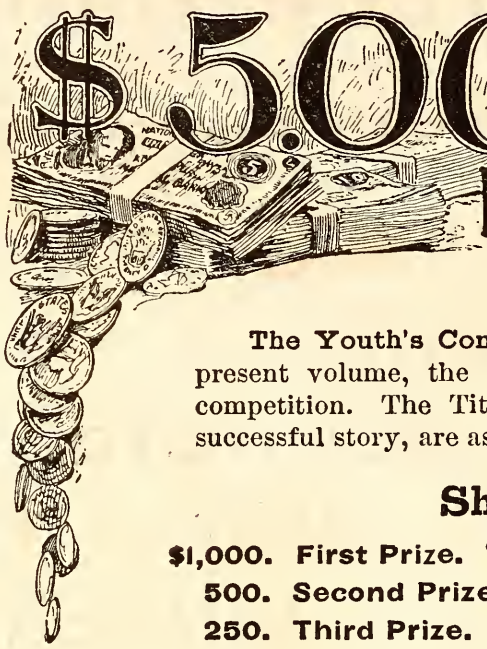
WASH SILKS.

These silks, which were introduced last year, have become exceedingly popular; they are just adapted for wear during the next three or four months.

The new colorings and designs—plain stripes and plaids—are very attractive, the full line embracing over one hundred different patterns and colors. They are 24 inches wide, and $1.00 per yard.

Samples of these trustworthy goods will be sent on receipt of six cents in postage stamps.

James McCreery & Co., Broadway and 11th St., N.Y.



$5000. FOR SHORT STORIES

The Youth's Companion is publishing, as a special feature of the present volume, the Prize Short Stories, obtained through the recent competition. The Titles and Authors, and the amounts paid for each successful story, are as follows.

Short Stories for Boys.

$1,000. First Prize. "A LOST HERO," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and H. D. Ward.
500. Second Prize. "LITTLE JARVIS," by Miss Mollie Eliot Seawell.
250. Third Prize. "THE SPRING HILL TELEGRAPH CO.," by Elbert C. Little.

Prize Stories for Girls.

$1,000. First Prize. "WAY OUT 'N THE PRARY KENTRY," by Fred L. Eaton.
500. Second Prize. "THE SLOSSONS OF BANGVILLE," by James T. McKay.
250. Third Prize. "CLA'SY ANN," by Miss Maria L. Pool.

Stories of Adventure.

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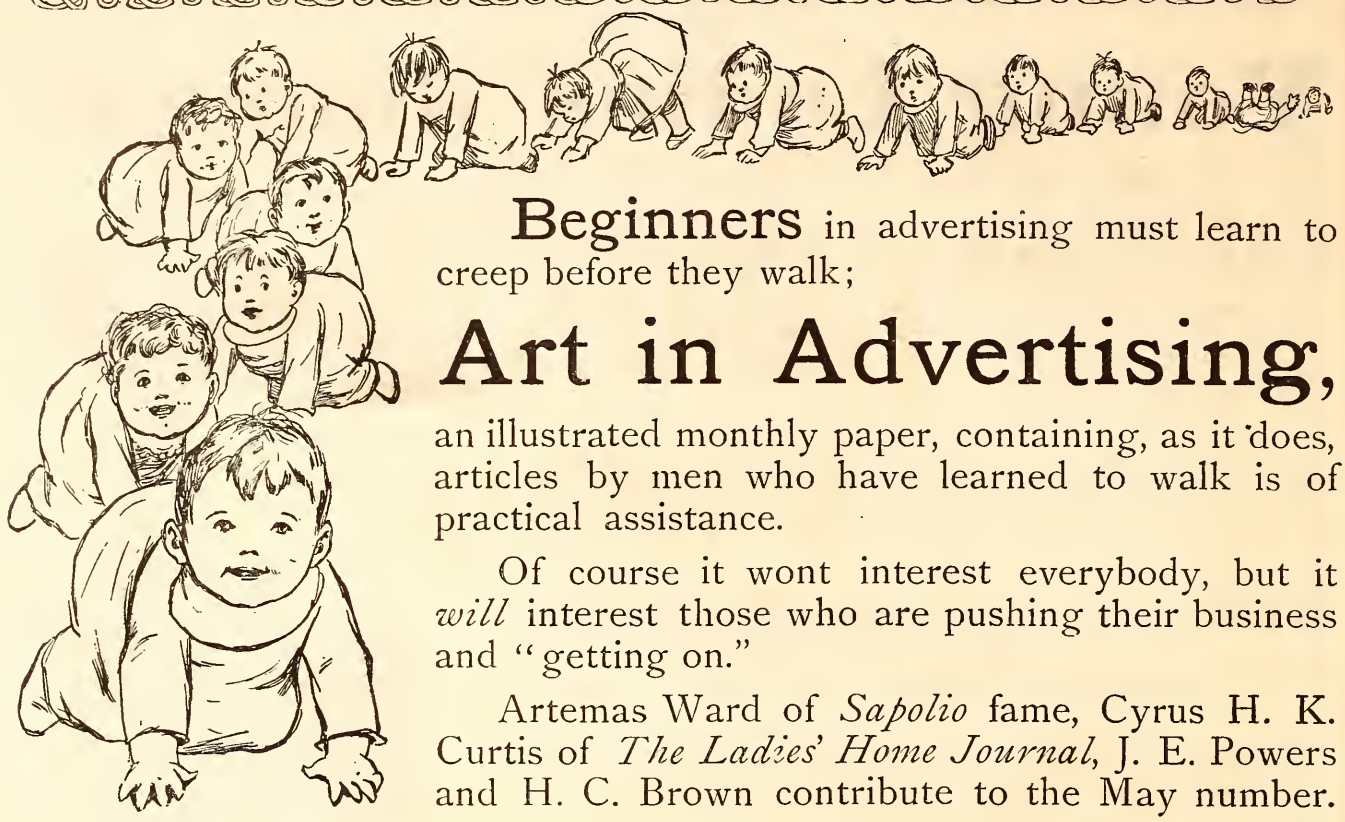

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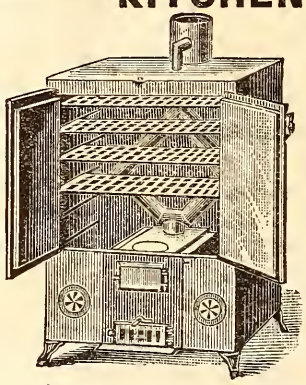

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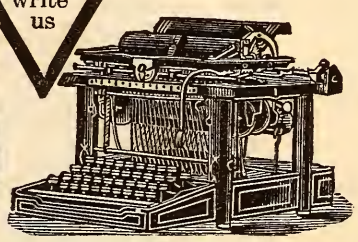

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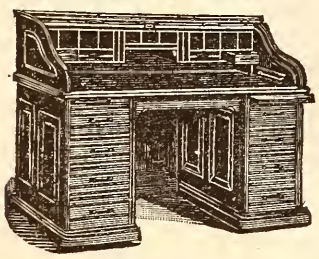

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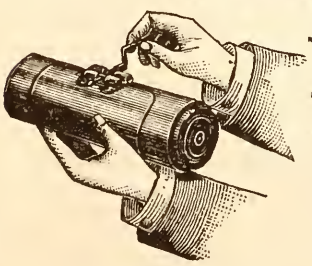

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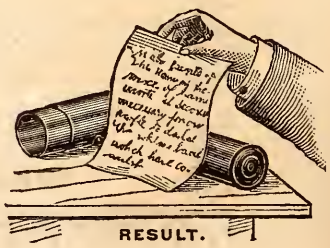

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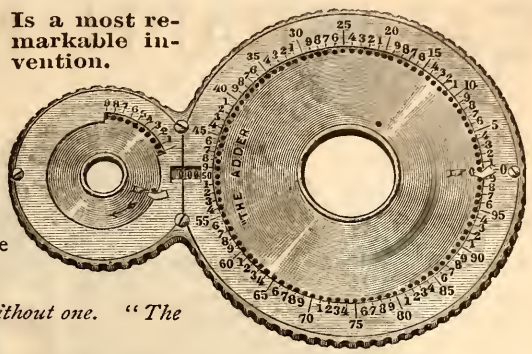

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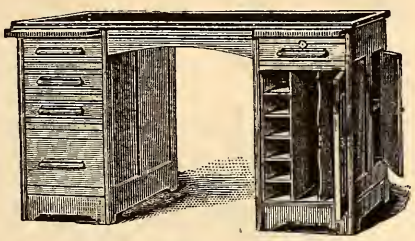

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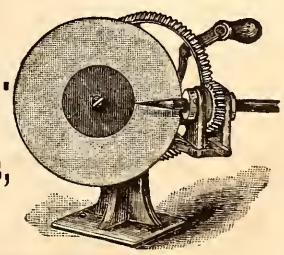

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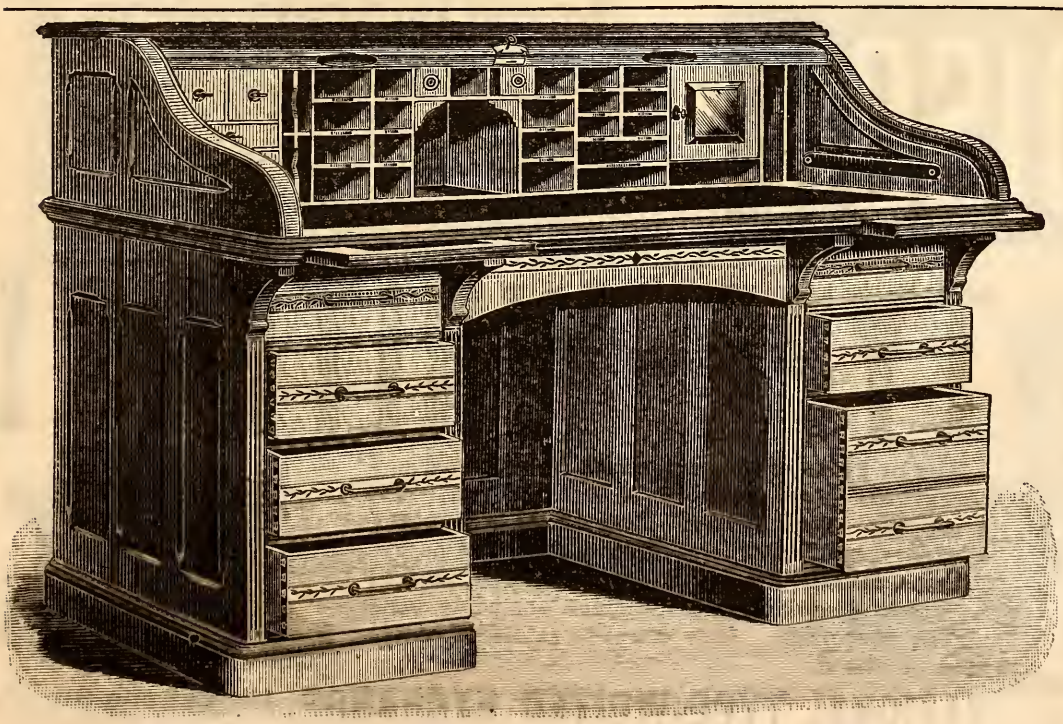

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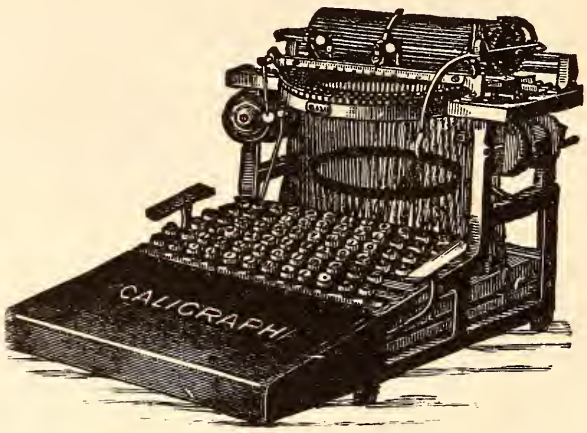

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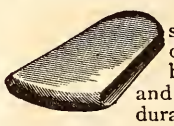

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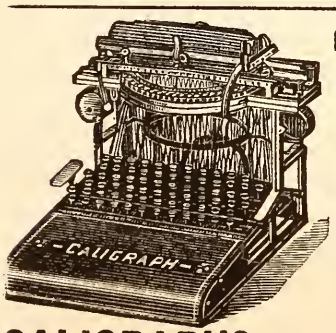

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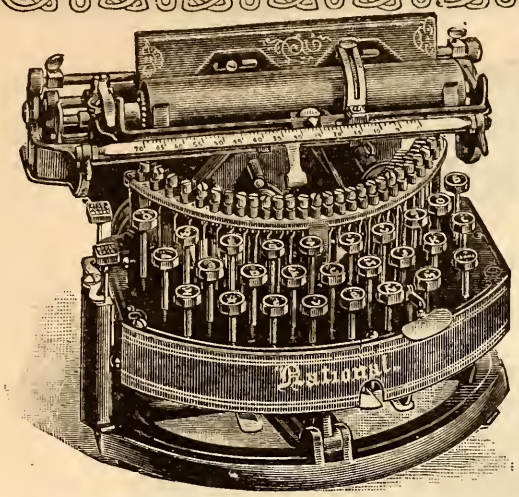

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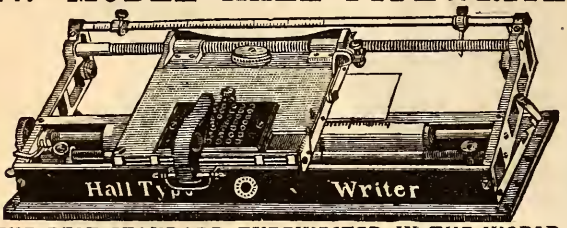

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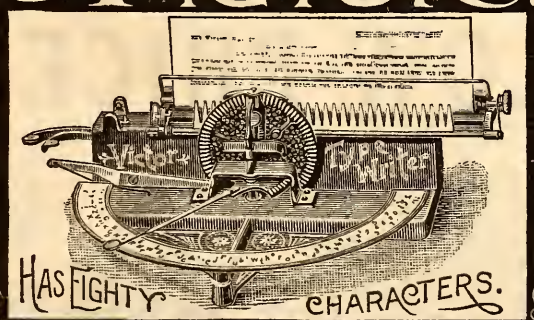

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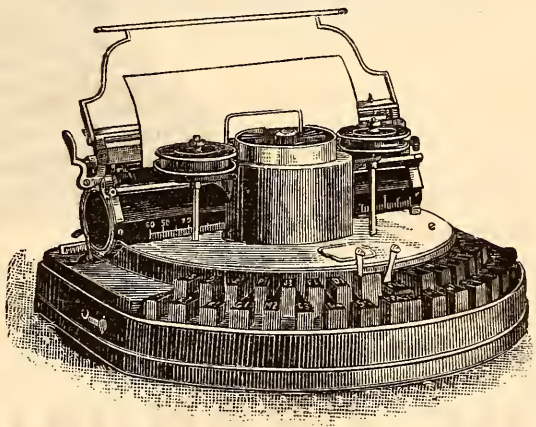

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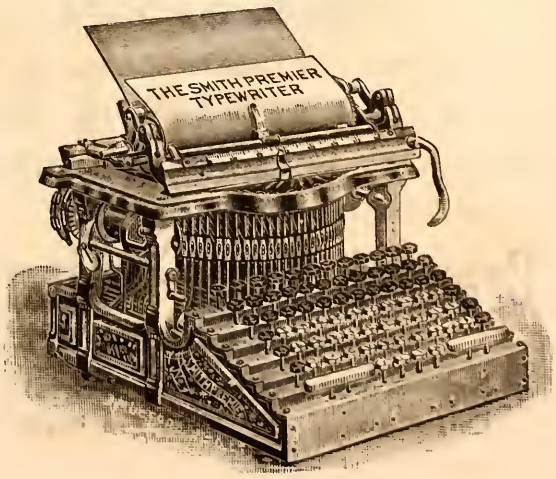
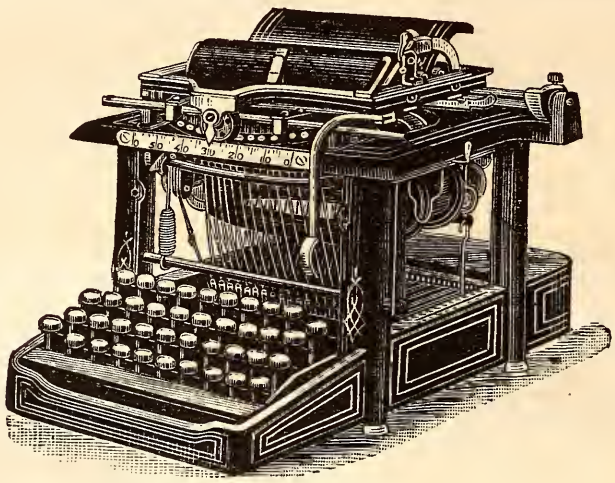


Remington Standard Typewriter.

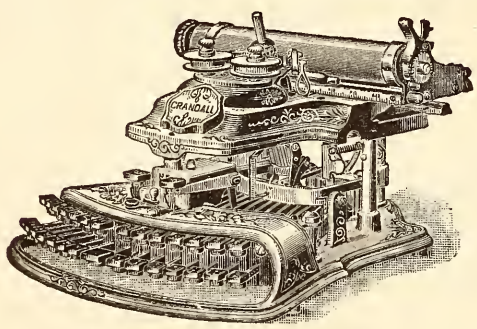
For Fifteen Years the Standard,
and the Leader in Improvements.



The latest and highest achievement of inventive and mechanical skill.

Wyckoff, Seamans and Benedict, New-York.

THE CRANDALL



MODEL TYPE-WRITER.

Price, $75.00.

INSTANTLY CHANGEABLE TYPE.

WRITING ALWAYS IN SIGHT.

PERFECT & PERMANENT ALIGNMENT.

Send for catalogue and samples of work. Address

Crandall Type-Writer Co.

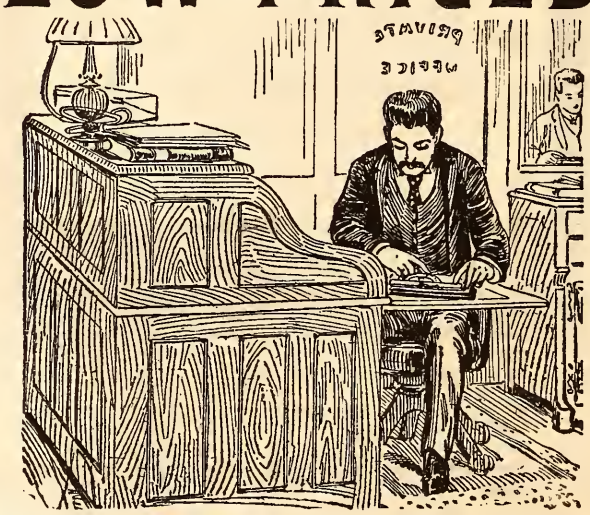
Manufacturers, GROTON, N. Y.

New-York Office, 353 Broadway.
Chicago " 54 La Salle St.

"No Instruction Needed."

THE ONLY PRACTICAL

LOW-PRICED

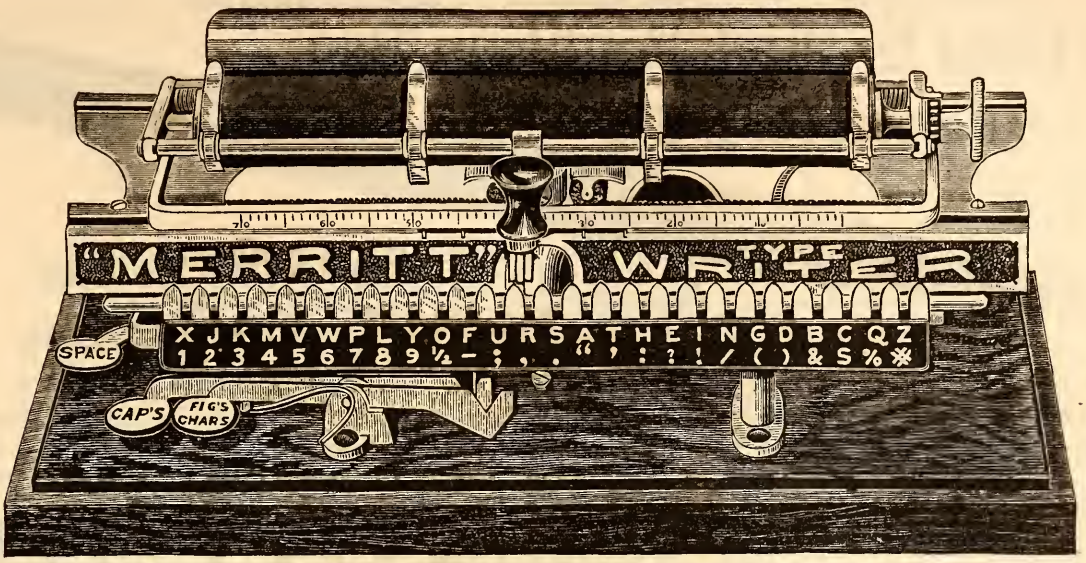


TYPEWRITER.

FIRST-CLASS, RAPID, DURABLE.

World Typewriter **$15** Writes 77 Characters.

Catalogue free. Address Typewriter Depart., POPE MFG. Co.
Boston, New-York, Chicago.



THE MERRITT TYPEWRITER

PRINTS FROM CLEAR METAL TYPE, IS SELF INKING & BEAUTIFUL IN STYLE & FINISH.

DOES work equal to the One Hundred Dollar Machines.

What YOU want to know is how, when, and where to get the best returns from your investment in a Typewriter?

We solve the problem for you in the MERRITT. A Simple, Compact Machine within the means of all.

This is exact copy of the MERRITT'S work. It is equal to that of any High Priced Typewriter. Relieves fatigue from steady use of pen. Improves spelling and punctuation. Interests and instructs children. The entire correspondence of a business house can be done with it. Learned in a half hour from directions. Prints Capitals, small letters, figures and characters, 78 in all. Price $15 complete.

Write for Circulars, Voluntary Testimonials and sworn-to Speed Test of 60 words a minute.

AGENTS & CANVASSERS IN ALL CITIES & COUNTRIES WANTED.

LYON MANUFACTURING CO.,

59 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE WORLD.

MORE SOLD THAN ALL OTHER MAKES COMBINED.

The Paul E. Wirt Fountain Pen,

Bloomsburg, Pa.

350,000 in use.

Positively The Leading Pen.

"An absolutely perfect reservoir pen, a pen compared with which all other pens are *frank failures.*"

Ask your dealer or send for catalogue. Mention THE CENTURY. **Mark Twain.**

The "Old Reliable."

I have been using

Waterman's

Ideal Fountain Pen

For some years in stenographic court reporting, and am greatly attached to it. It is most excellent, both as to the flow of ink and the quality of the pen.—**D. C. McEwen,** Court Reporter, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A pen with which a stenographer writes as fast as a man talks is "reliable" for any writer.

You will not lose anything in giving it a trial, for if it is not entirely satisfactory it can be returned, and your money will be refunded.

See advertisements in previous numbers.

Send for illustrated price-list with testimonials.

Agents Wanted. Mention THE CENTURY.

L. E. Waterman Co.

(4 '90.) 155 Broadway, New-York.

The Ideal Pocket, for pens and pencils. Price of pocket, nickel, 15 cents; with leather cover, 30 cents.

OUT OF PAPER?

Ask your Stationer for **BOSTON LINEN, BOSTON BOND AND BUNKER HILL.**

These papers have gained an unprecedented reputation in every State and Territory in the Union on account of their *superior* quality and *reasonable* price. If your stationer does not keep them, *do not accept any others,* but send us your name and address with 6 cents in stamps (to pay postage, etc.), and we will forward you our complete samples of writing papers representing in the various styles and sizes *over 300 varieties* which we sell by the pound.

Samuel Ward Company

(INCORPORATED),

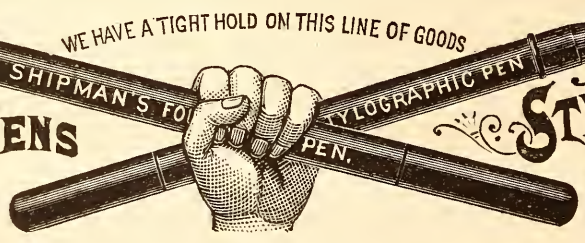
Paper Merchants, Stationers and Engravers,

49 & 51 FRANKLIN ST. BOSTON, MASS.

Proprietors of **The "Boston" Type-writer Papers, and "Ward's Diamond Steel" Pens.**

SHIPMAN'S FOUNTAIN PENS

$2.00 to $5.50 each



STYLOGRAPHIC PENS $1.00 EACH delivered

OUR FOUNTAIN PEN is made with a spiral feed, which prevents it from blotting when nearly empty, and it is the only one made that does not blot.

MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFACTORY. OUR GUARANTEE TO THIS EFFECT SENT WITH EACH PEN.

GOLD PEN M'F'RS, ESTABLISHED 1837. **ASA L. SHIPMAN'S SONS,** 10 MURRAY ST., NEW-YORK, U.S.A.

Mention THE CENTURY. CHAS. F. DAWSON, MONTREAL. AGENTS WANTED.

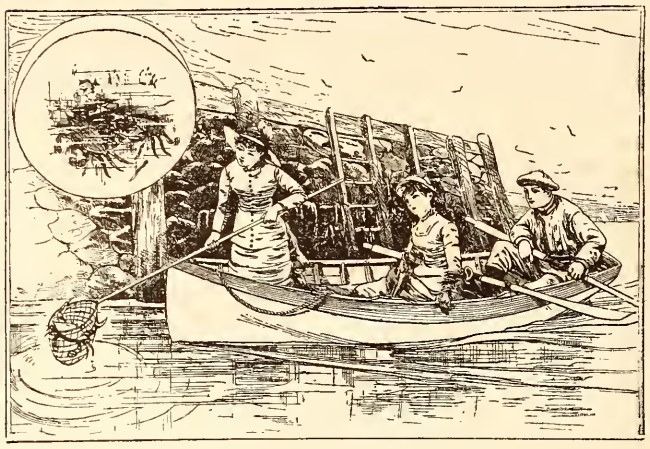
I SEND you by mail a photograph of my little girl, who will be six years old in December, and is

A Mellin's Food Child

every inch of her. I tried several other Foods, none of which agreed with her; but with Mellin's there was improvement from the start.

JNO. G. HOGEBOOM, Saginaw, Mich.

To
THE DOLIBER-GOODALE CO.
Boston, Mass.



An ocean delicacy with a sea-breeze freshness.

McMENAMIN & CO'S DEVILED CRABS.

In their natural shells, served at least once a week, they make a grateful change in the family diet.

A royal supper dish.
A delicious entrée.

Can be served hot or cold.
Ask your Grocer all about them.

McMENAMIN & CO. Hampton, Va.

Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Indorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the Strongest, Purest and most Healthful. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Lime or Alum. Sold only in Cans. PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.
NEW-YORK. CHICAGO. SAN FRANCISCO. ST. LOUIS.

The T. A. Snider Preserve Co., Cincinnati. O., whose Tomato Catsup has gained an international reputation, put up also Tomato Soup, This is made of the pulp of specially selected tomatoes, skillfully combined with other ingredients of the best quality, the whole forming a perfectly seasoned, rich and wholesome dish, suited to either a simple luncheon or a most elaborate dinner.

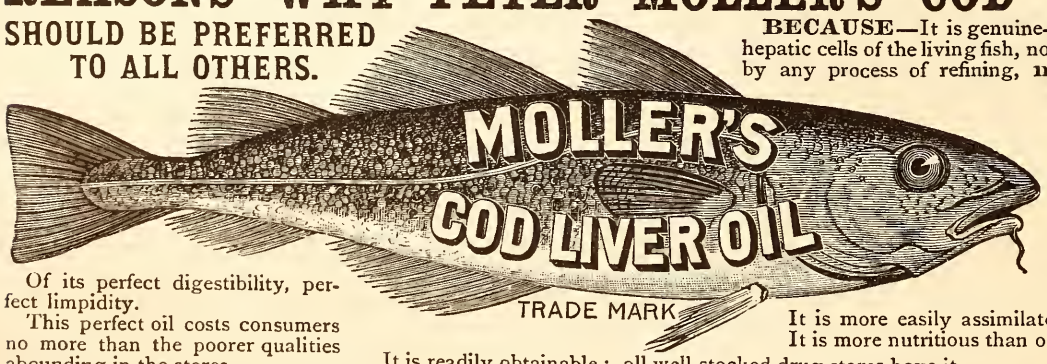
It needs to be heated only before serving.

Confident that a trial of this Tomato Soup will convince ladies and gentlemen of its excellence and superiority, a sample can will be sent free to any address on receipt of six cents in stamps, by

THE T. A. SNIDER PRESERVE CO.
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

REASONS WHY PETER MÖLLER'S COD LIVER OIL

SHOULD BE PREFERRED TO ALL OTHERS.



Of its perfect digestibility, perfect limpidity.

This perfect oil costs consumers no more than the poorer qualities abounding in the stores.

BECAUSE—It is genuine-pure, just as it existed in the hepatic cells of the living fish, not depleted of its natural virtues by any process of refining, **nor weakened by being made into an emulsion with an equal quantity of water, glycerine, etc., which latter device makes water bring the price of oil.**

In taste and smell it is not offensive, but instead sweet and agreeable.

Its administration is always followed by satisfactory results.

It is more easily assimilated than other oils.

It is more nutritious than other oils.

It is readily obtainable; all well-stocked drug stores have it.

It is unquestionably the **purest and best COD LIVER OIL IN THE WORLD.**

W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO. New-York, Sole Agents for U. S. and Canada.

The Truth

about tea:

Let us send you (free of course) enough for a week of such tea as tells its own tale.

You shall be glad to make the acquaintance of it; the American people shall be.

You shall know that a teaspoonful of real tea has more of tea-taste and tea-cheer, tea-goodness and strength, than a tablespoonful of such as you get at your grocer's.

You shall know the luxury and economy of it.

Our coffee is for the rich; our tea is for all.

Will you let us tell you the truth about your making of tea?

Your own tea will be better and go as far, if you make it right. We shall send you a primer how to steep it.

"Strange!" you say. What is strange is the fact that the brightest of nations buys the worst tea in the world and makes it still worse in steeping it.

Your address is all we need.

THE CEYLON PLANTERS' AMERICAN
TEA COMPANY, Limited.

Broadway and Twenty-Second street, New-York.

FRENCH SOUPS.

Green Turtle, Terrapin, Chicken, Consommé, Mulligatawny, Mock Turtle, Ox-Tail, Tomato, Chicken Gumbo (Okra), French Bouillon, Julienne, Pea, Printanier, Mutton Broth, Vegetable, Beef, Purée of Game, Pearl Tapioca.

☞ *Send us 14 cents to help pay postage, and receive, free of charge, a sample can, your choice.* Mention THE CENTURY.

Require only to be heated, and are then ready to serve.

Owing to their really superior quality, these soups, in three years' time, have superseded all other brands.

We recommend also our **Game Chicken Patés** which will be found invaluable for Lunch, Picnic and Traveling Parties. Sample can, sent on receipt of 25c. in stamps.

FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD CO.

Sold by all leading grocers. 42 West Broadway, New-York.

"DO NOT STAMMER"

OFFICE OF POSTMASTER-GENERAL,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dear Sir: I know Mr. Edwin S. Johnston, of whom you write, and have knowledge of the fact that he has produced wonderful cures of stammering. Yours most truly,

JOHN WANAMAKER.

To
THOS. H. URQUHART, M. D.
Hastings, Neb.

"CEREAL FOODS,"

with illustrations of "Hiawatha's Fasting," and the "Cerealine Cook-Book," containing many recipes for preparing "The Food of Foods," will be sent free to any one who will mention where this advertisement was seen, and inclose a two-cent stamp for postage.

THE CEREALINE MFG. CO.
Columbus, Ind.

COWDREY'S DEVILED HAM

is made from Sugar Cured Whole Hams and the Purest of Spices.

The Quality is Unexcelled

DURKEE'S

GAUNTLET BRAND

SELECT **SPICES & MUSTARD.**

SOLD ONLY IN FULL-WEIGHT SEALED PACKAGES.

Guaranteed absolutely pure, and warranted to excel all others in strength, richness, flavor and cleanliness.

THE BEST DURKEE'S ORIGINAL SALAD DRESSING NEVER SPOILS FOR SALADS, COLD MEATS ETC. GOODS MADE.

"THE PERFECTION OF OLIVE OIL."

RAE'S LUCCA OIL FINEST SUBLIME.

Guaranteed Genuine and Pure Olive by

Established 1836. **S. RAE & CO.** LEGHORN, TUSCANY, ITALY.

Largest Exporters of Finest Lucca Oil to England for forty years past.—See *British Consular Reports*, No. 6, 1885, p. 318.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889.

The Italian State Department of Agriculture says: "The Olive Oils of Lucca, Calci, and Buti, in Tuscany, are deemed the FINEST in the WORLD."—Relazione intorno alle Condizioni dell' Agricoltura, Vol. I., p. 587.

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SPRAGUE, WARNER & CO. Randolph Street and Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

RAE'S LUCCA OIL is kept by most first-class Grocers. If you find any difficulty in getting it, please write to the nearest Agent, who will have it delivered at your residence by a retail Grocer.

Write to Agents for copy of **"LUCCA OIL IN SALADS AND COOKERY,"** by ALICE T. DENHAM, a 32-page pamphlet, giving full instructions for making salads, and also how to use *Olive Oil in Cooking*. Please mention THE CENTURY.

HUCKINS' SOUPS

Tomato,	Mock Turtle,	Terrapin,
Ox Tail,	Okra or Gumbo,	Macaroni,
Pea,	Green Turtle,	Consommé,
Beef,	Julienne,	Soup and Bouilli,
Vermicelli,	Chicken,	Mullagatawny.

RICH and PERFECTLY SEASONED.

Require only to be heated, and are then ready to serve. | Prepared with great care from only the best materials. | Have enjoyed the highest reputation for more than 32 years.

TEST FREE Send us 20 cents, to help pay express, and receive, prepaid, two sample cans of these Soups, your choice.

J. H. W. HUCKINS & CO.
Sole Manufacturers, Boston, Mass.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING GROCERS

ONEITA

The water of this Spring is highly recommended by the physicians of Utica, where it is located, who use it largely in their practice with the most beneficial results in all Kidney and Liver troubles, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Gout, etc. It is the perfection of table waters, being pure, sparkling and delicious.

Send for pamphlet with analysis of C. F. Chandler, Ph. D.

ONEITA SPRING CO.
UTICA, N. Y.

NO DINNER

Is Complete without Soup.

ARMOUR'S BEEF EXTRACT CHICAGO.

Gold Medal, Paris, 1889.

The best and most economical "stock" for Soup is

Armour's Beef Extract,

which, unlike all other meat extracts, retains so much nutrition that no soup-bone or other stock is necessary when **Armour's Extract** is used.

With one small turnip, one carrot, a stick of celery, a sprig of parsley, 1½ to 2 quarts of water and one teaspoonful **Armour's Extract**, you can make *delicious soup* for *six persons* at a *total cost* of *ten cents*. Use **Armour's Extract** for Bouillon or Beef Tea. Superior to all brands in richness and delicacy of flavor.

Ask your Druggist or Grocer for

Armour's Beef Extract,

or send **50 Cents** for 2 oz. jar to

ARMOUR & CO., Chicago.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

CHANCE FOR ALL

To Enjoy a Cup of Perfect Tea.

A trial order of 3½ pounds of Fine Tea, either Oolong, Japan, Imperial, Gunpowder, Young Hyson, Mixed, English Breakfast or Sun Sun Chop, sent by mail on receipt of $2.00. Be particular and state what kind of Tea you want. Greatest inducement ever offered to get orders for our celebrated Teas, Coffees and Baking Powder. For full particulars, address **THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.**

P. O. Box 289, New-York, N. Y. 31 and 33 Vesey St.

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THE ARISTOCRATIC COFFEE OF AMERICA.

SEAL BRAND

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COFFEE

ALWAYS PACKED (UNGROUND) IN 2 LB TIN CANS.

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FREE A PERFECT ART ALBUM CONTAINING 24 BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPHS REPRESENTING TEA AND COFFEE CULTURE, WILL BE SENT ON RECEIPT OF YOUR ADDRESS.

CHASE & SANBORN,
106 BROAD ST., BOSTON.

RIDGE'S FOOD for INFANTS AND INVALIDS

IS THE LEADING FOOD IN ALL COUNTRIES.

IS USED BY CHILDREN'S CHILDREN.

Thousands of young men and women in the U. S. A. owe their lives and their health and their happiness to Ridge's Food, their daily diet in **Infancy and Childhood** having been Ridge's Food. By Druggists, 35 cts. up. **WOOLRICH & CO. Palmer, Mass.**

Send your address on postal for valuable pamphlet free.

HOW TO PRESERVE AND ENJOY HEALTH.

IT IS EASIER TO PREVENT DISEASE THAN TO CURE IT.

Prevention of Disease.

To this end we must, of course, know the conditions necessary for the possession and preservation of health.

Tissue Metamorphosis.

Secure a normal and regular tissue-change throughout the body. This tissue-metamorphosis consists in constantly proceeding waste of tissue and its regeneration; for this progress the following rules must be complied with:

Rules of Health.

Furnish a sufficient supply of healthy blood.

Food taken must be wholesome and abundant.

The air inhaled must contain the required amount of oxygen.

Tissue-waste must be readily and constantly eliminated.

Circulation of the blood must be free and rapid, so that tissue-waste may be eliminated, and that new matter may be distributed to tissues in need of it.

Activity must alternate with rest in order to maintain tissue-change and regeneration at the proper standard.

Carlsbad Sprudel Salt an aid to Digestion.

Carlsbad Sprudel Salt (a teaspoonful once or twice a day dissolved in a glassful of water) will aid tissue-change in a high degree. It is an alterative and eliminative remedy, which dissolves out tenacious bile, allays irritation; and removes obstruction by aiding nature, and not by sudden and excessive irritation, as most cathartics do. It is of great benefit in temporary and habitual constipation, liver and kidney diseases, chronic catarrh of the stomach and bowels, rheumatism and gout, etc., and should be used early in the morning before breakfast. If necessary a second dose can be taken in the evening before retiring. Care must be exercised to obtain the Genuine Article, which is imported in round bottles. Each bottle comes in a paper cartoon.

EISNER & MENDELSON CO., Sole Agents,

6 Barclay Street, New-York.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER,

Nature's Specific for Acid Dyspepsia.

A Person who Lived for Years on TEA and CRACKERS, Eats BACON, CABBAGE and TURNIPS.

Case of Capt. James Covington, of Virginia. Statement from him, indorsed by Dr. J. C. Coleman, a Retired Surgeon of the U. S. Navy, of Scottsburg, Virginia.

CAPT. JAMES COVINGTON, OF MT. LAUREL, HALIFAX CO., VA.

HIS STATEMENT.

"For a number of years I was the victim of a most distressing form of DYSPEPSIA, *unable to eat meat or vegetables, and lived entirely upon* TEA AND CRACKERS, BREAD AND MILK, *and other similar articles.* I was subject to nausea and vomiting after eating, and occasionally discharged from an empty stomach a yellow acid fluid. I had become emaciated and my general health prostrated to a degree which required me to abandon all attention to business affairs. I had the assistance of the best medical skill, but it proved unavailing, and, almost without hope of relief from any source, commenced the use of BUFFALO LITHIA WATER, Spring No. 2, the use of which for a few months relieved my painful and long-standing stomach disorder, restoring perfect digestion. I now eat with impunity BACON, CABBAGE and TURNIPS and whatever else I fancy. I am in vigorous general health and actively engaged in business pursuits. BUFFALO WATER *I believe to be all that is claimed for it.*"

DR. JOHN C. COLEMAN, Surgeon (Retired) U. S. Navy, Scottsburg, Va.:

"I am not a practising Physician, and was not the attending Physician of Mr. Covington, but, as a neighbor, knew of his condition, and suggested the use of BUFFALO LITHIA WATER in his case, *with the remarkable results above stated by him.*"

Water in cases of one dozen half-gallon bottles, Five Dollars per case, f. o. b. here.

THOS. F. GOODE, Proprietor, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.

"ALONG THE SOUTH SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR."

By JULIAN RALPH.

From the Press of the AMERICAN BANK NOTE CO., ready April 15.

This work is profusely illustrated in wood and process engravings of scenery along the south shore of the most picturesque of our great inland seas. Mackinac Island, Sault Ste. Marie, PICTURED ROCKS, MARQUETTE, Houghton, Lake Gogebic, Apostle Islands, Duluth and the Iron and Copper Mining Regions of Michigan and Wisconsin, Historically and Descriptively Treated in Julian Ralph's most graphic style.

Magazine style, 100 pages, invaluable to tourists and worthy a place in the best libraries. Send six cents postage for copy to

C. B. HIBBARD, G. P. & T. A. D. S. S. & A. Railway,

Marquette, Michigan.

THE FIDELITY & CASUALTY COMPANY,

140 to 146 Broadway, New-York City.

The Assets of this Company on December 31, 1889, were

$1,017,315.74.

INSURANCE.

FIDELITY.—Bonds of Suretyship for persons in positions of trust.

CASUALTY.—Personal Accident, Plate Glass, Boiler, Employer's and Landlord's Liability.

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OUR Magnificent Vestibuled Trains of Pullman Sleepers, Dining Cars and Free Reclining Chair Cars are thoroughly ventilated, free from dust, cool in Summer, warmed by steam from the locomotive in Winter, make quick time over a smooth track, and are replete in all modern improvements that human ingenuity has devised which add to safety, convenience, comfort and luxurious enjoyment. Union Depot connections with diverging lines at all terminal cities.

E. ST. JOHN,
Gen'l Manager.

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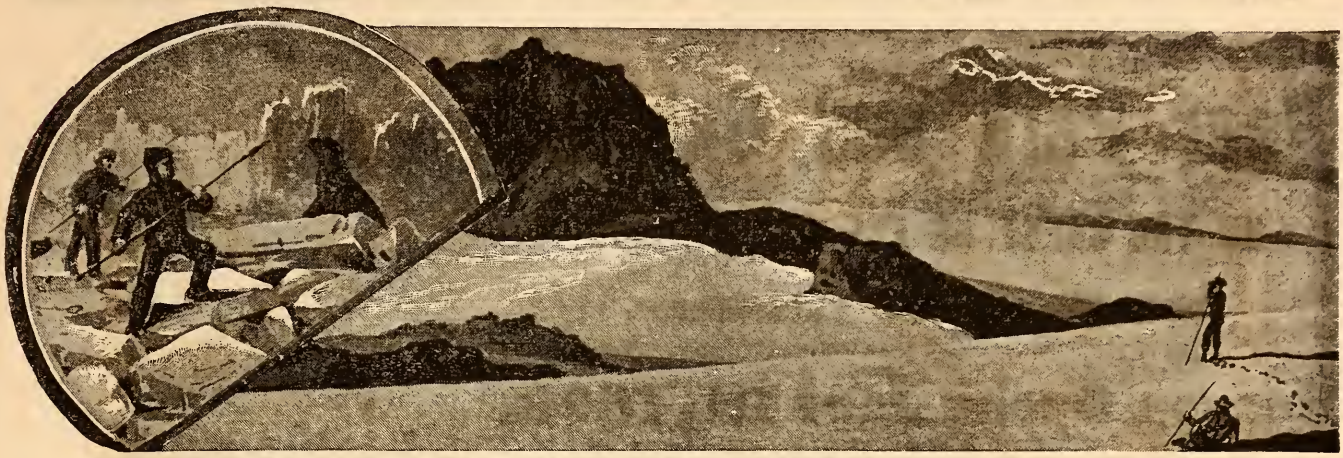
Gen'l Ticket and Pass. Agent.



Yellowstone National Park, and Return—$110.00

(Including all expenses).

SEASON OPENS JUNE 1ST, CLOSES OCTOBER 1ST.

The round trip from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Tacoma or Portland can be made in 9 days, spending 5¼ days in the Park, at an expense, including rail and carriage transportation for entire distance to the Geyser Basins, returning via Great Falls and Grand Cañon, double berth in Pullman sleepers, and all meals on Northern Pacific Dining Cars, as well as meals and lodgings in the hotels of the Yellowstone Park Association, of $110.00.

Pacific Coast, and Return—$80.00

The round trip rail rate from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth or Ashland to Tacoma, Seattle and Victoria, via the Northern Pacific Cascade Division, returning via Portland and the Columbia River to any one of the cities first named above, is but $80.00. Tickets on sale daily.

Sitka and Glacier Bay, Alaska, and Return—$175.00

The round trip from St. Paul to Sitka and Glacier Bay, Alaska, and return (one way via Cascade Division, opposite direction by the Columbia River), can be made in **20** days at an expense for rail and steamer ticket, the latter including berth and meals north of Tacoma, from which point all Alaska steamers sail, of $175.00. In addition to the iron propellers, GEO. W. ELDER and CITY OF TOPEKA, which will sail from Tacoma, May 23d, June 22d, July 22d, August 21st, September 20th and May 8th, June 7th, July 8th, August 6th and September 5th, respectively—consuming north of Tacoma about 23 days—the **"Queen,"** 3000 tons, 340 feet long, accommodating 250 first-class passengers, with electric lights in every stateroom and all modern improvements, will sail from Tacoma on the following dates, making the round trip in about 12 days: June 2d, 17th, July 2d, 17th, August 1st, 16th and 31st. Diagrams of steamers may be consulted, reservations made, and tickets purchased by calling on any General or District Passenger Agent of the

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD; OR

J. M. HANNAFORD, Traffic Manager, CHAS. S. FEE, Gen'l Passenger Agent,
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

☞ *Illustrated Books, Maps and Time Cards Mailed, Free, to any address.* ☜

Deer Park and Oakland

ON THE CREST OF THE ALLEGHANIES,

3000 Feet Above Tide-Water.

Season Opens June 21, 1890.

These famous mountain resorts, situated at the summit of the Alleghanies and directly upon the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, have the advantage of its splendid vestibuled express-train service both east and west, and are therefore readily accessible from all parts of the country. All Baltimore and Ohio trains stop at Deer Park and Oakland during the season.

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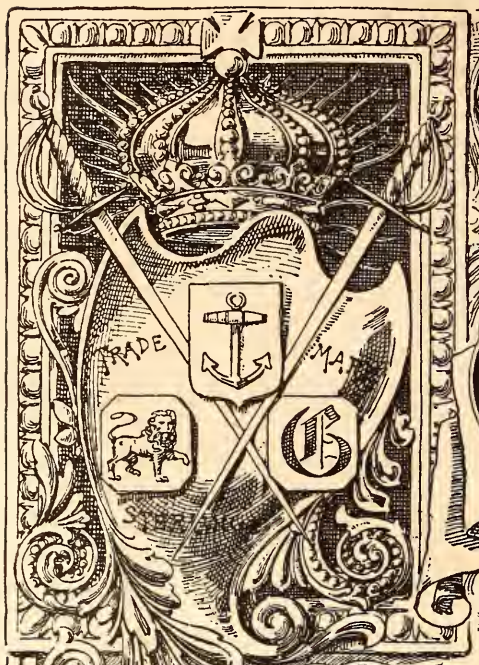

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